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A YANKEE PRIVATEER

By Sidney M. Chase

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

CAPTAIN AHAB sighed contentedly as he fumbled in his pocket for his pipe.

It had been a hard day's work, and now, as he settled his comfortable bulk deep in his comfortable, old-fashioned arm-chair and slowly ground up the black tobacco between his great palms, he prepared to enjoy the reward of a worthy labor well done.

On a clumsy, hacked carpenter's bench before him rose the graceful model of a brig, full-sparred, a delight to the eye. With her cobwebby masts and rigging, and her slender hull hewed out with careful jack-knife, she poised on the table, a delicate, fragile bit of beauty in quick contrast to the solid figure of the captain and the gloom and litter of the old wood-shed in which he sat.

The captain drew a sulphur match across his trousers leg and applied it carefully to his pipe. Then with quiet content his eyes followed the swirl of blue smoke toward the square, open door, and beyond, past his vegetable garden, across the green marshes to the sparkle of blue sea. He puffed steadily for a silent moment. Then his gaze came back to the wood-shed, littered with shavings, bits of twine, and fishing-gear, and rested with a mild triumph upon the ship before him. His eyes narrowed to critical slits as he gazed, professionally.

"Seems t' me thet main to'gallant yard 's a *mite* heavy," he rumbled, "'n' I'll hev

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t' sway th' topm'st for'ard a leetle—'n' mebbe tauten up them starb'd shrouds—" he added thoughtfully.

"It looks all right to me, Captain," I said.

"Wa'al, it's purty good—purty near right, I guess," he said doubtfully. "It's been kind o' pesterin' work—but I've enj'yed doin' of it—I've took a sight o' comfort makin' of her, 'n' thet's a fact. Jes' 's soon 's I kin bend on some sails, 'n' paint her up black with white ports an' green b'low her water-line——"

His gaze wandered absently toward the sweep of sky and sea. It had been raining, but the sun had come out warm and the smell of the fresh-washed earth was good. The captain wiped his face with an ample blue handkerchief.

"Come out hot," he observed. "'T 'll make th' grass grow good. Guess I won't do no more work to-day." He consulted his big silver watch. "Mos' quarter o' three, tew."

He puffed steadily at his pipe.

"Thet thar' brig," he pointed a broad thumb toward the model, "she see some lively doin's 'n her time!"

He took his pipe out of his mouth and turned to me.

"Didn't never tell ye 'bout her, did I?" he inquired.

I blew out a fragrant cloud of smoke. Haste would be ill-advised.

"No, Captain," I said, "you never did."

He meditated for a space.

"I dunno 's it's very much of a yarn," he began, "but it allers seemed consid'able int'restin' to me, bein' 's it happened 'n th' family, so. 'Twas my gran'mother's uncle's cousin—once removed," he corrected, carefully; "so, ye see, I got it purty straight.

"She was la'nched up th' river a piece, t' Amesb'ry Ferry—way back in eighteen hunderd 'n' twelve. I rec'lect well hearin' 'bout it—mos' 's good 's 'f I see it—how she looked, all flags flutterin' 'n' guns goin' off, when she slipped down th' ways. She was built for speed—*hed* t' be—privateer vessels hed t' be fast them days——"

He regarded me shrewdly.

"Plain lootin', I s'pose some might call it," he went on, "but them British-ers they used us pesky mean, stealin' our sailors, 'n' all. The *Decatur*—oh, didn't I tell ye her name?—she was owned t' Newb'ryport, whar' my mother's folks, th' Nicholses, all come from; an' Squire Ben Pierce 'n' my mother's uncle's cousin, Bill Nichols, thet was to command her, an' a lot more folks was thar' t' th' la'nchin'. An' I cal'late they was consid'able proud!"

Captain Ahab picked up a splinter of wood, squinted along it, and opening his huge jack-knife began unconsciously to fashion the hull of a boat. The resinous smell of pine whittlings grew about us.

"I mind Cap'n Bill Nichols tol'able well myself," he said suddenly. "When I was a young un, us boys ust t' think he was the devil, 'n' run whenever we see him comin'! I kin see him now, tall 'n' straight, with gray hair, stompin' along with his gold-headed cane, black eyes a-borin' through ye. 'Tain't no wonder 't *fightin' the'* was allers hell t' pay 'n' no pitch hot!"

"He saw fighting, then?"

"Fightin'? Cap'n Bill!"

The old man took his pipe out of his mouth for freedom of action, propped one carpet-slippered foot on a handy chair-seat, and cleared decks for action.

"Wa'al, sir, Cap'n Bill Nichols 'd ruther fight than eat! Fightin' come 's nat'ral to him 's groanin' to a good Methodist! When he was seventeen year old he fit a French privateer, 'n' was took; then he got away 'n' turned blockade runner, an' got ketched ag'in 'n' lost his vessel! He got 'nother ship, 'n', by Godfrey Di'monds, they nabbed him once more, an' *then* things begun t' happen!"

Captain Ahab chuckled to himself.

"They put a prize crew aboard him—seven men 'n all—but they lef' Cap'n Bill 'n' th' mate aboard tew! Thet wa'n't *reel* good jedgment. Bill 'n' th' mate, they'd hid some fire-arms, 'n' they riz 'n th' night 'n' s'prised th' watch 'n' captured th' hull crew!

"They'd 'a' got away tew, 'f 't hedn't been thet another frigate see him, 'n' s'picioned suthin' wrong 'n' ketched him all over ag'in. Dre'tful pity, now, wa'n't it?

"They fetched him t' London, 'n' Cap'n Bill see his chance, 'n' says t' th' sergeant, s's he:

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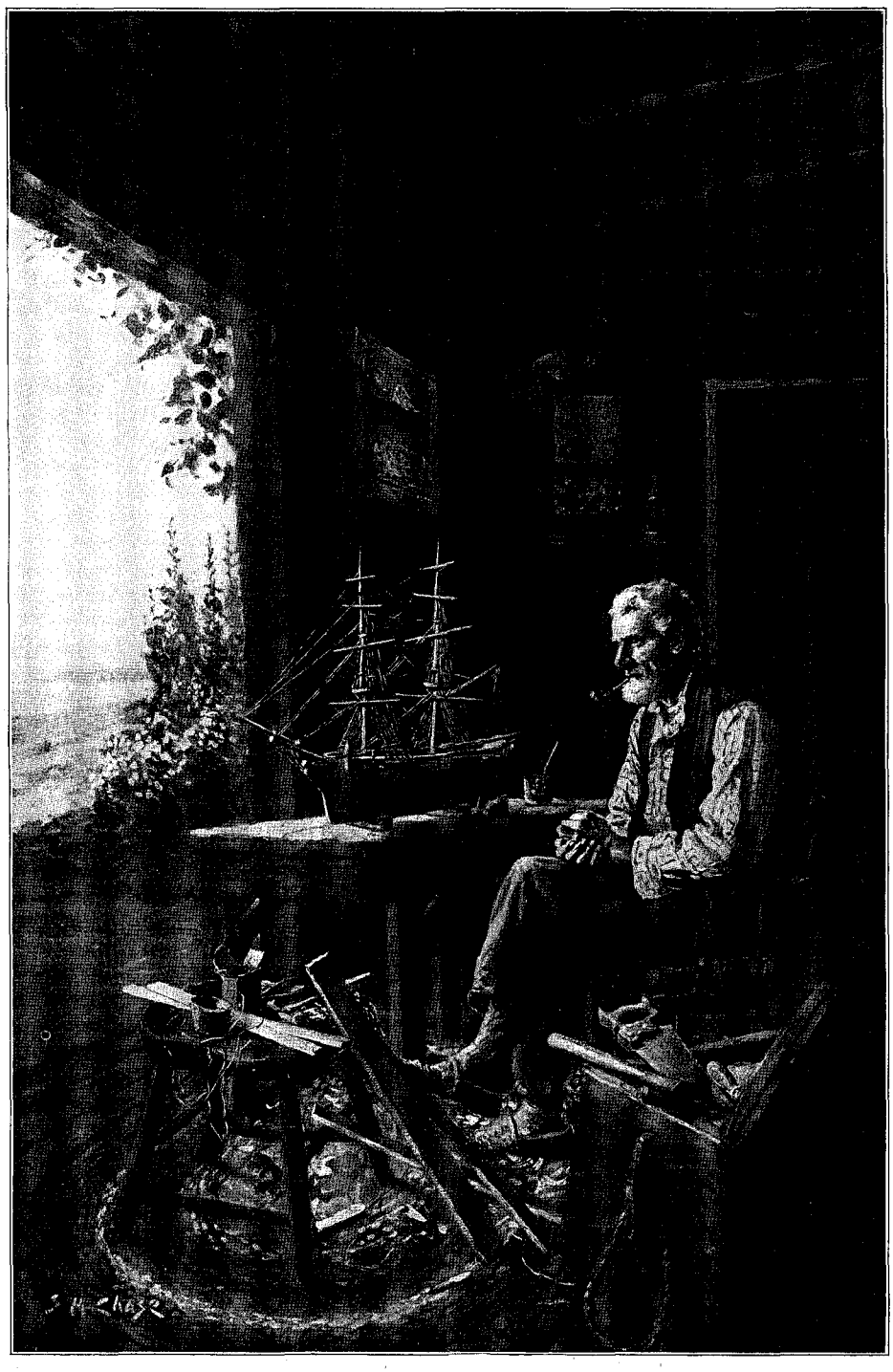

Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

He prepared to enjoy the reward of a worthy labor well done.—Page 531.

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"They'd hid some fire-arms, 'n' they riz 'n th' night 'n' s'prised th' watch 'n' captured th' hull crew!"—Page 532.

"'Sergeant, this here is tur'ble dry work!'

"'Dry ain't no name for it, Skipper,' s's he.

"'Don't ye know no place whar' we kin splice th' main-brace?' s's Cap'n Bill.

"Wa'al, 'n a minute, thar' they was to a tavern drinkin' rum punches, comf't-able 's you please! Bum-by th' sergeant he begins t' snore, 'n' Cap'n Bill slips out easy, leavin' th' other feller t' pay th' bill!"

"That was a clever get-away," I said.

"Wa'al," replied the captain, "he didn't —not yit. Soon 's he lit 'n London, he run plum' int' thet same sergeant! Cap'n Bill backed his tops'ls 'n' cleared for action. 'I've enj'yed your comp'ny immense,' s's he, heavin' him a gold piece, 'an' I'm willin' t' pay for thet rum, but by th' eternal! ye won't never take me alive!' An' he fills away for hum!"

Captain Ahab puffed in grim enjoyment for a moment.

"So ye see," he went on, presently, "Cap'n Bill didn't hev no cause t' love his enemies, 's th' Good Book says. He was b'ilin' mad, an' he'd lost a lot o' money, 'n'—he felt 'bout 's good 's ol' Nate Tarlton done when he got red o' th' gout, I guess. Nate enj'yed ill-health reg'lar, 'n' one day I says to him: 'How be ye now?' I says; 'n' Nate says, s's he: 'Purty

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good, cap'n! Gout 's lef' me, an' I hain't got nothin' now but th' rheumatiz!'"

He wiped his perspiring forehead.

"Talkin' so much is thirsty work," he observed. "Mother! Ain't ye got a pitcher o' thet rossb'ry shrub some'ars 'bout?" he called into the kitchen.

His wife emerged presently, carrying a cool white pitcher and two glasses. A sharp-featured, kindly-eyed woman, she set them on the table, and stood a moment, hands on hips, regarding us amusedly.

"Thar' you be, Ahab," she said, "talkin' 'n' a-settin', 'n' things jes' sp'ilin' t' be done——"

"Wa'al, Mother," began the captain.

But the screen-door had slammed behind her.

The old man turned to me, beaming.

"Dre'tful active woman, Sairy is," he observed; "allers stirrin' so——"

He poured out two glasses full of ruby liquid, and drained his with one sweep of his elbow.

"M-m!" he sighed contentedly. "Now I'll tell ye how Cap'n Bill got even," he finished.

Captain Ahab accepted a cigar, and when it was well alight he continued his narrative.

"I rec'lect well 's can be hearin' my gran'mother tell—my mother's mother, thet is—how one July afternoon she heared a drum 'n' fife 'n' cheerin', an' she dropped her dish-cloth 'n' run t' th' door 'n time t' see th' sailors marchin' past. She follered along, 'n' when they got t' Squire Pierce's, him 'n' his wife come out, 'n' Mis' Pierce she tied a blue ribbon on ev'ry sailor's hat. They gin her three cheers, an' all on 'em marched t' th' wharves t' th' tune o' 'Yankee Doodle'—a hunderd 'n' fifty men, an' th' brig wa'n't bigger 'n a schooner these days!

"One on 'em come purty nigh gittin' left, tew—Anthony Knapp, his name was. He wa'n't but fourteen, an' his dad wouldn't let him go. Wa'al, sir, that boy, he clim' out a winder—he knowed th' brig would touch at Salem—an' hoofed it th' hull twenty-two miles—hed t' tramp all night t' git thar' 'n time! Thet's th' kind o' crew Cap'n Nichols hed!"

The old man got stiffly to his feet and made his way over to an old mahogany desk in a dim corner of the wood-shed. Reaching deep into a pigeon-hole, he produced a yellowed envelope, sealed originally with a wafer, from which he slowly extracted a time-aged letter. He scanned it through his great spectacles, and brought it across to me.

"Ol' Squire Pierce's sailin' orders to Cap'n Bill," he said.

It was written in a fine-pointed, aristocratic handwriting, in a flowing but accurate diction. One sentence in particular delighted me. I read it aloud to the captain:

"'As respects what Prizes you may take while on said Cruise; at the times and situations of captures you will endeavour to exercise your cool and deliberate reflections, and order them to such Foreign or Domestic ports, as such exercise may produce suggestions most appropriate on those anticipated occasions.'"

I laughed aloud.

The captain nodded his head interestedly.

"Cur'ous language, now, ain't it?" he remarked. "An' yit ye know complete jes' what course he was p'intin'. 'On a cruise' was what they allers called it—kind o' pleasant name for piratin'—must 'a' eased their minds a leetle mite, mebbe," he grinned.

"Did he get many prizes?" I asked.

"Didn't git ary thing for a fortni't," replied the captain, "an' then he come nigh t' losin' his own bacon. I guess I'll hev t' tell ye 'bout thet, complete.

"He was off Novy Scotia late one afternoon, 'n' a big British frigate sighted him. She laid him chase, 'n' bime-by Cap'n Bill made her out t' be th' *Guerriere*. Wa'al, he made all sail, 'n' come nightfall, wind died out 'n 'th' *Decatur* drawed away from her gradual.

"Wa'al, 'long 'bout eight bells—midnight, thet is—I've often heared gran'father tell it—the lookout he see a big ship loomin' close aboard! He sung out a warnin' an' Nichols sot all the sail he hed. Things looked consid'able desprit, 'n' Cap'n Bill he hed 'em heave all th' guns overside, so 's he could sail faster—all but two leetle brass cannon, thet is. At last he begun t' draw away, men on th' yards wettin' sails, when a squall

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"When they got t' Squire Pierce's, him 'n' his wife come out, 'n' Mis' Pierce she tied a blue ribbon on ev'ry sailor's hat."—Page 536.

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struck, 'n' th' foretop-m'st 'n' to'gallant gear come crashin' down t' th' deck 'n' draggin' in th' water. Wa'al, thet settled it. Th' ship ranged up 'longside."

Captain Ahab leaned forward as he approached the climax of his story and made sweeping gestures with his cigar.

"Cap'n Bill see th' jig was up. An' then they hailed him:

"'"Brig ahoy! What brig is that?'

"'"United States brig *Decatur!*' sings out Nichols. 'What ship is that?'

"I cal'late ye could 'a' heared a pin drop! Ye see they figured th' *Guer-riere* hed ketched 'em 't last. An' then th' answerin' hail come back:

"'"United States frigate *Constitution!*'

"Wa'al, sir, by Godfrey Di'monds, mebbe them privateers didn't let loose three cheers for 'Ol' Ironsides'! Hull sent a bo't 'n' Cap'n Bill he went aboard him.

"'"Cap'n,' says Hull, 'ye hain't seen aught o' th' *Guer-riere*, hev ye?'

"'"Wa'al, sir,' says Cap'n Bill, 'I cal'late I hev, seein' 's how she chased me last evenin' from sundown t' dark,' he says. 'Last I see of her,' he goes on, 'she was headin' t' th' s'uth'ard!'

"An' with thet Cap'n Hull thanked him kindly, an' put about t' foller th' *Guer-riere*, 'n' Nichols he trailed 'long tew, 'n' nex' day he heared heavy firin' t' th' s'uth'ard, 'n' thet was the battle. . . . An' so 'twas Cap'n Bill thet fetched th' hull thing 'bout!"

The captain paused and regarded me triumphantly.

"Is that possible!" I said.

"Fact," said the captain. "True 's gospel."

We smoked in silence for some moments.

"But what became of the *Decatur*," I asked, "without any cannon?"

"Thet didn't bother Cap'n Bill none," returned the old man. "He rigged up some logs p'intin' out th' ports t' look like guns, 'n' cal'lated t' go ahead 'n' capture prizes by *boardin'!* An' then—the crew mutinized!"

"Anything else?" I asked.

"No, the' wa'n't nothin' else. Cap'n Bill dropped through th' main hatch with a belayin' pin—an' th' crew come 'round!

"An' then his luck turned. Thet same day he sighted a bark 'n' chased her, 'n' when he ranged 'longside, log cannon bristlin' 'n' crew t' th' rail, she hauled down her colors prompt! She didn't hev no cargo nor nothin' else but four ol' cannon, but them was better 'n logs!"

Captain Ahab rose and made another journey to his desk, producing, after a prolonged and dusty search, a yellowed newspaper, from which, once re-settled in his chair, he proceeded to refresh his memory.

"'"Newb'ryport, Mass., September 25, 1812'—h'm—'Marine News'—Le's see!—Ah, here 't is!—'Entered—Brig *Decatur*, Nichols, from a very successful cruise, having captured'—h'm—'*Pomona*, brig *Elizabeth*—she hed salt 'n' coal'—h'm, then three in one day—' 'n' then the *William and Charlotte*—she had five hunderd tons o' Canady lumber for England'—but thet's nothin'—whar' *is* thet?—I'm skippin' a lot on 'em—here 't is—'the *Commerce*.' *Thet* was a real fight!"

The captain beamed at me over his spectacles.

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Wa'al," he began, "he'd took nine prizes 'n' sent 'em int' port or scuttled 'em, 'n' was joggin' 'long for hum, thick o' fog, an' all of a suddint he run right onto a big ship close aboard. She h'isted British colors, but when Cap'n Bill hove a shot at her, she come to an' hauled down her flag. He sent a lieutenant an' a prize crew aboard, 'n' when they went overside, by Godfrey Mack'rel, the British grabbed 'em 'n' clapped 'em b'low hatches 'n' made sail ag'in!"

"They didn't get away!" I exclaimed.

"'Twouldn't 'a' been so bad only th' *Decatur* was tur'ble short-handed. Her crew was mos'ly on prizes, 'n' the' wa'n't hardly enough t' work ship, say nothin' o' fightin'. Cap'n Bill was roarin' mad, 'n' Mose Knight, second mate he was, he throwed his cap ont' th' deck 'n' swore he wouldn't eat bread nor drink water till he got them men aboard ag'in! P'raps"—the old man interpolated—"he might 'a' got along a day or tew on good, ol' Medford rum!

"Wa'al, sir, you, they got all sail sot, 'n' then th' few men the' was left hauled a 'long-tom' for'ard an' crammed her up t' th' muzzle with bolts 'n' scrap iron. When the brig drawed up, Mose Knight, he sighted her careful at th' ship 'n'——"

"Ahab!" called 'Sairy's' voice from

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"'Brig ahoy! What brig is that?'"—Page 538.

the kitchen, "'f you don't go 'n' pull me a mess o' lettuce, them boarders won't hev no lobster salad for supper!"

The captain knocked the ashes out of his pipe disgustedly.

"Ef thet ain't jest like a woman!" he snorted. "Can't let anybody set an' talk a minute or tew, comf'table, but what suthin' 's got t' be— I'm a-goin', Sairy, I'm a-goin', jest a minute—now, whar' be I—wa'al——

"When thet gun went off an' th' smoke blowed away, Nichols see the ship's mizzen-m'st draggin' 'longside a wrack. An' then they hed it, hammer 'n' tongs—Cap'n Bill hed a cute idee—'Keep their wheel clear!' he hollered, an' fast 's they could grab th' wheel the Yankees would pick 'em off. Bime-by they lost control of her, 'n' Nichols raked her fore 'n' aft till her skipper fell, an' then she gin up!"

The captain paused, an anxious eye upon the kitchen door.

"An' she was wuth while fightin' for, tew," he finished. "She was lo'ded deep with rum, sugar, cotton, 'n' coffee, an' Lord knows what—a hunderd hogsheads o' rum—" The captain moistened his lips.

"I'm a-goin' this minute, Sairy!" He started hastily to his feet as he heard a door slam in the shed. "Now, don't you go—not jest yet," he told me; "'twon't

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take long, an' the's some more things—you set right thar' an' I'll be back——"

Captain Ahab had disappeared around the corner of the barn.

The sun was well up the next morning, but the old wood-shed had an abandoned look. The model of the brig had been placed carefully against the wall, and the deep, cushioned arm-chair was empty. The chips and litter of the day before were gone, and altogether the place looked uncomfortably trim.

Presently the captain puffed around the corner of the house, his red face shining with perspiration, carrying a large basket of fresh green peas from his garden.

"Good *mornin'!*" he said, genially, as he set the basket down and straightened his bent back slowly. "Them's 'Queen o' New England' peas, an' they dew eat good! Mother!" he called. "Here's suthin' green for dinner!"

He sank comfortably back into his waiting arm-chair and mopped his face.

"I ain't so spry 's I ust t' be," he remarked, "an' talkin' 's gittin' t' be a sight easier 'n gardenin'."

He reached for the inevitable pipe.

"No, thankee," he replied to my offer of a cigar. "Them's *real* good see-gars, but I'm kind o' ust to a pipe——"

He smoked placidly.

From the kitchen door emerged 'Sairy' with a large tin pan, and seated herself briskly in a small, rush-bottomed rocker beside the basket of peas.

The old man regarded her labor with pleased anticipation.

"I'm kind o' crippled up," he said—"some like th' old hoss Cy Warner traded for. 'Cal'late she'll live thru th' day?' says Cy. 'Wa'al,' says th' other feller, 'I wouldn't want t' *guarantee* nothin' 'bout her but her appetite!'"

The peas rattled a cheerful accompaniment into the tin pan.

"Whar'bouts was it we lef' Cap'n Bill?" resumed my old friend. "Kind o' beatin' off 'n' on, wa'n't he," he grinned, "when Sairy sent me out for thet mess o' green stuff? Now, you jes' set a minute whilst I git my idees in order——

"Wa'al, Cap'n Bill, he hedn't been 'n port long—did I tell ye he come in flyin' th' British flag union down?—British distress signal, ye know—he was allers a marster hand for a joke!—afore he got oneasy 'n' put t' sea ag'in.

"He didn't take no prizes for a month—nothin' wuth anything, thet is, only two-three fishermen—'n' then he run afoul o' th' *Neptune*, with a fine cargo o' brandy 'n' wine 'n'——"

"Jewelry 'n' dry goods!" put in his wife.

"—wuth purty nigh half a million dollars!" finished the captain, triumphantly.

"That was making money!" I said.

"Wa'al, thet was th' end on 't. Cap'n Bill got his come-uppance. He was off Cape Verde lookin' for more plunder, 'n' a British thirty-eight-gun ship ketched him. He see 't he'd bit off more'n he could chaw, but he couldn't git away. So he stud to it all he knowed, but th' little *Decatur* didn't hev no show"—he glanced fondly at the model—"ag'in' a big man-o'-war. 'Twas turrible fierce while it lasted—broadsides 't pistol-range 'n' decks runnin' blood——

"When Cap'n Bill s'rendered an' went aboard th' frigate, the British orficer says:

"'I'll take your sword, sir!' says he, like thet.

"'Not by a dum sight!' says Cap'n Bill—'unless you take it thru your body!' says he, an' he drawed his sword an' throwed it int' th' ocean."

"Father," interrupted his wife, "seems to me you hadn't ought t' swear so! An' you a perfessin'——"

"Wa'al, Mother," replied the captain, "I hate tew"—he winked solemnly at me—"but 'f it's th' truth, I cal'late I'd ought t' tell it jest as 't is!"

"What did they do to him?" I inquired.

"Fetched him t' Bar*ba*does 'n' p'roled him. Ye see, he was purty famous by thet time, an' boys ust t' p'int him out on the street. 'N' one day 'long come th' British skipper 't Cap'n Bill hed fooled 'n th' *Alert* afore the war—you rec'lect?"—he turned to me—"an' he'd never forgive Bill for 't. So what dew they dew"—Captain Ahab's eyes blazed—"but clap Cap'n Bill intew a cage—yes, sir! By Crimus, right intew a wooden *cage*, five foot by seven, like a wild animile!"

The captain smoked furiously for some moments.

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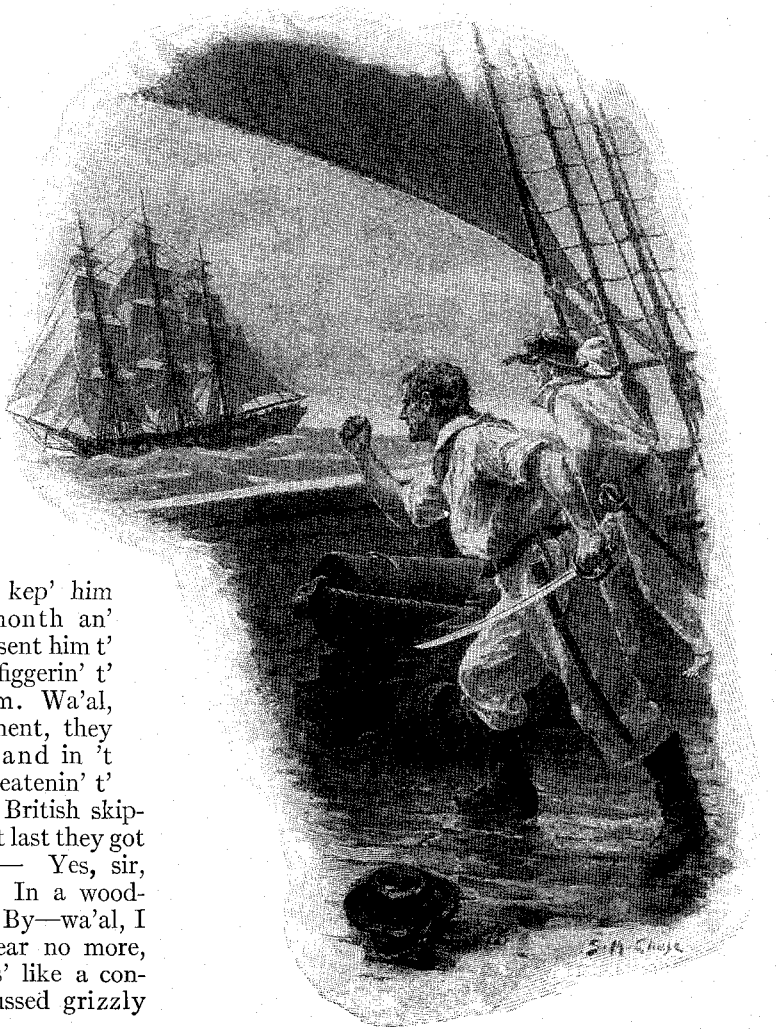

"Mose Knight throwed his cap out' th' deck 'n' swore he wouldn't eat bread nor drink water till he got them men aboard."—Page 538.

"They kep' him thar' a month an' then they sent him t' England, figgerin' t' hang him. Wa'al, our guv'ment, they took a hand in 't lively, threatenin' t' hang tew British skippers, an' 't last they got him clear— Yes, sir, by heck! In a wooden cage! By—wa'al, I won't swear no more, Sairy—jes' like a consarned, cussed grizzly b'ar!"

Captain Ahab heaved himself up out of his arm-chair and headed for the desk where he kept his treasures. A long, fruitless search followed, interspersed with mumblings and self-communings gradually increasing in volume.

"Whar' in blazes—'twas here yest'day, right here—can't never find nothin' after—" The shuffle of papers and creak of opened desk drawers followed.

"Sairy, you been a-fixin' up this desk?" inquired her husband finally, a deceptive mildness in his voice.

His wife calmly set her pan of shelled peas upon a chair.

"Why, no, nothin' much, Father," she answered. "Suthin' you can't find? I do' know but I *did* red up a leetle mite yest'day, now you speak on 't—'twas sech an awful clutter—but I didn't change nothin'——"

She went over to the desk.

"Wa'al, I had two-three papers——"

"Them old newspapers? I must a' throwed 'em——"

The captain faced her, outraged determination in his eye.

"No, I guess I didn't after all. Whar' was 't you put 'em?"

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"Right in this drawer—" The captain pottered about.

"You git away— Men can't never find nothin'," she added, scornfully.

"Here they be!" she said, after a moment's search. She lifted the pan of peas and disappeared into the kitchen, whence came the savory odors of dinner cooking.

The captain stared, dazed, at the papers. Then he tugged at his gray beard.

"I snum," he said. "I looked thet drawer over four-five times complete——"

A twinkle came into his eye. He nodded proudly toward the kitchen.

"Dre'tful capable woman," he remarked; "but don't never dew t' let on, when you're married to 'em——"

The captain settled into his chair and groped for the broken thread of his story.

"Whar' be I?—Oh, yes—Cap'n Bill hedn't no more 'n got hum than he was lookin' for a ship. He was consid'able het up, livin' 'n a cage, so," he grinned, "an' he found a vessel right t' Porchmouth, a brig suthin' like this un"—he indicated the model—"the *Harpy*—cur'ous name"—he looked at me helplessly—"I do' know *what* it means!

"He put t' sea immediate, 'n' fust thing he run into a fleet o' British transports with grub for th' army in Canady. He grabbed two-three on 'em——"

He opened the old newspaper and peered at it through his spectacles, following the faded print with a big forefinger.

"'—Th' *Amazon* 'n' th' *Bridget*, with a cargo o' beef, pork, flour, 'n' bread—the' was rum 'n' brandy, tew——'

"Some o' them red-coats must 'a' went hungry 'n' thirsty," he commented.

"'—An' burnt th' *Britannia*, 'n ballast——'

"Must 'a' been on account of her *name!*" he chuckled.

"The's another v'y'ge, tew," he said. "You read it. My old eyes ain't so good 's they ust t' be."

The paper was the *Essex Gazette* of February 8, 1815. I glanced through the long list of prizes and whistled.

They ran like this:

"'Ship *Garland*, with W. I. rum, sugar, and molasses; ships *Jane* and *William Neilson*, with lumber——'"

"He was off th' English coast then," put in my audience; "figgered he'd git nearer t' th' base o' supplies!"

—"'Schooner *Nine Sisters*, with oranges (burnt); brig *Louisa*, wine, raisins, and figs; *William and Alfred*, with plantation stores for the West Indies——'"

"Cap'n Bill fooled 'em good thet time," interrupted the old man; "while he was takin' off th' cargo, he see three sail t' wind'ard stannin' for him; he starts th' prize for hum, 'n' bears away for 'em—a man-o'-war 'n' two merchantmen. What does he dew but clear for action 'n' give th' frigate a gun—'n' his brig no bigger 'n a hornet! Whilst they was a-manouverin' 'round, th' prize got away safe, 'n' th' British never *see* her 't all!"

We both laughed.

"The British was scourin' th' sea for him by thet time," pursued Captain Ahab, "but he gin 'em th' slip, 'n'——"

"Listen to this!" I broke in. "Here's what the *Harpy* brought into Salem! It sounds like pirate treasure.

"'—A thousand bales and boxes: British manufactured goods, ladies' rich dresses, broadcloths, cut glass, jewelry, plate, 300 boxes Malaga raisins, 65 frails Turkey figs, 10 pipes Sherry wine, and British treasury notes to the value of half a million dollars!'"

Captain Ahab moistened his lips.

"Pity we don't hev no more wars, nowadays," he said regretfully.

"Too bad to loot private property, though," I said.

"Wa'al, I do' know 'bout thet. I rec'lect thirty thousand Britishers—manufacturers 'n' sich—p'titioned Parliament for peace. An' they got it tew. Ye see, when a war hits ye hard 'n th' wallet, it makes fightin' look almighty foolish an' onreasonable!"

It was nearly noon. From the kitchen came more and more appealing odors of dinner. Captain Ahab sniffed them appreciatively.

"Captain," I said, after a moment, "what sort of a man was Nichols, really?"

The old man had been studying the model attentively. Now he turned his weatherbeaten face toward me and smiled slowly.

"Wa'al, now, I'm glad you arst me

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"'Not by a dum sight!' says Cap'n Bill . . . an' he drawed his sword an' throwed it int' th' ocean."—Page 540.

thet," he answered. "I s'pose you're a-cal'latin' 't he was a kind o' ragin' he-devil, now, ain't ye?" he questioned.

"Now don't you go 'n' b'lieve nothin' *like* thet. He wa'n't.

"Ye might guess them British skippers he captured would 'a' hated him like pizen—wa'al, they sent him a letter with some high-falutin' language in't 't I've forgot, but th' upshot on't was thet they'd hed a almighty good time, 'n' wanted t' come ag'in! 'N' one on 'em writ thet 'f ever Cap'n Bill come t' London, 't wouldn't nothin' dew but he must come 'n' lodge with him! Must 'a' been a tol'able good entertainer, Cap'n Bill," he finished thoughtfully.

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose briskly to his feet.

"Dinner smells dre'tful good," he said. "I declar' I'm holler 's a drum, inside! Le's you an' me go in an' git suthin' to eat!"

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SONG

By Julia C. R. Dorr

DECORATION BY Z. DE L. STEELE

YOUR loves have been many,
Mine but one;
You see each star in heaven,
I, the Sun.

You have gathered roses
In each glade;
I from my lone bower
Ne'er have strayed.

So—farewell, Belovèd!
We must take
Each our separate pathway—
For Love's sake.

Yet—in some far country
It may be,
You will love me only—
As I thee!

September, 1912.

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GERMANY AND THE GERMANS
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

"FROM ENVY, HATRED, AND MALICE"

BY PRICE COLLIER
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," "The West in the East," etc.

IT has always been considered sound doctrine among Christians that they should love one another. Vigorous exponents of the doctrine, however, have ever been few in numbers. As the world gets more crowded, and we find it more and more difficult to make room for ourselves, and to get a living, we find antagonisms and defensive tactics occupying so much of our time and energy that loving one another is almost lost sight of. It has been found necessary even among those of the same nation to legislate for love. We call such laws, with dull contempt for irony, social legislation. In Germany, and now in England, the modern sacrament of loving one another consists in licking stamps; these stamps are then stuck on cards, which bind the brethren together in mutual and adhesive helpfulness.

With nations the problem is not so easily and superficially solved; because no one body of legislators and police has jurisdiction over all the parties concerned. As a result of this just now in Europe, wisdom is not the arbiter; on the contrary, prejudices, passions, indiscretions, and follies on the part of all the antagonists preserve a certain dangerous equipoise.

After you have seen something and heard a great deal of these antagonisms between nations; read their newspapers; talked with the protagonists and with their rulers, and with the responsible servants of the State; discussed with professors and legislators these questions; and listened to the warriors on both sides, you are somewhat bewildered. There are so many reasons why this one should distrust that one, so many rather unnatural alliances for protection against one another, so much friendship of the sort expressed by the phrase, "on aime toujours quelqu'un contre quelqu'un," so much suspicious watching the movements of one another, that one is reminded of the jingle of one's youth:

"There's a cat in the garden laying for a rat,
There's a boy with a catapult a-laying for the cat,
The cat's name is Susan, the boy's name is Jim,
And his father round the corner is a-laying for him."

Even to the youngest of us, and to the most inexperienced, this betokens a strained situation. The first and most natural result is that each nation's "watchmen who sit above in an high tower," whether they be the professionals selected by the people or merely amateur patriots, are for ever crying out for greater armaments.

At the time of the Boxer troubles in China, when Germany sent some ships to demand reparation for the murder of her ambassador in Peking, she had only two ships left at home to guard her own shores. When all England was exasperated by the Boer telegram sent by the Kaiser, or, if the truth is to be told, by his advisers, the late Baron Marshal von Bieberstein and Prince Hohenlohe, to President Kruger, official Germany lamented publicly that she lacked a powerful navy. Only a week after the Boers declared war the Kaiser is reported to have said: "Bitter is our need of a strong navy." Germany has noticed, too, not without suspicion, that:

In 1904 England had 202,000 tons of war-ships in the Mediterranean and none in the North Sea.

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In 1907 England had 135,000 tons of war-ships in the Mediterranean and 166,000 tons in the North Sea.

In 1909 England had 123,000 tons of war-ships in the Mediterranean and 427,000 tons in the North Sea.

In 1912 England had 126,000 tons of war-ships in the Mediterranean and 481,000 tons in the North Sea.

At last accounts England had 50,000 tons of war-ships in the Mediterranean and 500,000 tons in the North Sea.

There has been a steady increase of the navy in Germany. In 1900 the tonnage of war-ships and large cruisers over 5,000 tons was 152,000; in 1911 it was 823,000. The number of heavy guns in 1900 was 52; in 1911 it was 330. The horse-power of engines in 1900 was 160,000; in 1911 it was 1,051,000. The naval crews in 1900 numbered 28,326; in 1911, 57,353; and in 1913 the German naval personnel will consist of 3,394 officers and 69,495 men. Between 1900 and 1911 the tonnage of the British fleet increased from 215,000 to 1,716,000; of the German fleet from 152,000 to 829,000.

In ten years British naval expenditure has increased from $172,500,000 to $222,500,000; in Germany the expenditure has jumped from $47,500,000 to $110,000,000; in America the increase is from $80,000,000 to $132,500,000. Out of these total sums Great Britain spends one-third, America one-fifth, and Germany one-half on new construction.

Germany has a navy league numbering over one million active and honorary members; a periodical, *Die Flotte*, published by the league with a circulation of over 400,000. This league not only educates but excites the whole nation, by a vigorous campaign which never ceases. It takes its members on excursions to seaports to see the ships; it holds exhibitions throughout the country with pictures and lecturers; it supports seamen's homes, and helps to equip boys wishing to enter the navy; it lends its encouragement to the two school-ships which are partly supported from public funds; it sees to it that war-ships are named after provinces and cities, creating a friendly rivalry among them; and lately, out of its surplus funds, it has presented a gun-boat to the nation.

The leading spirit of this organization is Admiral von Tirpitz, at present the German secretary of the navy. In addition to this work a campaign is waged in the press for the increase of the navy, in which a number of experts are engaged. I have been told by Germans who ought to know, but who deprecate this exciting campaigning, that the press is so largely influenced by Admiral von Tirpitz and his corps of press-agents and writers, that it is even difficult to procure the publication of a protest or a reply. Indeed, were it my habit to go into personal matters, I could offer ample proof of this contention that the opponents of naval expansion are cleverly shut out of the press altogether.

Wilhelmshafen, the naval station on the North Sea, has been fortified till it is said to be impregnable; the same has been done for Heligoland, and the mouth of the Elbe and the Weser have also been strongly fortified. At Kiel are the naval technical school, an arsenal, and dry and floating docks, and the canal itself is being widened and deepened to meet the needs of the largest ships of war.

When it is remembered that the beginnings of all this date back only to 1898, when the first navy bill was passed through the Reichstag with much difficulty, and only after the Emperor and his ministers had brought every influence to bear upon the members, Germany is certainly to be congratulated upon her success. Nor is she to be blamed for remembering and regretting that the two most important harbors used by her trade are Antwerp and Rotterdam, the one in Belgium, the other in Holland.

The *Kielerwoche*, or Kiel Regatta, has grown from the sailing-matches of a few small yachts into one of the best-managed, most picturesque, and gayest yachting weeks in the world. Indeed, from the stand-point of hospitality, orderliness, imposing array of shipping, and good racing and friendliness to the stranger, I am not sure that it is equalled at either Newport or Cowes. Were I writing merely from my personal experience, I should declare unhesitatingly that it is the most splendid and best-managed picnic on the water that one can attend, and lovers of yachts and yachting should not fail to see it. This *Kielerwoche*, too, has, and is intended to

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have, an influence in teaching the Germans to aid and abet their Emperor and his ministers in making Germany a great sea power.

When a nation for more than a hundred years has been quite comfortably safe from any fear of attack because she has been easily first in commerce, wealth, industry, and in sea power, it comes as a shock, even to a phlegmatic people, to learn that they are being rapidly overhauled commercially, financially, industrially, and as a fighting force on the sea; and all this within a few years.

England with her money subsidies, with her troops, and with her navy has heretofore provided against Continental aggression, by the diplomatic philosophy of a balance of power. She has arranged her alliances with Continental powers so that no one of them could become a menace to herself. She did so against the Spain of Charles V, the France of Louis XIV, the France of Napoleon, the Russia of the late Czar, and now against the Germany of William II. The France of the great Napoleon, in attempting to complete the commercial isolation of England by compelling Russia to close her ports to her, buried herself in snow and ice on the way back from Moscow, and delivered herself up completely a little later at Waterloo. That was the nearest to success of any attempt to break through the doctrine of the balance of power.

In the year 800 A. D. the Catholic church, which took over the Roman supremacy to translate it into a spiritual empire, accepted a German Emperor, Charlemagne, as her man-at-arms. One hundred and fifty years later she accepted still another, Otto I. This partnership was called the Holy Roman Empire. It has been noted, but is still misunderstood, that the difference between the Catholic church before and after the Reformation was very marked. The Catholic church claimed to be not only a system of belief but a system of government. Infallibility was to include secular as well as religious matters, and the church strove to rule as a secular emperor and as a spiritual tyrant. To-day Roman Catholicism is a sect, one among many; Roman Catholics themselves would be the last to consent to any temporal universal power.

The Protestants, too, were at first inclined to the methods of Rome. Luther teaches intolerance, and Calvin burns a heretic and writes in favor of the doctrine: *Jure gladii coercendos esse hereticos*. The real reformation only came when we had reformed the reformers, but it was that spiritual and political legacy from Rome that the Teuton world, including ourselves, fought to nullify.

There was no successful revolt against this curious spiritual Cæsarism until the son of a Saxon miner named Luther, married out of monkdom, burnt the Pope's commands on a bonfire and plunged all Europe first into a peasants' war, followed by a dividing of Europe between a Protestant union and a Catholic league, and then a thirty years' war, which destroyed two-thirds of the population of what is now Germany. After three hundred years of disunion and hatreds Prussia united their country by a cement of blood and iron, and in the last forty years has made out of her the most powerful nation in Europe.

It is only very lately that any of us have realized what has happened. So little attention has been paid to the matter that there is no sufficient and worthy history of Germany in English. More than we realize, Germany is a new factor in politics, a new rival in commerce, a new knight in the tournament lists. This accounts, in no small degree, for the uneasiness Germany causes in the world.

Forty years ago Germany was known to a few students as having supplied us with music, mythology, and a certain amount of enchanting literature; scholarship along certain lines; and work in philosophy that a few in America and in England were studying. As a knight in shining armor, demanding a place at the council-board of nations, and ready to resent any passing over of her claims to recognition in the discussion and settlement of international politics, she is a new-comer.

One of the chief causes for the restlessness, particularly in England, the heart of the greatest empire in the world, is that this new-comer must be made room for at the table, received with courtesy, and consulted. Another individual has married into the family, and must gradually find her place there. Of all nations in the

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world England is the slowest to make new friends and acquaintances, and easily the most awkward in doing so. She is a good friend when you know her, but with the most abominable manners to strangers.

The Englishman, for example, pops into his club to escape the world, not to seek it there. The English club and the English home are primarily for seclusion, not for companionship, and this characteristic alone is wofully hard for the stranger to understand. To the gregarious German, priding himself upon *Gemüthlichkeit*, loving reunions, restaurants, his *Stammtisch*, formal and punctilious in his politeness, unused to the ways of the world, but yet convinced that he is now a great man politically and commercially, the Englishman is not only an enigma but an insult. I am criticising neither. I have received unbounded hospitality and friendliness from both. I have ridden, fought, drunk, travelled, and lived with both, but for that very reason I understand how horribly and continually they rub one another the wrong way.

In the fundamental matter of morals the German looks upon the Englishman as a hypocrite, and the Englishman looks upon the German as rather unpolished and undignified. Berlin is open all night, London closes at half-past twelve. The British Sunday is a gloomy suppression of vitality, touched up here and there with preaching and hymn-singing, and fringed with surreptitious golf; the German Sunday is a national fair, with a blossoming of all kinds of amusements, deluged with beer, and attended by whole families as their only relaxation during the week.

The German licenses vice, lotteries, and gambling; the Englishman refuses to recognize the existence of any of the three. The German does not understand the Englishman's point of view in these matters, which is that, though he knows these things to exist, and that he is no better in actual practice than other men, he refuses to accept these as his ideal. He denounces and passes judgment upon and punishes men and women who go too far in their appreciation and practice of apolausticism as a philosophy of life. He might have run away from danger himself, but he none the less scorns the man who did so. The shipwreck, the fire, the test of moral courage and endurance, may have found him a coward, or weak, or a deserter, but he holds that he must none the less measure the coward, the weakling, and the deserter, not by his own possible weakness if put to the same tests, but by his ideal of a courageous and straightforward Englishman. I agree with him wholly and heartily. If our sympathy is to go out on every occasion to the man who failed to come up to the mark of noble manhood just because we feel that we might under like circumstances have failed too, then we give up the code of honor altogether, and our ideals droop to the level from which we fight and pray to be preserved.

I pass judgment upon the coward, upon the failure, upon the man who has not mastered his life and life itself, unhesitatingly. It is hard to do, it looks as though one were without pity and without sympathy. Not so; it is because I have great sympathy, and I hope unending pity, and a growing charity, and constant willingness to lend a hand; but to condone failure is to commit the selfish and unpardonable cowardice of not judging another that you may not be forced to judge yourself too harshly. That is far from being hypocrisy. Indeed, in these days it is one of the hardest things to do, so fast are we levelling down socially and politically and even morally. It looks like an assumption of superiority when, God knows, it is only a timorous attempt on our part not to lose our grip on the ideals that help to keep us out of the dust and the mud. But he who lets others off lightly in order that he may not be thought to have too high a standard himself, or because he fears that he may one day fail himself, such a one is the coward of cowards, the candidate for the lowest place in hell; and well he deserves it, for he helps to lower the standard of manhood, and he tarnishes the shield of honor of the whole race. Let them call us hypocrites till they strangle doing so, for when we lower our standards because we fear that we cannot live up to them ourselves, all will be lost. To be mild with other men because we distrust ourselves is a poisonous sympathy that rots away the life of him who receives it and of him who gives it, and ends in a slobbering charity which must finally protect itself by tyranny and cruelty. Not

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infrequently in dealing with individuals and with subject nations it is senseless cruelty to be overkind.

This sneer of Saxon hypocrisy, of "perfide Albion," is seldom explained to other people by men of our race, and we Americans and Englishmen have taken little pains to make it clear. We should not be surprised therefore if we are misunderstood. We have been easily first so long that we have neglected the explanation of ourselves to others.

The Germans too have something of the same indifference. A most sympathetic observer of German manners and customs and a man for whose honesty and gentleness I have the highest esteem, Père Didon, remarked of the Germans: "J'ai essayé maintes fois de découvrir chez l'Allemand une sympathie quelconque pour d'autres nations; je n'y ai pas réussi."

I call attention again to the important point, that it has been difficult to manufacture an all-round German patriotism. As a consequence patriotism in Germany is more than a sentiment, it is a theory, a doctrine, a theme to which statesmen, philosophers and poets, and rulers devote their energies. The German looks upon his nation not only as a people, but as a race, almost as a formal religion, hence perhaps his hatred of the Jew and the Slav, and his difficulties with all foreign peoples within his borders. In order to build up his patriotism the German has been taught systematically to dislike first the Austrians, then the French, now the English; and let not the American suppose that he likes him any better, for he does not. This patriotism, once developed, was drawn on for funds for an army, then for a navy. At the present time there must be some explanation offered, and the explanation is fear of England, dislike of British arrogance. In one of his latest speeches the Kaiser said: "We need this fleet to protect ourselves from arrogance"; that of course means, always means, British arrogance.

From the moment a child goes to school, by pictures on the walls, by an indirect teaching of history and geography, he is led on discreetly to find England in Germany's way. At the present writing German school-children, and German students, and German recruits are imbued with the idea that Germany's relations with England are in some sort an armistice. This poisonous teaching of patriotism has produced wide-spread enmity of feeling among the innocent, but this enmity has built the navy. And now that in certain quarters it is found desirable to soothe and calm this feeling, it proves to be more difficult to subdue than it was to arouse. The monster that Frankenstein called up devours its own creator.

Germany has not neglected England, but of late she has paid her the wrong kind of attention. Erasmus, the scholar-rapier, as Luther was the hammer, of the Reformation, visits England and writes: "Above all, speak no evil of England to them. They are proud of their country above all nations in the world, as they have good reason to be."

Kant, the German philosopher, on his clock-like rounds in Königsberg, knew something of England and writes of her: "Die englische Nation, als Volk betrachtet, ist das schätzbarste Ganze von Menschen im Verhältnis untereinander; aber als Staat gegen fremde Staaten der verderblichste, gewaltsamste, herrschsüchtigste und Kriegerregendste von allen."

("The English, as a people, in their relations to one another are a most estimable body of men, but as a nation in their relations with other nations they are of all people the most pernicious, the most violent, the most domineering, and the most strife-provoking.")

Another German, something of a scholar, something of a philosopher, but a wit and a singer, Heine, visited England, and, as he handed a fee to the verger who had shown him around Westminster Abbey, said: "I would willingly give you twice as much if the collection were complete!" To him Napoleon defeated was a greater man than the "starched, stiff" Wellington; and the "potatoes boiled in water and put on the table as God made them," and the "country with three hundred religions and only one sauce," were a constant source of amused annoyance. The German professors and students who, in the early part of the nineteenth century, lauded English constitutional liberty to the skies, and made a god of Burke, have soured toward England since.

"What does Germany want?" asked

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Thiers of the German historian Ranke. "To destroy the work of Louis XIV," was the reply. Professor Treitschke, and his successor in the chair of history at Berlin, Professor Delbrück, are outspoken in their denunciation of England. Mommsen, Schmoller, Schiemann, Zorn of Bonn, and his colleague there, von Dirksen; Professor Dietrich Schaefer, Professor Adolph Wagner, and many other scholars, have been and are politicians in Germany, and none of them friendly to England, to France, or to America. Bismarck himself remarked of these gentlemen: "Die Politik ist keine Wissenschaft, wie viele der Herren Professoren sich einbilden, sie ist eben eine Kunst" ("Politics is not a science as many professorial gentlemen fancy; it is an art"); and again: "Die Arbeit des Diplomaten, seine Aufgabe, besteht in dem praktischen Verkehr mit Menschen, in der richtigen Beurtheilung von dem, was andere Leute unter gewissen Umständen wahrscheinlich thun werden, in der richtigen Erkennung der Absichten anderer; in der richtigen Darstellung der seinigen." ("The work of the diplomats, their chief task, indeed, consists in the practical dealing with men, in their sound judgment of what other people would probably do under certain circumstances, in their correct interpretation of the intentions and purposes of other people, and in the accurate presentation of their own.")

He began his political life in 1862 with the phrase: "Die grossen Fragen können durch Reden und Majoritätsbeschlüsse nicht entschieden werden, sondern durch Eisen und Blut." ("The great questions cannot be decided by speeches and the decisions of majorities, but by iron and blood.")

It is a well-known professor who writes: "Denn die einzige Gefahr, die den Frieden in Europa und damit dem Weltfrieden droht, liegt in den krankhaften Übertreibungen des englischen Imperialismus." ("The only danger to the peace of Europe, and that includes the peace of the world, lies in the morbid excesses of British imperialism.") Another quotation from the same pen reads: "So far as other perils to the British Empire are concerned, they are of much the same character, but the empire suffers too from the selfish policy of English business, which, in order to create big business, does not hesitate to interfere with the declared policy of the state." Then follows the statement that English traders have smuggled guns to the Persian Gulf.

"Ohne zu übertreiben kann man sagen dass heute nur der allerkleinste Teil der deutschen Presse geneigt ist, den Engländern Gerechtigkeit widerfahren zu lassen, bei Behandlung allgemeiner Fragen sich auch einmal auf den englischen Standpunkt der Betrachtung wenigstens zeitweise zu versetzen. England ist für viele 'der' Feind an sich, und ein Feind dem man keine Rücksichten schuldet."

("It is no exaggeration to say that nowadays only the tiniest minority of the German press is inclined to do justice to the English by at least occasionally looking at questions from the British point of view. England is for many the enemy of enemies and an enemy to whom no consideration is due.") Thus writes one of the cooler heads in the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

Doctor Herbert von Dirksen, of Bonn, writing of the Monroe Doctrine, says: "By what right does America attempt to check the strongest expansion policy of all other nations of the earth?" During the Boer war Germany was showered with post-cards and caricatures of the English. British soldiers with donkey heads marched past Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales; the venerable Queen Victoria is pictured plucking the tail feathers from an ostrich which she holds across her knees; the three generals, Methuen, Buller, and Gatacre, take off their faces to discover the heads of an ass, a sheep, and a cow; Chamberlain is depicted as the instigator of the war, with his pockets and hands full of African shares; a parade of the stock-exchange volunteers depicts them as all Jews, with the Prince of Wales as a Jew reviewing them; the Prince of Wales is pictured surrounded by vulgar women, who ask, "Say, Fatty, you are not going to South Africa?" to which the Prince replies, "No, I must stay here to take care of the widows and orphans!" English soldiers are depicted in the act of hitting and kicking women and children.

It would be merely a question of how much time one cares to devote to scissors

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and paste, to multiply these examples of Germany's journalistic and professorial state of mind. It is unfortunate that some of this writing in the press is done by those who are often in consultation with the Emperor, and on some political subjects his advisers. I have suggested in another chapter that Germany suffers far more from the theoretical and book-learned gentlemen who surround the Emperor than from his indiscretions. In more than one instance his indiscretions were due to their blundering. Their knowledge of books far surpasses their knowledge of men, and nothing can be more dangerous to any nation than to be counselled and guided by pedants rather than by men of the world. This projecting a world from the gaseous elements of one's own cranium and dealing with that world, instead of the world that exists, is a danger to everybody concerned.

"Bedauernswert sei es allerdings, dass wir in unserem politischen Leben nicht mit gentlemen zu thun haben, dies sei aber ein Begriff der uns überhaupt abgehe," writes Prince Hohenlohe in his memoirs. ("It is of all things most to be regretted that in our political life we do not have gentlemen to deal with, but this is a conception of which we are totally deficient.")

A daring colonial secretary, speaking in the Reichstag of certain scandals in the German colonies, said bluntly: "A reprehensible caste feeling has grown up in our colonies; the conception of a gentleman being in England different from that in Germany."

When Lord Haldane came to Berlin, on his mission to discover if possible a working basis for more friendly relations between the two countries, his eyes were greeted in the windows of every book-shop with books and pamphlets with such titles as: "Krieg oder Frieden mit England," "Das Perfide Albion," "Deutschland und der Islam," "Ist England kriegslustig," "Deutschland sei Wach," "England's Weltherrschaft und die deutsche Luxusflotte," "John Bull und wir," and a long list of others, all written and advertised to keep alive in the German people a sense of their natural antagonism to England.

During the last year the "Letters of Bergmann" brought up again the controversy that should have been left to die, over the treatment of the Emperor Friedrich by an English surgeon.

In discussing Senator Lodge's resolution before the United States Senate, on the Monroe doctrine, the German press spoke of us as "hirnverbrante Yankees," "bornierte Yankeegehirne" ("crazy Yankees," "provincial Yankee intellects"); and the words "Dollarika," "Dollarei," and "Dollarman" are further malicious expressions of their envy, frequently used.

I am always very glad, when I happen to be in Europe, that I belong to a nation that can afford to take these flings with the greatest good-humor. As the burly soldier replied when questioned in court as to why he allowed his small wife to beat him: "It pleases her and it don't hurt I."

This struggle for recognition as a great nation, to be received on equal terms by the rest of us, has upset the nerves of certain classes in Germany, and among them the untravelled and small-town-dwelling professor.

I am a craftsman in letters myself, in a small way, but I am no believer that books are the only key to life, or the only way to find a solution for its riddles and problems. Life is language, and books only the dictionaries; men are the text, books only the commentaries. Books are only good as a filter for actual experiences. A man must have a rich and varied experience of men and women before he can use books to advantage. Life is varied, men and women many, while the individual life is short; wise men read books therefore to enrich their experience, not merely as the pedant does, to garner facts. "J'étudie les livres en attendant que j'étudie les hommes," writes Voltaire.

Montgolfier sees a woman's skirt drying and notices that the hot air fills it and lifts it, and this gives him the idea for a balloon.

Denis Papin sees the cover lifted from a pot by the steam, and there follow the myriad inventions in which steam is the driving power.

Newton, dozing under an apple-tree, is hit on the head by a falling apple, and there follows the law of gravitation.

Franklin flies a kite, and a shock of electricity starts him upon the road to his discoveries.

Archimedes in his bath notices that his body seems to grow lighter, and there

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follows the great law which bears his name.

These are the foundation-stones upon which the whole house of science is built, and no one of them was dug out of a book. Charlemagne could not read, and Napoleon, when he left school for Paris, carried the recommendation from his master that he might possibly become a fair officer of marines, but nothing more! A capital example of the ability of the man of books to measure the abilities of the man of the world.

Reading and writing are modern accomplishments, and we grossly exaggerate their importance as man-makers. That, it has always been my contention, is the fatal fallacy of modern education, and you may see it carried to its extreme in Germany, for men who have not lived broadly are merely hampered by books. It is as though one studied a primer with an etymological dictionary at his side. Germans are renowned writers of commentaries, but you cannot deal with men and with life by the aid of commentaries. Exegesis solves no international quarrels, and the mastery of men is not gained with dictionaries and grammars.

We are all prone to forget the end in the means, for the end is far away and the means right under our noses. We all recognize, when we are pulled up short and made to think, that, after all, the arts and letters, religion and philosophy and statecraft, are for one ultimate purpose, which is to develop the complete man. Everything must be measured by its man-making power. Ideas that do not grow men are sterile seed. Men who do not move other men to action and to growth, are not to be excused because they stir men to the merely pleasant tickling of thinking lazily and feeling softly. Thus Lincoln was a greater man than Emerson; Bismarck a greater than Lessing; Cromwell a greater than Bunyan; Napoleon a greater than all the stuff of French literature packed into one man; and Pericles greater than Plato; and Cæsar greater than Virgil.

The man who only makes maps for the mind is only half a man, until his thinking, his influence, his dreams and enthusiasms take on the potency of a man and come into action. Even if men of action do evil, as some of those I mention have done, they have translated theories into palpable things that permit men to judge whether they be good or bad; and the really great artists, thinkers, and saints are as fertile as though they were female, and give birth to living things. Their thinking is really a form of action. The real test of successful organization is the thoroughness of the thinking behind it; on the other hand, the only test of thinking is the success of the thought in actual execution, and the Germans often take this too much for granted. We really know and hold as an inalienable intellectual possession only what we have gained by our own effort, and with a certain degree of actual exertion. People who have never worked out their own salvation always join, at last, that large class in the body-politic who don't know what they want, and who will never be happy till they get it.

When it comes to dealing with inanimate things, books of rules are invaluable. Hence, in chemistry, physics, archæology, philology, exegesis, the Germans have forged ahead; but the ship of state needs not only men to take observations and to read charts but men to trim the sails to the fitful breezes, the blustering winds, the tempests, and changing currents of life. They must know, too, the methods, the manners, the habits of other men who sail the seas of life. It is just here that the German fails; he lacks the confidence of experience, and bursts into bluster and bravado. He is a believer in vicarious experience, and is as little likely to be saved by it, in this world at least, as he is by vicarious sacrifice.

His imagination does not make allowances for either England or America. He does not see, for example, that the Monroe Doctrine is not open for discussion for the simple reason that America has announced it as American policy; just as Prussia took part three times in the dismemberment of Poland; just as Prussia pounced upon Silesia; just as Germany took Alsace-Lorraine, and held the ring while Austria-Hungary bagged Bosnia and Herzegovina. We have decided that we will have no European sovereignty in South America, and this side war, that is the end of the matter, call it the Monroe Doctrine or what you will. It only makes for uneasiness and bad temper to discuss

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it. It is the national American policy. It may be right or wrong theoretically, but international law has nothing to do with it. The German professors who discuss it from that stand-point, are beating the air and raising a dust in the world's international drawing-room.

This German mania for translating facts back into philosophy and then dancing through a discussion of theories is not understood, much less appreciated, by the rest of the world. We can never get on if we are to introduce the discussion of the lines of every new battle-ship by arguments as to the sea-worthiness of the ark.. Those of us who control a quarter of the habitable globe, and the inhabitants thereof, are much too busy to discuss the legal aspects of the land-grabbing of the Pharaohs. Geography is not metaphysics but it is wofully hard for the professorial mind to grasp this.

"Given a mouse's tail, and he will guess
With metaphysic quickness at the mouse."

In much the same way German statesmen and the German press do not understand, or do not care to understand, that British statesmen when they speak in the House of Commons, or when they go to the country, asking increased appropriations for the navy, must give some reason for their request. There is only one reason, and that is that there is a growing navy across the North Sea, which whether now it is or is not a menace, may be a menace to their ship-fed island, and they must have ships and men and guns enough to guard the sea-lanes which their food-laden ships must sail through.

They may be awkward sometimes in their expression of this self-evident fact, they may call their own fleet a necessity and the other fleet a luxury, but that is a negligible question of verbal manners; the fact remains that their fleet is—and all the world knows it is, and it is laughable to discuss it—the prime necessity of their existence.

As long as we Christians have given up any shred of belief in Christian ethics as applicable to international disputes, we must live by the law of the strongest. We do not bless the poor in spirit, but the self-confident; we do not bless the meek, but the proud; we do not bless the peace-makers, but those who urge us to prepare for war; we do not bless the reviled and the persecuted and the slandered, but those who revolt against injustice and tyranny; we do not approve the cutting off of the right hand, but admire the mailed fist; and it is only adding to the confusion to raise millions for war ourselves, and then to present a handsomely bound copy of the Beatitudes to our rivals.

I shall be wantonly misunderstood if these reflections be taken as a criticism of Germany. This situation involves Germany in censure no more than other nations. It is only that Germany shows herself to be somewhat childish and peevishly provincial in girding at an unchangeable situation, either in South America or in the North Sea.

This is not altogether Germany's fault. She is suffering from growing-pains, and from grave internal unrest. She is only just of age as a nation, and her constitution is so inflexible that it is a constant source of irritation. She is governed by an autocracy, and the two strongest parties numerically in her Reichstag are the party of the Catholics and the party of the Socialists. She has built up a tremendous trade on borrowed capital, and every gust of wind in the money market makes her fidgety. Her population increases at the rate of some 800,000 a year, but her educational system produces such a surplus of laborers who wish to work in uniforms, or in black coats and stiff collars, that there is a dearth of agricultural laborers, and she imports 750,000 Hungarians, Poles, Slavs, and Italians every year to harvest her crops.

This same system of education has taught youths to think for themselves before either the mental or moral muscles are tough enough, with the result that she is the agnostic and materialistic nation of Europe, and her capital the most licentious and immoral in Europe.

This is the result of secular education everywhere. Freedom of thought, yes but not freedom of thought any more than freedom of morals, or freedom of manners, or political freedom, in extreme youth; that only makes for anarchy political, mental, and moral.

There is much undigested, not to say indigestible, republicanism about just now in China and in Portugal, for example; just as there are materialism and agnos-

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ticism in Germany and in France, not due to super-intellectualism but to juvenile thinking. The Chinese are just as fit for a republic—an actual republic is still a long way off—as are callow German youths, and notoriety-loving French students, for freedom to disbelieve and to destroy. No country can long survive women teachers in the public schools and no Bible and no religious teaching there. I have no prejudices favoring orthodoxy, but I have a fairly wide experience which has given me one article of a creed that I would go to the stake for, and that is that it is of all crimes the worst to give freedom political, moral, or religious to those who are unprepared for it.

Germany's taste in literature, once so natural and healthy, has became morbid, and Sudermann and Gorki and Oscar Wilde and the rest of the unhealthy crew who swarm about the morgues, the dissecting-rooms, and the houses of assignation of life, the *internuntiata libidinum*, the leering *conciliatrices* of the dark streets, are her favorites now. There is no surer sign of mental ill-health than a taste for lowering literature, an appetite for this self-dissecting, this complacent, self-contemplating form of intellectual exercise.

This is no heated assault on German culture. It is a natural phase of development. Youthful candidates for worldliness all go through this pornocratic stage. "The impudence of the bawd is modesty, compared with that of the convert," writes the Marquis of Halifax. The German professor and the German bourgeois in their Rake's Progress are only a little more awkward, a little more heavy-handed, a little coarser in speech, than others, that is all. The period of twenty-five years during which I have known Germany has developed before my eyes the concomitants of vast industrial and commercial progress, and they are: a love of luxury, a great increase in gambling, a materialistic tone of mind, a wide-spread increase of immorality, and a tendency to send culture to the mint and to the market-place to be stamped so that it may be readily exchanged for the means of soft living. These internal changes account to some extent for her restless external policy. A man's digestion has a good deal to do with the color of the world when he looks at it. There is more yellow in life from biliousness than from the state of the atmosphere.

Aside from these internal reasons there is no reason why Germany should take a sentimental or pious view of these questions of international amity. Her own history is development by war. "Any war is a good war when it is undertaken to increase the power of the state," said Frederick the Great. "Nur das Volk wird eine gesicherte Stellung in der Welt haben, das von kriegerischen Geiste erfüllt ist" ("Only that nation will hold a safe place in the world which is imbued with a warlike spirit"), writes Germany's great military philosopher Clausewitz.

We took Cuba and the Philippines; England took India, Hong Kong, and Egypt; Japan took Corea and southern Manchuria; Italy took Tripoli; France took Fez; Russia took Finland and northern Manchuria; Austria-Hungary took Bosnia and Herzegovina; and Prussia and Germany have a long list, including Silesia, Poland, Hanover, and Alsace-Lorraine. Austria-Hungary tears up the Berlin treaty; France, Germany, and Spain tear up the Algeciras treaty; Italy tears up the treaty of Paris; and it is part of the game that we should all hold up our hands, avert our faces, and thank God that we are not as other men are, when these things are done. The justifications of these actions are all of the most pious and penitent description. We were forced to do so, we say, in order to hasten the bringing in of our own specially patented and exclusive style of the kingdom of heaven. Germany, for example, had nine per cent of Moroccan trade, the total of Moroccan trade with all countries only amounted to $27,500,000 a year, and she was compelled to interfere for the protection of her traders, forsooth! The outcome of the business, after an exciting situation lasting for months, was that Germany got a slice of territory from France, mostly swamps, which reaches from the Congo to the Atlantic Ocean, and reported to be, by her own engineers, uninhabitable.

It is the pleasant formula of polite statesmen and politicians to say, that it is a pity that Germany came into the world competition a hundred years too late, when the best colonies had been par-

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celled out among the other powers. This is a superficial view of the case, and misses the real point of the present envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness.

Germany came into the modern world as a dreamer, as a maker of melodies, as a singer of songs, as a sort of post-graduate student in philosophy and in theoretical, and later applied science. She introduced us to classical philology, to modern methods of historical research, to the comparative study of ethnic religions, to daring and scholarly exegesis, to the study of the science of language. She discovered Shakespeare to the English; Eduard Mätzner and Eduard Müller, and German scholars in the study of phonetics, have written our English grammars and etymological dictionaries for us, and helped to lay the foundations for knowledge of our own language. Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, one need not mention more, attempted to pass beyond the bounds of human experience and to formulate laws for the process; Schleiermacher, maintaining that Christian faith is a condition of devout feeling, a fact of inward experience, an object which may be observed and described, had an unbounded influence in America, and many are the ethical discourses I have listened to, which owed more to Schleiermacher than to their authors. Humboldt, Liebig, Bunsen, Helmholtz, Johannes Müller, von Baer, Virchow, Koch, even the British and American man in the street, with little interest in such matters, knows some of these names; while Schopenhauer and Nietzsche are symbols of revolt, whose names are flung into an argument by many who only know their names, but who fondly suppose that the one stands for despair and suicide, and the other for the joy and unbridled license of the strong man.

Reckoning by epochs, it was only yesterday that Germany said to the world: "No more of this!"

"Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more!"

Of a sudden our scholar threw off his gown and cap, and said: "I propose to play cricket and foot-ball with you, I propose to have a hand in the material spoils of life, I propose to have a seat at the banquet and to propose toasts and to be toasted!" Faust of a sudden left his gloomy, cobwebby laboratory, flung a fine cloak over his shoulders, stuck a dandy feather in his cap, buckled on a rapier, and began roystering with the best of us. We sneered and smiled at first, let us be frank and admit it. We did not think much of this new buck. We had little fear that the professor, even if he took off his spectacles and slippers and dressing-gown, and exchanged his pipe for a cigarette, would cut much of a figure as a lover. He was new to the game, we were old hands at it, but the first thing we knew he had given the world's mistress, France, a scolding, and flung her into a corner, a cowering heap of outraged finery; and she has only been safe ever since in the rôle of a sort of mistress of England on board-wages.

A new cock in the barn-yard is never received with great cordiality. He must win his place and his power with his beak and his spurs. We all of us had enough to do before this fellow came along. We are a little jealous of him, we are all uneasier because he is about, and he has done so well at our games, now that he has indeed hung up philosophy, that we are not even sure that it is safe to take him in on a serious match. We have endeavored therefore to keep him occupied with his own neighbors, to whom we have extended our best wishes and our moral backing, which is known as keeping the balance of power in Europe.

But a new Germany has come into the world. Germany nowadays has a large class, as have the rest of us, who belong to that increasing number of extraordinary people who want money without even knowing how to get on without it. I have always maintained that the only satisfactory test of the right to wealth is the ability to get on without it. One of modern civilization's most dangerous pitfalls is the subversive doctrine that all men should have wealth, even before they have proved their ability to do without it. Germany is gradually arriving at this puny stage of culture, whose beginnings may be said to date from that ominous year for culture, 1492, when Lorenzo de Medici died, and Columbus discovered America!

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During all this time statesmen have insisted that there is no good reason why Germany and England should not be on good terms; gentlemen of various trades and professions from both countries, speaking halting English or embarrassed German, as the case may be, cross each other's boundaries, comment upon the beauties of the respective countries, and overeat themselves in ponderous endeavors to appear cordial and appreciative. Mayors and aldermen swap stories and compliments over turtle and sherry, or over sauerkraut and Johannisberger; bands of students visit Oxford or Heidelberg, and there is a chorus of praise of Goethe from one side, of Shakespeare from the other; and all the while there is an unceasing antiphonal of grimaces and abuse in the press. Not even when Germany exports her latest stage novelties to London, and pantomimic platitudes are dandled under colored lights, does the turmoil of martial talk cease. Not even Teutonic lechery, in the guise of Reinhartian art, dressed in nothing but silence, and making faces at the British censor on the boards of the music halls, avails anything.

Of course all this is nuts to the irresponsible journalist, to the manufacturers of powder, guns, and ships, and to politicians and diplomats out of employment; but it is hard on the tax-payer, who has no dividends from manufacturers of lethal weapons and ships, nor from newspapers, and no notoriety from the self-imposed jobs of the unofficial diplomats.

Perhaps of all these factors the press in its wild gamble to make money out of sensationalism, is most to blame. The press, for the sake of gain, has soiled and soured the milk of human kindness by exposing it, carelessly and unceasingly, to the pathogenic dangers of the dust of the street and the gutter.

Germany is autocratic, philosophical, and continental; England is democratic, political, and insular. It is hopeless to suppose that the great mass of the people of one country will understand the other, and, for this is the important point, it is wholly unnecessary.

We get on best and with least friction with people whom we do not understand in the least. A man may have known and liked people with whose aims, opinions, employment, creeds he has the smallest sympathy. One may mention such diverse personalities as John L. Sullivan the prize-fighter, Cardinal Rampolla, Mr. Roosevelt, Doctor Jameson, the Kaiser, President Diaz of Mexico, numerous Jew financiers, Lord Haldane the scholar-statesman, and a long list of professors, pious priests, sportsmen, and idlers, not to speak of Hindus and Mohammedans, Japanese and Chinese, and half a dozen Sioux chiefs. With these gentlemen, a few of many with whom one may have been upon such pleasant terms that they have even confided in him and trusted him with their secrets, one may have passed many pleasant hours. It probably never entered such a man's head to wonder whether they liked him, and he never discussed with them the question of his liking for them. We get on by keeping our own personalities, prejudices, and creeds intact. There is no other way.

Other men will give even a more diverse list of friends and acquaintances, and never for a moment dream that there is any mystery in being friends with all. Nothing is ever gained by flattery. To the serious man flattery in the form of sincere praise makes him more responsible and only sadder because he knows how much he falls below what is expected of him, and what he expects of himself. Lip-flattery makes a real man feel as though his sex had been mistaken, he feels as though he had been given curling-tongs instead of a razor for his morning toilet. These pompous flatteries that pass between Germany and England to-day, make both sides self-conscious and a little ashamed to write and to speak them, and to hear and applaud them.

America and England are shortly to celebrate the signing of the treaty of Ghent, which marks a hundred years of peace between the two nations. We have not been without opportunities to quarrel. We have whole classes of people in America who detest England, and in England there are not a few who do not conceal successfully their contempt for America, but we have had peace, and since England, at the time of our war with Spain, said "Hands off!" to the powers that wished to interfere, there has been a great increase of friendly feeling. But

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there has been little or no flattery passing back and forth. We have sent ambassador after ambassador to England who were almost more American than the Americans. Phelps and Lowell and Hay and Choate and Reid were all American in name, in tradition, in their successes, and in their way of looking at life. By their learning, their wit, and their criticisms; by their writing and speaking, by their presentation of the claims to greatness of our great men, by their unhesitating avowal in public and in private of their allegiance to the ideals of the republic they served, they have made clear the American point of view. Above all they have shown their pride in their own country by acknowledging and praising the great qualities of England and the English. There has been no fulsome flattery, no bowing the knee to foreign idols, and what has been the result? The American ambassador for years has been the most popular diplomatic figure in Great Britain. An increasing number of Englishmen, even, nowadays know who Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln were, and our understanding of one another has grown rapidly out of this frank and manly attitude. We were jealous and suspicious a hundred years ago, as are England and Germany to-day, but we have changed all that by our attitude of good-humored independence, and by eliminating altogether from our intercourse the tainted delicacy of compliment, and the canting endearments of the diplomatic cocotte. We have emphasized our differences to the great benefit of the fine qualities that we have and cherish in common.

The individual Protestant does not dislike the individual Papist half so much as he dislikes his neighbor in the next pew who refuses Sunday after Sunday to repeat the service and the creed at the same pace as the others, and hence to "descend into Hell" with the rest of the congregation. The Sioux chief was far more annoyed by his neighbor of the same tribe in the next-door reservation than he was by me. The pugilist scorned "Tug" Wilson, a brother fisticuffs sovereign, but had no feeling against his parish priest. Theological protagonists are notoriously bitter against one another, but we have all found many of them amiable companions ourselves. It is the fellow next door, who wears purple socks, or who parts his hair in the middle, or who wears his coat-sleeves longer than our tailor cuts ours, or who eats his soup with a noise, or who has damp hands, or talks through his nose, who irritates us and makes us wish occasionally for the unlimited club-using freedom of the stone age. It is your first cousin, with incurable catarrh and a slender income, who is too much with you, and who spoils your temper, not the anarchist orator who threatens your property and almost your life.

"What do these Germans want?" asked a distinguished cabinet minister of me. "They want consideration," I replied, "which is the most difficult thing in the world for the Englishman to offer anybody." "But, you don't mean to say," he continued, "that they really want to cut our throats on account of our bad manners!" I cannot phrase it better, nor can I give a more illuminating illustration of the misunderstanding. That is exactly the reason, and the paramount reason, why nations and why individuals attempt to cut one another's throats. Whatever the fundamental differences may have been that have led to war between nations, the tiny spark that started the explosion has always been some phase of rudeness or bad manners.

Counting my school-days, I can remember about a dozen personal conflicts in which I have engaged with pardonable pleasure. Not one of them was a question of territory, or religious difference, or of racial hatred; indeed, the last one was due to being shouldered in the street when my equanimity was already disturbed by a lingering recovery from a feverish cold.

It is, after all, the little differences that count. If politically and socially Germany were a little more sure of herself, if she were not ever *omnia tuta timens Dido,* and if England were not as ever quite so sure of herself, I believe intercourse between them would be less strained.

"The little gnat-like buzzings shrill,
The hurdy-gurdies of the street,
The common curses of the will—
These wrap the cerements round our feet."

The smothered voice, the tepid manner, the affected under-statement of a certain

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middlish class of English men and women, and, alas, their American imitators, who are striving toward their comical interpretation of the Vere de Vere manner, are the promoters of guffaws in private, and uneasiness in public, between nations, to a far greater extent than the bold individualist, whose voice and manners, good or bad, are all his own. It is these small attritions that wear us down and produce a sub-acid dislike. It is these that prepare the ground for a fine crop of misunderstandings.

But are we not to know our neighbors the English, the Germans, the French? I for one consider that not to know German and Germany, for example, is nowadays not to be fully educated. Most of us, however, have had our nerves unstrung by the speeding-up process that has gone on all over the world of late. We have lost somewhat the power to know people and to let them alone at the same time. Goethe, one of the coolest and wisest of men, maintains: "Certain defects are necessary for the existence of individuality. One would not be pleased if old friends were to lay aside certain peculiarities."

We should at least give every man as good a chance to receive our good opinion as we give a picture. We should put him in a good light before we criticise him. We should take time enough to do that to other nations, as well as to individuals. I have always had much sympathy for a certain Roman general. He was blind, and a painter who painted him with two large eyes, he rebuked; another painter, who painted him in profile, he rewarded.

It is, after all, something of an art to know people, so that the knowledge is serviceable, so that you can depict them to yourself and to others, not as they are as opposed to you, but as they are as a complement and help to you.

"No human quality is so well wove
In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it;
I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,
A wise man so demean himself, drivelling idiocy
Had wellnigh been ashamed on't. For your crafty,
Your worldly-wise man, he, above the rest,
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often caught in them."

He who does not make allowances for weakness in his study of human affairs is still in the infant class, and it is a grave danger to every state that critics—smart or shallow, with their *tu quoque* weapons, their silly ridicule, their emphasis upon differences as though they were disasters, their constant failure to recognize the value of certain weaknesses, their stupidity in not painting great men who happen to be blind, in profile, and their harping upon the flaws, and their neglect of the fine texture of human qualities that are strange to them—that these critics are not muzzled, or, if that is impossible, disregarded.

They make it appear that amicable relations between nations are next to impossible. If you escape one danger of offending, you are sure to give offence in some other way, they seem to say. They are hysterical in their self-consciousness, "as if a man did flee from a lion and a bear met him, or went in the house and leaned his hand on the wall and a serpent bit him."

The trouble lies in our undertaking the impossible, to the neglect of the obvious and the possible. The basic fact of nationality is a preference for our own ways, customs, and habits over those of other people. If the Chinese and Japanese, the Servians and Albanians, the English and the Germans, liked one another as well as they like their own, there would be no nationalism to protect or to preserve. Such racial and traditional liking of nation for nation is impossible of achievement. No journeyings, speechifyings, banquets, or compliments will bring it about. On the contrary, I am not sure that it is not these very differences which cheer us and give us a new flavor in our pleasure in living, when we cross the Atlantic, the Channel, or the Rhine. What we should strive for is not social and racial absorption, but social and racial difference and distinction, with that pride in our own which makes for patience in the understanding of others.

It is the petty, self-conscious American

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who hates the English, the provincial Englishman who hates the German, the socially insecure German who hates the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the American. Those of us who are poised, secure, satisfied, and at bottom proud of our race, our breeding, and our country are neither irritable nor irritant in the matter of international relations. We have enough to do, and let others alone. Let us dine one another, criticise one another in the effort to improve ourselves; praise one another, where the praise serves to establish our own ideals; but let us give up this forced and awkward courting by banquets, deputations, and conferences. Let us study the great art of leaving one another alone. This is a time-hallowed doctrine. The greatest satirist and critic of manners knew this secret of successful intercourse with one another. One of the characters in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes is made to say: "Don't come trespassing upon my mind; you have a house of your own." Propinquity does not necessarily entail intimacy. As the world grows smaller, more and more people think so, perhaps often enough only to escape from themselves, a favorite form of elopement these days. Some men are fed by solitude and starved by too much companionship, and the same is true of nations. You cannot control others till you have learned to control yourself, or save another till you yourself are saved, and most of us had better be about that business.

> "'Ride, boldly ride,'
> The shade replied—
> 'If you seek for Eldorado!'"

It is England's business to know just now, and to some extent ours, how many ships Germany is building and how many men she has in training to man them; but it is not in the least anybody's business to question her motives, or to attempt to dictate her policy. It is our business to shut up, and to build ships and to train men according to our notions of what is necessary for safety in case of an explosion. We should be about our father's business, not about our brother's business.

It is shallow thinking and lack of knowledge of the men and women of stranger countries, and above all that terrible itching to be doing something, which lead to these futile excursions and this silly talk.

Can anything be more maudlin than to suppose that international sensitiveness, that commercial rivalries, that tariff discriminations, that territorial misunderstandings are to be soothed and smoothed away by dissertations upon how much we owe to one another in matters of culture? Think what we owe to Goethe and Lessing, to Spinoza and Kant, to Heine and Mozart and Wagner and Beethoven, reiterates the Englishman; think what we owe to Shakespeare and Milton, to Byron and Shelley and Scott, to Lister and Newton, answers the German! Who can go to war with the countrymen of Racine and Molière and Pascal and Montesquieu and Descartes? repeats the friend of France; and by others are trumpeted the fraternal relations that we ought to cultivate with the countrymen of Dante, or of Euripides, Æschylus, and Sophocles. This is phantom friendship, and we all know in our heart of hearts that we would fight any or all of them at the drop of a handkerchief if they hurt our feelings, ruffled our national pride, or maltreated in a foreign land the meanest of our racial brothers. Straining after such artificial bonds of union is as irritating as it is unreal.

Germany has few heartier admirers of Bismarck than am I; England has few franker friends of her great gentlemen in peace and war than am I; I have read and profited by French literature far more than from anything America has produced; if I can write so that here and there a brother has profited therefrom, I owe it to the Frenchmen I have studied; but these are all nothing as compared with my heart's real allegiances. There is a gulp in my throat when I dream of that weary, misunderstood, but patient and humble peace-maker who held the scales between the millions of my own countrymen shooting and stabbing one another to death fifty years ago. No other man can be quite like him to me; he remains my master of men, as is Lee my ideal of the Happy Warrior. I understand the grim humor in his sad eyes, I love that lined face, cut from the granite of self-control, that tamed volcano face, seamed and scarred by the lava of his trials and his

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tears; I can see how the illuminating and conciliatory anecdotes were his relief from the pain of an aching heart; my muscles harden and my nerves tingle, as I recall the puppet politicians and fancy self-advertising warriors who crucified him slowly. The country and the people that Lincoln believed in I must believe in and fight for too. Washington was an Englishman and baptized us, but Lincoln was an American who anointed us priests and kings of liberty. I ask no Englishman, no German, no Frenchman to agree with me, but I ask them to leave me alone with my dead, and to leave me in peace with my living problems.

Has the Englishman, has the German, no sanctuaries to be left undisturbed; no heart-strings that are not to be fumbled at by busy fingers; no personal dignities to be shrouded from investigations; no sweet silences of sorrow that are barred to foreign mourners? If he have not, then all this clamor at the doors of national privacy is well enough; but let them remember that when nations lose their dignity and their racial pride, there is sure to follow the squabbling and the jealousy, the rough speech and vulgar manners, of the domestic circle, in the same plight of spiritual shamelessness. The best that any of us learn, is to be a little more patient, a little more charitable, a little more careful of the dignity of others in our own homes, or abroad, and then the light goes out!

OLE MISTIS

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT BOHNERT

THAT year I was clerk, bookkeeper, and assistant postmaster in Arkadelphia, which is Simon Stettler's general store, on the white sandy road, fifteen miles from Minden, in the cotton country of east Texas. It was a boll-weevil year, and by Christmas a constable was going about foreclosing the mortgages held by Mr. Stettler on land and live-stock, belonging chiefly to negroes, who in the South are often as much the slaves of impersonal legal documents and ruthless legal machinery as ever they were of white masters.

One day in January I heard the constable reporting to Mr. Stettler that he had been to Jeff Morrow's place to get his gray mare. The old negro had said she was out in the field, and promised to ride her over to the store for surrender the next day. "We'll see," said the merchant, turning to other business.

After dark the next day the aged little albino slipped through the door, as if he hoped he would not be seen. Mr. Stettler having gone away to Minden to attend court, I was alone in the management of the store; and as there were several people showing an active disposition to buy, I paid no direct attention to the new-comer except to speak.

He walked to the lower end of the counter and stood leaning against it, alternately crushing and smoothing out his dingy brown felt hat, his pinky-white eyes watching me fearfully. Once or twice it happened that he was in my way; when he discovered it he leaped scufflingly aside, with an exclamation of piteous apology. After a while the lamp-lit store was clear of all but myself and the little negro, in whom freakish nature had wrought the curious variations from type characteristic of the albino. His wrinkled, milky-white cheeks were ghastly where the points peeped through his frizzly, pale-gold beard.

"Well, Jeff, what can I do for you?" I asked, having forgotten for the moment about his mortgage. Out of the frame made by his conjoined beard and hair his eyes were straining vainly to read some hope into my face.

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He moved down the counter until he was opposite me. Leaning over it, and trying desperately to accomplish the negro's customary smile of placating amiability, he whispered, "I brung Ole Mistis oveh"; and then I remembered. I turned quickly to look at a row of tomato cans on the shelf behind me. He went on in his habitual hoarse half-whisper:

"Yassuh, I told de constable I would. You know, I mortgaged her, de Lawd he'p me, an' you knows whut de boll-weevil done to we all in de summer jes' gone by. Season befo' dat I mortgaged my ten acres to Mister Jamison, in Minden, an' now I ain' nuffin but a renter on my own lan'. Dis pas' season I stakes Ole Mistis, 'cause she wuz de onliest thing 'at would stan' even a little bittie mortgage—well, suh, ne'min' all dat; Mister Stettler 'vanced me sixty dollars in supplies, bad luck come, Ole Mistis tied outside to a pos'. She ain' mine now, is she?"

To evade his question, which I hadn't

I often watched him rubbing her nose through the fence and talking to her.—Page 562.

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the heart to answer, I faced around and asked him one.

"Why did you give her that name?"

At this, through the bramble of pale-gold beard, the small face shone with swift radiance. "'Cause she bosses me so, an' meckin' no noise at all about hit. Jes' a word er a look f'om her, an', suh, I cain' no mo' he'p doin' whut she wants, no more 'n I could fer ole Mistis Marlowe afore she died. An' so I named her when she wuz a colt."

"How many in your family?"

"On'y me an'—on'y me now. My ole 'oman, she dead an' buried long time ago; de chillern, all boys, done gone away de Lawd on'y knows whar; an' I spec he lose track on 'em now an' den. Yassuh, I'm de onliest one—now. I ain' never counted my coon houn' an' de chickens an' de hawgs in de fambly. But Ole Mistis, she wuz in it; lately she wuz mos' of it."

The light had died out of his face, and he was again crushing and straightening out his felt hat. I wanted to say something, to do something; there was nothing to say, nothing to do.

"Well, suh, I reckon I better be ramblin' on back home. Hit's a mile oveh in de piney woods. I'll be tellin' you good-evenin' now. Hit's right smart col' dis winter, ain't it? Good-evenin' to you, suh."

"Evening, Jeff."

Smiling in valiant amiability, he opened the door, slipped through, closed it behind him softly. I heard his steps leave the porch and sound gratingly once or twice on the gravelly ground in front of it. I worked on in the store an hour longer, posting the books and tying up some mail for the next day's rider; and when I had closed up, locking the rear door last, I walked around the long frame building to lead the old gray mare back to the stable. As I turned the corner I saw a figure separate itself from the horse and stumble off into the darkness. Ole Mistis whinnied in soft appeal.

Upon his return from Minden, after several days, I told Mr. Stettler in some detail how the gray mare had been surrendered.

"Yes," he answered. "We'll feed her up this month and next; somebody will be wanting to buy her when planting-time comes. She's eight years old now, but there's five or six years of good work in her yet. Old Jeff always treated her well."

It was easy for me to understand the merchant's hardness. Fifteen years before, I knew by report, he had come walking through the country with a small stock of dry-goods in an oil-skin pack on his back, which still showed in its stoop the trade-mark of his early days. Then he had been treated with scant respect by even the negroes. If this had affected him, I was sure he had not revealed it; and after five years, having built the store and started in business on a larger scale, he had transacted his affairs with the same imperturbable, fateful calmness as in the days of the oil-skin pack. The machinery of business had pulled Ole Mistis away from her aged master and servitor; in the beginning Simon Stettler had let nothing interfere with that machinery, nor did it seem likely that he would now.

Once or twice a week after that, Jeff came to the store to buy a nickel's worth of sugar or a dime's worth of coffee. It was his custom to come early in the afternoon, and having made his purchase to slip around to the ample stable yard, where the gray mare with other mortgage prisoners strolled at their ease. I often watched him rubbing her nose through the fence and talking to her. I grew to be very much interested in this captive, whose coat was uniformly flecked with little black spots—dingy ermine robe of a fallen queen.

Before the end of February the sap was rising in the ground, and the peach-trees were in pale-pink blossom. The farmers were making leisurely preparations for another season's crops. Fences were being repaired, gardens planted, mortgages signed.

About this time Jeff told me in the store one day that Mr. Jamison, who now owned his ten acres of thin, gravelly land, had refused to let him have it another year unless he could get a horse from somebody else. The Minden merchant, he went on, was trying to rent the farm.

"An' I may be movin' in a week or so," he stated.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Maybe somebody 'll hieh me to meck a crap on dee fahm," he said hopefully,

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He moved his hound and his chickens, his cooking utensils, and his planting tools to a ruined cabin.

and started slowly out. I looked after the bent, fragile figure; it was not pleasant to think of his hopes.

Mr. Stettler did not think it was good business to let Jeff have a horse and supplies for another season. Then I heard that he had been dispossessed to make room for a tenant family that had rented his old farm and another adjoining it. He moved his hound and his chickens, his cooking utensils, and his planting tools to a ruined cabin in an unfenced fallow

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field, thickly dotted with stunted second-growth pine saplings, the property of an estate tied up in a court fight.

Now things were beginning to advance rapidly in the country. The atmosphere of ease and leisure was changing to one of energy, even of excitement. Corn was in the ground. Everybody was asking everybody else how many acres they were holding for cotton, how many for the smaller diversified crops, what they proposed to do about the boll-weevil, whether this or that new kind of cotton-seed had proved successful, and whether there were any readable and reliable signs in moon and stars and almanacs indicating a good-crop season. Often, in the store, I saw the homeless, despairing little negro, standing humbly at the outermost edge of a group of eager, thrilling crop gamblers, listening, listening, listening, saying nothing.

On a day in April—I think it was April, for I remember the atmosphere in the country was at its tensest with large, new hopes—Mr. Stettler asked me not to make any dates for that night.

One half of the second floor of the store he had fitted up as his home, to which a negro woman came three times a day to cook his meals and in which I lived with him. The gigantic dining-room was in the rear, its two windows looking out on a short stretch of open ground shaded with oak-trees, beyond which was the big stable-yard, with the barn in the middle of it. Several times as we ate supper I noticed Mr. Stettler turning his eyes to the windows; through them nothing was to be seen in the softly dark, vaporous spring night outside, so that I knew his eyes were unwittingly pointing the direction of his thoughts.

After supper he lit his pipe and sat down in a deep chair by one of the rear windows, but he did not put on his carpet slippers, so that I knew we were going out. When the cook had washed the dishes and gone away, he said, still staring out of the window and scratching thoughtfully at the patches of red-gray beard on his thin cheeks:

"Well, somebody is trying to steal our horses."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I noticed this morning that the padlock on the stable door was all scarred up. Somebody had been trying to break the lock or to pull out the staple that holds it. He must have been interfered with; for if he had tried long enough he could have got in; I know I could. When I saw the lock this morning I remembered that I had heard the dog barking in the middle of the night. But he stopped all at once, as if he had recognized somebody; you know how a dog's fierceness collapses when an unfearing, familiar hand pats him on the head. And then I guess whoever it was decided to come again and silence the dog first."

"What are you going to do about it? That's why you wanted me to stay in to-night?"

"Yes," he said, standing up. "I have pulled the staple almost out of the door-post; it will be no trouble to get at the horses to-night. And I have tied up the dog. I judged, from the tracks in the dew-crusted sand around the door this morning, that there was but one man in the business. Whoever it is, if he comes, I want him to get into the stable and start out; then we'll grab him. You understand: I want to get this fellow *after* he has taken a horse out of the stable. That will finish him, and end the worry of suspense."

He walked into his bedroom and came back in a few minutes dressed to go out and carrying a lantern and two Winchesters from the stock downstairs. "They are oiled and loaded," he said, handing me one of the guns. "Let's go. Get your overcoat; we may have to wait long; it may be chilly."

Going from the store to the stable-yard, he spoke back at me: "I haven't told our noble constable nor any of the negroes on the place; they all talk too much."

He stopped at the barn door to make sure that the staple was loose enough for easy access. I looked around. The warm vapor in the air, hinting at rain, hid the stars. Already the trees were leafing out, and the four or five oaks in the yard were blurred shadows, blacker than the night.

On an outside ladder we climbed to the feed-loft door, let ourselves in, and descended through an opening to the stalls below. These were all in a row, twelve in number, separated by cross-planks a few inches apart. Six of the stalls were empty,

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some of the winter's accumulation of stock having been sold in the past month. Mr. Stettler indicated two empty places opposite the door, between which was a stall occupied by a dimly seen feeding animal.

"I'll take the one on the right, you the one on the left," he said. "If we kept close together we might talk at the wrong time. There is nothing to do now except to wait; if anybody comes, let him get just through the door with a horse, then run out. I'll be there."

Going with him into the stall he had chosen for himself, I saw him climb up into the corn-box and sit down. I walked around to mine, got into the shallow box, and sat leaning back into the corner made by the partition and the rear wall, finding the position unexpectedly comfortable.

By this time my eyes had grown so used to the darkness that I could discern the outline and bulk of the horse between Mr. Stettler and myself. All along the line the animals were still standing up, fussing noisily with their lips over the bare corncobs that no longer held any grain, crunching the shucks and sheaf oats as second choice. Now and then a horse lifted his head over a partition to tease a fellow-feeder, there were angry squeals and little thumpings of tentative kicks, to show what the defending animal would have done if he were only out in the open where he could use his heels freely. The brown, mellow odors of corn and hay and oats, the pungent ammoniac manure smell of the stalls, were pleasant in my nostrils. A spear of ice plunged through my backbone as a rat, on his way down the line of feed-boxes, ran across my legs; and I could not help exclaiming: "Damn!" I listened to hear if the rat would shock one emotional, even if profane, word from the impassive trader; he said nothing.

After a while the squealing and kicking and rattling at the troughs grew less, and here and there a long, luxurious sigh told that a horse had lain down for the night. I heard the fresh straw crackle as the animal between us crushed down on it with a deep grunt of satisfaction. Everything was now so quiet that I ran my hand over and over the projecting parts of the Winchester on my lap, telling myself what they were for, that I might keep awake.

It was in the neighborhood of midnight—for the roosters all about over the country were crowing, and they are approximately correct—when there was a slight screaking noise at the door. Then it opened, slowly, wide. A figure stepped inside, stopped, seemed to be listening. Closing the door almost to, he flitted to the far end of the stable, and started back down the black passage behind the stalls, hoarsely whispering a tense call that sounded like: "C'up, c'up, meh lady."

Before he had reached me the horse in the next place was whinnying eagerly, joyously. I saw the almost imperceptible figure slide by my hiding-place; and looking through the partition, I could make him out, sitting on the straw, and I think his arms were around the horse's neck. He was crooning ecstatic gibberish, like a mother over her child; the horse was answering with tiny, soft, nuzzling whinnies from deep down in the throat. After a pause I heard words that I could understand.

"Ole Mistis, we is gwine away f'om heah. Ain' nuffin heah fer you an' me now, an' dee wants to keep us apaht. Out yander in de woods, 'cross de road, I got ole Julius tied a-waitin' fer us. I reckon you ain' forgot dat triflin' ole yaller houn' yit, is you? He been mighty pore comp'ny since you lef' us, Ole Mistis; but den I spec I been mighty pore comp-'ny fer him—since you been gone away. Yassum, an' I got fifty year o' cawn in a sack fer you, an' a snack er two fer me an' Jule."

He was stroking her neck. Then his hands must have gone feeling along her ribs.

"Ole Mistis, you sho' is gittin' fat. I been seein' you git so roun' an' slick an' fine. I reckon you ain't wantin' to run away wif ole Jeff. I guess Mr. Stettler is good to he animals, anyhow. An' de Lawd on'y knows whut kind o' luck we gwine to strak, an' it may be, meh lady, you ain' brash to 'lope to Louisiany wif ole Jule an' me.

"An' yit, Ole Mistis, I been prayin' fer good luck fer us. In de dead o' night, free times, I went to Mount Calvary Chapel, I crawled th'oo de winder, an' I prayed fer luck fer you an' me. I kinder feel, meh lady, 'at luck have changed fer ole Jeff at las'.

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"By mawnin' we gwine to be acrost de Louisiany line, an' I spec in less 'n a week you an' me is gwine to be settled on some o' dat black swampy lan', richer 'n gol' fer cotton an' cane. Somebody gwine to rent me lan' over dar ef I got you, Ole Mistis; an' we gwine to be so deep sunk in de piney woods 'at nobody f'om heah evah will fin' us. Yassum, we gwine to have a cotton crap in de groun' dis yeah yit, we sho' is. We gwine to see our own cotton a-comin' up green outen de groun'.

"Now git up, Ole Mistis, we mus' be a-movin' on. Git up, meh lady."

The mare got to her feet, and I could see, dimly, a rope hanging from her neck. She backed out of the stall. The stooping, stealthy little figure with her pushed open the door, looked out, and, coming back slowly, laid his head against her neck.

"An', Ole Mistis, even ef we do strak bad luck in Louisiany, we gwine to be togedder. Ain' dat a whole lot? Wellum, hit is fer me. Now we is gwine away f'om heah; an' thank Mister Stettler kin'ly fer his cawn an' oats. He good to he animals, anyhow. Lawdy, Lawdy, I bet ole Jule gwine to teck on scan'lous when he see you, meh lady. Now come on, Ole Mistis."

He stepped out through the door cautiously. It closed to behind him, but, the fastening pulling loose, it swung open again. I heard the soft fall of the horse's feet in the white sand of the hoof-dug yard. I listened to catch the sound of Mr. Stettler stirring. He was not stirring. I heard the great oak latch of the stable-yard gate lift and presently fall into place again.

"Mr. Stettler?" I called.

"Yes."

"Did you hear?"

"Yes."

Down the line of stalls a horse sighed gratefully. In a corner a cricket was chirping. Outside, the wind moving through the little green leaves was as the faint hubbub of a multitudinous gathering of tiny voices far away. Out beyond the store, across the road, in the clump of woods, I listened to hear a hound bellowing. I found my fingers feeling over and over the projecting points of the Winchester on my lap, not to keep awake now. After a while I noticed that they were rubbing back and forth along the gun-barrel where it was wet.

I don't know how many minutes passed. I heard the oak latch lift again, the soft fall of feet on the hoof-dug ground, a low whinnying coming nearer. A figure stepped hurriedly through the door and into the stall between Mr. Stettler and me.

"Ole Mistis, I cain' do it. Ef I hadn't 'a' named you dat name I could 'a' done it."

Then the figure ran out through the door. After a while I slipped down from the feed-box, went to my room, and crawled into bed. A considerable time after that I heard Mr. Stettler come in and get into his bed.

The next day Jeff and his belongings were moved to one of Mr. Stettler's small farms. Ole Mistis was with him. I left that part of the country the next year, but Mr. Stettler occasionally writes to me now. He always says Jeff and his Ole Mistis are doing very well. I never have any fears about them. Having had supper one evening, several weeks after the night in the stable, Mr. Stettler, turning his back and walking to a rear window, said rather fiercely: "They are to be together until the end."

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ENGLISH FRIENDS

FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Edited by Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe

II

"THE meeting at St. Martin's with Norton and his family was a very happy one." Lovers and readers of Ruskin will remember the chapter of "Præterita" beginning with this sentence and proceeding with an account of the walk taken by Ruskin and Norton at five in the morning, "as the roselight flushed the highest snow, up the winding path among the mountain meadows of Sallenches."

Many phases of the friendship that followed this meeting in Switzerland, in the summer of 1856, are recorded in the "Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton," which Norton published in 1904. His own letters to Ruskin he is believed to have destroyed when in 1900 he went to England on business connected with the literary executorship to which Ruskin appointed him. These letters, however, could not have yielded so clear an impression of Ruskin's personality as that which is conveyed by the following letter to the friend in America on whose sympathy and understanding Norton could most confidently count about the English friend who contributed so largely to the fulness of his experiences in Europe between 1868 and 1873. Ruskin had called Norton his "first real tutor"; but Norton had found in his early reading of "Modern Painters" the clew and key to much of the æsthetic enjoyment and interest so vitally important in the shaping of his subsequent life.

The Nortons, established in a pleasant villa, had been a year absent from home when this letter about Ruskin was written.

[To George William Curtis.]

VEVEY, *July* 22, 1869.

MY DEAREST GEORGE:

Your letter of the 4th to Jane* came this morning, and was heartily welcome. It seemed as if you had come in to join us at an Ashfield breakfast on the morning after your arrival from New York, but had had only ten minutes to stay. I want very much to hear more about the editorship of the *Times*. With all my heart I wish that the matter may be so arranged that you will take the place. You and I, no doubt, feel alike as to the importance of the position, and agree that its importance makes it imperative on you to accept it, if certain indispensable conditions are fulfilled. It would not be worth while for you to take the place unless in some way absolute editorial independence is secured to you;—that you should have entire editorial control of the paper, free from any interference or supervision whatever, is essential. Then (but this I cannot help regarding, as I believe you also would regard it, as of minor importance) you ought to have secured to you such a share in the property of the paper as should give you a fair proportion of the profits arising from your management of it. With these two conditions fulfilled I think there is no post in the public service which I would rather see you in, and none in which you would be able to exert a more direct and widespread influence. It was but last week that in a letter to John Morley something led me to speak of the editorship of a leading journal as one of the very few places which a man of great powers, and high, self-sacrificing aims might desire to occupy. In our country, in New York, at this time, the good that a man of your principles, character, talents and taste might effect as editor of the *Times* is so great that it will always remain to me a serious disappointment and regret for the country's sake if the offer of the place should not ultimately take such shape that you can accept it. I trust you will soon find time to write me a satisfactory long letter about this and other personal and public matters. To

*Norton's sister, Miss Jane Norton.

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be sure I get a good deal of you every week in *Harper*,*—but not that part of you which is your special reserve for me. . . .

The aspect of public affairs as seen from here is not altogether pleasing. Grant's surrender, partial though it may be, to the politicians was an unexpected disappointment, but a very instructive one. His other mistakes were what might have been expected,—what indeed we ought to have been prepared for. But some of his appointments are disgraceful,—personally discreditable to him. The *Nation* of the 8th (which also came this morning) has a vigorous Godkinian article on Sickles† which rejoices my spirit. As Hosea Biglow says of old Buckinum,—"by Time, ses he, I *du* like a feller that ain't a Feared." The question seems to be now whether the politicians,—"the men inside politics,"—will ruin the country, or the country take summary vengeance, by means of Jenckes's bill,‡ upon them.

But I will leave America to you, and go back once more to England, though I am beginning to feel that it is time to put an end to these long letters. If I had not written so much at length during the winter about the most interesting persons whom I saw that it does not seem worth while to write more about them even to you, I should be more sure of entertaining you. To describe the characters of my London winter with Carlyle, Mill, and more than all, Ruskin, left out, is like looking at the stars with the Great Bear, the North Star, and Sirius omitted. Ruskin, indeed, made our life both at Keston and in London very different from what it would have been without his constant kindness. His pleasure in pleasing others by lavish liberality of all sorts is one of the sweet feminine traits of his nature. When we were first at Keston he sent us a quantity of beautiful water-colours—William Hunt's, his own, and Turner's work—to hang on our walls, and as long as we stayed in England he supplied us with all the drawings of this sort we desired. His own work is—as the illustrations to "Modern Painters" partially show,—in some artistic qualities quite unequalled by that of any living English draughtsman. His genius is quite as plainly shown in his drawing as in his writing,—and the extravagances of his temper and temperament are less obvious in it. Indeed hard work at drawing is the most soothing and steadying occupation for his restless and disturbed spirit. His delicacy of hand, his exquisite refinement and penetration of sight and of touch, his sensitiveness to colour and form, his poetic feeling, are all indicated, if not fully expressed, in his drawing, and so far expressed whether he is drawing the rosy convolutions of a shell, or the grey buttresses of an old church, or the purple depths of the morning glory, or the gold clouds of the sunrise, or the distant white summits of the Alps, or is copying Luini's Sta. Barbara, or one of the Venetian ladies of Paul Veronese,—his gifts and genius are, I say, so far expressed as to give to it quite a special and peculiar value and charm, and to make a collection of them a most striking exhibition of the breadth and variety as well as the exquisiteness of his powers.

His pleasant house at Denmark Hill,—one of those large, comfortable, retired suburban houses characteristic of the neighborhood of London,—is a perfect treasury of art. Besides the Turners and the Tintorets, and the Sir Joshua, and the magnificent Titian (superb head in his best style of the Doge Andrea Gritti) which hang on the walls of drawing-room, and parlour, and dining-room,—his upstairs study contains several of the finest of Turner's drawings on the walls, and multitudes of his and of Ruskin's own drawings are arranged in cupboards and drawers of writing table and bookcases, and others still simply in piles because there is no room for any other arrangement of them. Up stairs still again, in the upper story of the house, is another little work-room,—but this is not for art, but for the minerals which Ruskin delights himself with studying. Over the collection, to be sure, his taste presides with supreme absolutism. It is a collection of jewels and precious stones rather than of common every-day cabinet specimens. His agates which have lately been his special study are beautiful and perfect as

* Curtis's long-continued editorship of *Harper's Weekly* had begun in 1863.

† Gen. D. E. Sickles was appointed in 1869 United States minister to Spain.

‡ The bill introduced by Thomas A. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, but not adopted, which would have established civil service reform earlier than it came.

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agates can be. His crystals of all sorts are each of their kind as good as the agates,—and are arranged, as their beauty deserves, in velvet-lined cases, each drawer in the cases being lined with a different coloured velvet to suit the various colours of the brilliant transparent stones. Here are the "Ethics of the Dust."

Everything in and about the house indicates large expense, and a double control of it. For old Mrs. Ruskin still controls the household, and though confined to her bedroom and almost bedridden, directs with somewhat despotic sway the order of the house. A Scotch cousin, a pretty, lively sweet-tempered girl of twenty-four or five, Joan Agnew, is the vizier or prime minister and the housekeeping is such as the excellence of old-fashioned English servants allows. It is one of Ruskin's firmest principles that we ought to make our dependents happy, and a more contented and attached set of servants could hardly be found than his. The work of the house is done, contrary to the usual English fashion, by maids; there is no butler, no footman,—and the maids are ideally tidy, well mannered and pretty. There is one old woman who has lived with the family ever since Ruskin was born,—she too is an ideal old nurse, and there is a pattern middle-aged housekeeper. The furnishing of the house has undergone little change in forty years or so,—and is of the solid-mahogany English style. The guest chamber has its great four-poster with yellow silk curtains, and its great wardrobe, and in this chamber you feel yourself in the characteristic English room,—or would feel so if of late years Ruskin had not invaded it, hung beautiful drawings by Burne Jones and Rossetti on its walls, and taken possession of half of the wardrobe for portfolios of drawings and for piles of drawings mounted and framed. Immediately before the front door stands an old cedar of Lebanon, a tree which Ruskin will not hear praised, owing to its not being a fine specimen for its years. Behind the house is a half lawn half meadow, (with flower beds close under the windows,) across which you look out over a wide stretch of country, only encroached upon here and there in the distance by the outposts of the advancing city. At one side is the garden, the greenhouse, the grapery, the fruit walls and all the pleasant appurtenances of such a home.

Suppose you and I were to go out there some pleasant morning together. We should walk slowly up the shady Denmark Hill, and coming along by a high black fence on the left, should ring the bell at the avenue gate, which would be opened for us by David the coachman, or his wife, or one of their numerous children, who would greet us cordially, and from whom we should learn that Ruskin was at home. Going up the avenue we should hear a bell rung to announce our approach, and before we reached the front door it would be opened to us, and we should hear that Mr. Ruskin was very busy, and desired not to be disturbed unless we came, which I had told him we might very likely do on one of these days. We go through the hall, through a little room or passage at the right filled with flowers in beautiful bloom, and should stop to look at the touching portrait by Turner of himself as a youth, through which in his old age he had thrust a knife,—and we should then pass into the middle parlour hung round with ten or twelve of Turner's finest drawings, and with two or three of William Hunt's over the fireplace. A long window at the southern end of the room looks out over the flower beds and the lawn. We should hardly have time to get even a general view of all this, before we should hear Ruskin's quick light step through the hall, and he would come in with the most warmly welcoming smile, both hands outstretched, and most cordial words of pleasure at our coming.

You would be struck at once with the sweetness and refinement of his look, with a certain touch of quaintness in his dress and manner which gives a pleasant flavor to his originality, with the peculiar and sorrowful tenderness of expression in his eyes, with the mobility of his mouth, and with the fine, nervous, overstrung organization betrayed alike in gait, in carriage, in manner, in expression, in shape, and in words. At first, for five minutes perhaps, he would show in your presence as a stranger, a little shyness and constraint, apparent in a want of entire simplicity of manner. But this would wear off quickly and in a quarter of an hour you and he

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would be on easy terms, and talking as if you had known each other for years. He would want you to see this and that other drawing, would be pleased that you liked his favorite the best, would point out the merits of each as he alone can do it, would tell you why he did not like this one, would bring out the drawings which he bought this spring at Mr. Dillon's sale,—one for which he gave £1200,—another, a most exquisite drawing of the Bay of Naples which cost him 800 guineas,—and which Turner originally got 30 for,—and so on till lunch time, when he would insist on your staying, and we should go into the dining-room to find there Miss Agnew, and some one of the pretty bevy of young girls who come one after another to stay at the house, and perhaps the quiet Mr. Burgess* who is doing some woodcutting under Ruskin's direction. With the two lively young ladies we should have a merry lunch, and Ruskin would be as good a listener to your stories and as good a laugher as any of them. But before lunch was done that expression of fatigue would come into his eye which one observes in the most delicately organized persons, showing that his nervous strength was giving out,—and though he would beg us to stay, we should come away.

You would see him again some other time, and have a long, serious talk with him, and then you would tell me you had never seen so sad a man, never one whose nature seemed to have been so sensitized to pain by the experience of life. It is only a few weeks since that he wrote me from Verona, where he has been for the last two months, drawing the monuments of the Scaligeri,—"You must remember it is impossible for you at all to conceive the state of mind of a person who has undergone as much pain as I have." And the source of this pain, like that of all deepest human suffering, is so complex, and some of its elements lie so deep among the roots of character, that to analyse it would be not only to tell the story of his life but to describe his whole individuality of nature. In the result of his life, in the actual John Ruskin of today, it is hard to tell whether nature or circumstance has worked well or happily for him from his birth; even what seemed like happiness has often been only the covering of evil for him. Born with a nature of peculiar sweetness, of feminine sweetness, tenderness, impressibility, and generosity, and with genius that showed itself in his childish years,—an only child of a domineering woman to whose strong nature Scotch Calvinism was well suited, tenderly loved by her, and petted, ruled, disciplined and spoiled by her, and loved and petted as well by his father, never well understood by either,—with his moral sense early and morbidly over-developed, his poetic sensibility turned into a false direction by false religious notions,—his self will, and his vanity encouraged as he grew up by the devotion and flattery of father and mother and friends,—with no experience of the world,—he began his independent life as little prepared for its various trials and discipline as a man could well be. "Never," said he once to me, "did fond and good parents meaning to do right do worse by a child than mine did by me."* For years after most men are forced to match themselves with the real world, he was living in a world of his own,—and losing the chance of gaining that acquaintance with practical life, that self-control, and that development of reason which he more than most men required. So fancy and wilfulness, controlled by his genius, and by his religious creed, and by the loveliness of his disposition, and by the love of beauty, guided him from vagary to vagary,—each in turn ending in pain. One can read much of his moral history in his books. It is best written there, the special events need not be written down, and I trust never will be. But later circumstance,—fate shall I call it? or result of character?—has been against him as much as earlier. Nothing has turned out for him as he most desired,—everything has tended to make him more and more sensitive and self-willed and passionate and unreasonable, and self-confident,—and the result is that he hurts himself against life and the world, and is at the same time the most tender, humble, kind, generous and loving soul that this

* Arthur Burgess, a pupil whose untimely death Ruskin lamented in a memoir, 1887.

* It should be remembered in reading this passage that Ruskin's own words about his early training and the influence of his parents bear out what the friends who knew him intimately could not but recognize. See, *e. g.*, his letter to Mrs. John Simon, in E. T. Cook's "Life of John Ruskin," II, 168.

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earth holds. You see what a mass of unhappy contradictions he is,—Don Quixotte in his wildest moods was not so wild or so chivalric as he; he compared himself one day to Rousseau, and said that great parts of "Les Confessions" were so true to himself that he felt as if Rousseau must have transmigrated into his body;—but Don Quixotte in his noblest aspect is the comparison that pleases me best, and poor Ruskin is often morally as ill-treated by the world, and made at heart as black and blue as the brave, irrational, generous, lofty-hearted old knight was in body by his ungenerous opponents. He wrote me the other day, "If I were to die now, the life would have been such a wreck that you couldn't even make anything of the drift wood."

I had a note from Longfellow yesterday in which he tells me of meeting Ruskin in Verona, (last autumn when I was with Ruskin in Paris we had a delightful little *partie carrée*,—he and Longfellow and Tom Appleton and I,—they had never met before). Ruskin had written me two or three weeks ago of their meeting at Verona. Longfellow's few words express with exquisite felicity the impression that Ruskin would make on one of keen and delicately sympathetic insight, and express at the same time the prevailing temper of his mind. "At Verona," he says, "we passed a delightful day with Ruskin. I shall never forget a glimpse I had of him mounted on a ladder, copying some details of the tomb of Can Grande. He was very pleasant in every way, but, I thought, very sad; suffering too keenly from what is inevitable and beyond remedy, and making to himself

> "'A second nature, to exist in pain
> As in his own allotted element.'"

"Everything," wrote Ruskin in one of his letters from Verona just before this meeting, "is a dreadful problem to me now,—of living things, from the lizards and everything less and worse than they, (including those Americans I met the other day), up to Can Grande;—and of dead, *everything* that *is* dead irrecoverably;—how much!"

. . . In England he has not one intimate friend,—and there are only one or two persons who love him simply and naturally. London is not a city in which friendship flourishes. Friendships are rarely made there. Two or three of the best men whom I knew, who had lived for years in London, told me that they had, no matter how many pleasant acquaintances, but not one friend. The externality of all social relations is surprising,—and the critical tone men adopt in speaking of those they call their friends shows how little sympathy they have one with another. Of course Ruskin's unreasonableness and moodiness make friendships with him difficult, but his tenderness, his generosity, his kindness, his genuine humility make it, one would believe, easy for any man with a little sympathy and considerateness to be his friend. He suffers from his solitariness; and in thinking of him I am often reminded of the pages in the last volume of "Modern Painters" in which he speaks of the treatment Turner received from the public, of his loneliness, and of its evil effect upon his work and character. It may well have been that this passage was written out of the depths of his own experience. The breaking off of his friendly relations with Carlyle was a great sorrow to him. You remember the circumstances. He indiscreetly repeated in a published letter some extravagances of Carlyle about the treatment he was apt to meet with from the street boys. Carlyle was vexed, and published in the *Times* a very brief and hard denial of having made the statement that Ruskin had imputed to him. It was a direct issue, and there is not the least question that Carlyle was wrong. He *did* say, so I heard from a person who was present when he said it, what Ruskin reported; but he said it in one of his wild moods of half-cynical, half-humourous exaggeration, very likely forgot his words as soon as uttered, and at least had no intention that they should be taken *au pied de la lettre*, or that he should be held responsible for them. Although the breaking of their intimacy is a great loss in some respects to Ruskin, it is not wholly to be regretted, for his unreasonableness and extravagance were cherished and confirmed by the still more unreasonable and extravagant Carlyle;—Carlyle embittered him, kept up a raw on his nerves, and poor Ruskin had not the safeguard against him that Carlyle possesses

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against his own *ill humours* in his healthy and exuberant humour. Not that he had not a pleasant and lively humour, but not one of force to be a strong element of vitality and sanity.

I wish you could see Ruskin as I see him in a memory that comes back to me at this minute,—in his pleasant, cheerful drawing-room, one winter evening, with a bright fire in the grate,—he kneeling by a chair on which and by which are a number of framed drawings that he has brought downstairs to show Susan and Grace and Sara,* some pieces of Turner's work which were specially characteristic and on which he set great value, full of eagerness and animation, with a candle in one hand, with the other pointing to the drawing, talking with perfect freshness, and simplicity and natural eloquence, while his three listeners joined by two other pretty young auditors stood around him in a lively picturesque group. Nobody could be more delightful than he, at such a time, as host in his own house. Or I wish you could see him as he sat one evening in our drawing-room talking very quietly with my Mother, while Miss Agnew and little Connie Hilliard† were singing at the piano at the other end of the room, and not suiting him in the rendering of a lively Negro melody he corrected them, when suddenly Miss Joan ran across the room, seized him by both hands, dragged him after her and compelled him to join them, which he did with excellent grace, in singing the vivacious melody of "Ten little Niggers going out to dine,"—one of the most popular London songs this last winter. . . .

In thinking over what I have written, I doubt if I have given an adequate impression of the extreme susceptibility and impressibleness of his nature, and of his engrossment with the object before him. You see these qualities in his every-day life and feelings, as you see them in his books. They are parts of his genius. I one day said to him, "If you see a sunset you forget that you saw a sunrise this morning, and indeed rather disbelieve in the existence of sunrises altogether. But tomorrow morning if the sunrise is beautiful you will think nothing of the sunset." He good-naturedly assented, and went on to speak of the effect of this disposition of his on his writings.

And now after all I have written I feel how much more I ought to write would I give you a true picture of a character so complex, and a life so full of traits of strong individuality. But is a character ever justly and adequately described? Happily your sympathetic imagination can fill up what is needed, and better in Ruskin's case even than in most others,—for what in his case is chiefly required is sympathy and imagination.—Moreover, I am tired of writing, tonight, as you see by the looks of this page. With love always to Anna and the children,

Ever your loving

C. E. N.

From Switzerland, where this long letter was written, the Nortons proceeded to Italy in the autumn of 1869. In Florence and Siena, establishing themselves in villas which they took for some months at a time, and later in Venice and Rome, they passed nearly two delightful years. The letters of this period do not lend themselves especially to the present purpose, but from two of them, written in Rome during the Vatican Council which adopted the dogma of papal infallibility, the following passages may well be taken:

[To Mrs. Andrews Norton.]

ROME, *April* 18 (*Monday*), 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

. . . . . .

Did I tell you in my note of yesterday that we are to dine with the Actons* tomorrow? He occupies a very important and very interesting position here,—the lay head of the opposition to the Ultra-Clerical party. I had a long and truly interesting talk with him concerning the Council and the Church two or three days ago. He is a real personage at present, and if the interior history of the Council is ever written he will have a large part in it.

De Vere† is sweet, refined and lovable as ever, and far more in his native element in

* Mrs. C. E. Norton, Miss Grace Norton, and Mrs. Norton's sister, Miss Sara Sedgwick, afterward Mrs. W. E. Darwin.

† Miss Constance Hilliard (Mrs. W. H. Churchill), a niece of Ruskin's friend, Lady Trevelyan.

* Lord Acton was at this time closely identified with Döllinger in opposing the new dogma.

† The friendship with Aubrey De Vere had begun many years before.

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Rome than in England. He came to see us yesterday, bringing with him Father Hecker* who is a man of some consequence in Rome, and seems to have been talking a good deal of Americanism to the Jesuits. He is a good specimen of the Romanized American, or vice versa. . . .

[To Mrs. Andrews Norton.]

Wednesday Evening, April 20, 1870, ROME.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

Day before yesterday in the evening we had the fireworks, and tonight we have an illumination. It is very pretty; the obelisk is ablaze from its base to its summit, lines of lights mark the terraces of the Pincio, the little spire of Sta. Maria del Popolo is lighted up,—down the Via del Babuino, the Corso, and the Ripetta there is what a reporter would call a blaze of light; and all through the city are special centres of brightness of lamps and of fireworks, while every street is lighted up with little paper lanterns at windows and doors according to the devotion or the gratitude or the timidity or the lavishness of the dwellers in its houses. All this show is in honor of the Pope. It is his anniversary day, and his commemoration day in remembrance of the miraculous escape at Sta. Agnese. Every show in Rome of this sort is a little more brilliant than usual out of regard to the Council. The 600 Bishops are to see Rome at its best, and they themselves are a good part of the show. The Council makes Rome more ecclesiastical by far than ever,—for the bishops not only bring with them but attract also a host of clerical dignitaries and simple priests, so that the outward aspect of the city is affected by their numbers, while the talk and the thoughts of all people capable of thought (who are, alas! a very small minority of the natives or visitors) are occupied greatly with the proceedings of the Council, and with speculations as to its course. And quite justly so,—for the Council is a great historic event, and whatever its direct issue its indirect results will have a large place in the history of the next generation. The Council of Rome may be quite as important, and will certainly be as famous as the Council of Trent. Of the separate members of the Council one may see many and much,—but of the Council as a body the outside world gets few glimpses. The first public session is to be held next Sunday, and I am tempted to stay to witness it;—but as no one is to be admitted to the hall of meeting, and the only publicity is that of having the door thrown open and part of the partition taken down between the transept, in which the council is held, and the nave of St. Peter's, there is little chance for more than a distant view of bishops and Pope. Tomorrow we shall decide whether we start for home [Siena] on Saturday or Monday.

We had a truly pleasant dinner at the Actons' last night. Lady Acton is a very refined and sweet person, but not in good health, and last night so unwell that she did not add much to the animation of the party. Lord Acton's grandmother is a fine, sprightly old lady, at least eight or ten years older than you, and with a character and vivacity of mind that would attract you at once. Mr. Childers,* the first Lord of the Admiralty, dined with us, and was quite charming,—one of the solid, strong, well-mannered, quiet, genial Englishmen. . . . Just as we came away the famous Mrs. Craven† entered. . . . Sue had as pleasant a time as I, having found the ladies charming from their good manners, their ease, and their amiability. Acton was to have dined with us to-day, but just before dinner we received a note from him to say that his wife had a feverish attack so severe as to require the doctor, and to make him solicitous, and that consequently he could not come to us. . . .

I went with de Vere yesterday afternoon to see Archbishop Manning. He is wonderfully little changed in twelve years,—but he is a more conspicuous man now, and as archbishop is compelled to a somewhat different manner from that which he used to cultivate. He has no pretension of dignity, but a little less marked air of humility. I was struck as of old with the subtlety of his mental processes, a subtlety by which reasoning is often substituted for reason, and a clever

* Israel Thomas Hecker, founder of the Paulist order.

* Hugh C. E. Childers, subsequently chancellor of exchequer, etc., etc.

† Mrs. Augustus Craven, author of "Récit d'une Sœur," etc.

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distinction made to play the part of an independent truth. He was a little acrid and bitter in speaking of the opposition in the Council,—he, as you know, being one of the most prominent advocates for the definition of the dogma of infallibility. "There are not ten men in the Council," he said, "who would deny the truth of the doctrine. The whole opposition to it is based on what is called 'opportunity.' And now, as the Civiltà Cattolica well said the other day, the word opportunity is found but three times in the Gospel, and the passages are parallel, namely 'And Judas sought an *opportunity* to betray Him.' That's it; opportunity means personal interest of one sort or another."—And so he went on. This citation with approval of the silly reference to the Civiltà surprised me. It was bad taste at least. . . .

It was in the summer of 1871 that Norton and his family turned their faces northward. In July they came to Innsbruck; in the autumn they were established in Dresden for the winter. Here, in February, Mrs. Norton died. Mother and sisters and affectionate friends were at hand to do whatever could be done to make the loss more endurable; and the necessity of standing as both father and mother to a family of young children brought its constant stimulus to exertion. But it was inevitably a time for all the inward courage and philosophy that one could draw upon. "It is the next best thing to being happy to have been happy," wrote Norton to Curtis after six weeks of attempted readjustment. The lease of the house at Shady Hill in Cambridge had still more than a year to run, and the stay abroad must needs continue as best it could. The early summer of 1872 was spent in Paris. In the autumn the family returned to London, where many friends were waiting to make the winter pass with as little sadness as such a winter might. Through this winter Norton recorded some of his experiences more fully than usual in a journal. There is nothing of self-pity in its pages, though the shadow in which he was walking is sometimes seen upon them: there are frequent evidences of the loving thought with which he entered into the interests of his children. More than all else, there are glimpses of the friends he was seeing from day to day.

Chief among these friends was Carlyle, who wrote in his note-book on March 1, 1873: "An amiable, very friendly, sincere and cultivated Charles Norton, from Boston, is here all winter and much a favourite with me." In a letter to Curtis, December 27, 1872, Norton wrote: "I think the chief pleasure of my stay in London this year has been the frequent walks and talks I have had with Carlyle. I see him often enough to have grown familiar in some sort with him, and sincerely attached to him. He is, though 77 years old, in excellent health, and vigorous for his years. Age has tempered whatever once may have been hard in him, and yet has taken from him nothing of keenness of intelligence or richness of humour and imagination. His old face is full of sweetness, and his expression indicates the quickness of his sensibilities. He is often humourously extravagant to a degree that would, if his words were repeated without his look and voice and laugh, lead to a complete misunderstanding. He is the most striking figure in London,—and when he dies there will be a bigger gap than the death of any other man could make."

Naturally the London journal is full of the "walks and talks" with Carlyle which Norton enjoyed so much. When, in July of 1886, he published in the *New Princeton Review* his "Recollections of Carlyle," he drew upon this journal for some excellent passages. But he left many others, of equal excellence, quite untouched. To Carlyle, then, and to a wide circle of other friends, the following pages will introduce the reader.

OXFORD, *Saturday, November* 10, 1872.

Ruskin was never in a sweeter, less irrational mood than during these days. His reliance on me, his affection for me touch me deeply. Spent the morning again among his collections,—getting many suggestions for work in this field at home. After lunch with him went to his lecture, a much more instructive and interesting one than the last. It was on the characteristics of the great Italian schools of art, as preparatory to the study of Engraving. . . .

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At four I left Oxford, Ruskin with me till the last moment, and most devoted. "I wonder," he said, "why I always feel as if you were so much older than I, and so much wiser." "Good-bye, *papa*," were his last words, "be sure to take care of yourself. . . ."*

LONDON, *November* 11, 1872.

After a morning, occupied with Sally's and Lily's lessons, and letter-writing, went to lunch with the Burne Joneses. He is recovering from illness. They were sweet and cordial as ever. His pictures never seemed to me more beautiful or interesting.

Then went to see Emerson. He has grown but little older in these four years, and seemed fresh and vigorous, quite recovered from the shock of the burning of his house. His face was full of tender and mild expression. He and his daughter would come to dine with us this evening. I drove to Carlyle's to ask him to come also, but he was out.

In the evening Emerson talked admirably, with great discrimination, of Carlyle. I read him something of Omar Khayyam,† of whom previously he had known nothing. He objected to his want of affirmation,—the sign of a truly healthy and vigorous soul; but was impressed by his incisive skepticism.

LONDON, *Sunday, November* 17, 1872.

In the afternoon a walk with Carlyle and Fitzjames Stephen.‡ Allingham joined us for a time. . . . Since I last saw Stephen he has had his two or three successful years in India, where, by all accounts, he has done excellent work as Maine's successor. The experience has been of service in giving him breadth. He is an excellent specimen of the men to whom England chiefly owes her greatness,—men of solid, sincere intelligence, of vast capacity for work, of large frame and brain, eminently healthy, four-square, and even with the world.

I expressed my wish that we could burn, instead of burying our dead; a wish in which both Carlyle and Stephen agreed,—but regarded the difficulties of introducing the change as at present insurmountable. Carlyle was very earnest in his declamation against our funeral as well as our burial customs. "It is soom satisfaction to learn that now and then a clergyman goes mad from having to repeat over and over again the funeral service. . . ."

Thursday, November 21, 1872.

Went to Oxford to be with Ruskin, His lecture today on Wood engraving and Bewick,—very good. I use whatever power I have with him to keep him strictly and busily at his work. In the field of Art he has the genius which makes him a master; in all other fields he has need of putting himself to school. He is surely the least consistent and most irrational of sane men; but he has the tenderest heart and the most generous sympathies. He spoke the secret of the ruin of his life today, when he said to me, "I can't remember that I ever did anything in my life except from the moment's impulse."

I took a walk by myself in the afternoon, but the weather was raw and damp, and my heart chilly and autumnal.

In the evening we looked at some magnificent drawings by Turner (Lake of Constance, Vesuvius, &c.), at some Holbein cuts, and at a lovely sketch of a girl by Gainsborough, perfectly cheerful, sunny, sweet, and English, which Burgess bought the other day for three pounds, and for which Ruskin has given him three hundred.

Friday, November 22, 1872, OXFORD.

Spent the morning at the Bodleian, looking up some mss. of the Vita Nuova and other works of Dante, for old Witte,* from whom I received yesterday, a very kind and pleasant letter.

Lunched with Ruskin, and in the afternoon returned to town, in order to be at home to receive a visit from Morley on the next morning. Found all well, and the children very happy. . . .

* It may be noted that in "Præterita" (III, 80) Ruskin wrote: "Norton . . . from the first, took serenely, and as it seemed of necessity, a kind of paternal authority over me, and a right of guidance."

† Norton first made the acquaintance of Fitzgerald's "Omar" through Mrs. Burne Jones, in 1868 or 1869, at about the time when the translation, after nearly ten years of neglect, was becoming known to discriminating readers. Besides introducing the poem to both Emerson and Carlyle, he called it, still earlier, to the attention of the American public in a long article in the *North American Review*, October, 1869.

‡ Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, older brother of Sir Leslie Stephen. From 1869 to 1872 he served as legal member of council in India.

* Karl Witte, German Dante scholar, 1800–1883.

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Finished the second volume of the Life of Dickens which Forster sent me a week ago. It must be read with sympathy; on the whole Forster has done his hard task well. But there is too much about Dickens,—about him and about, and too little *of* him. The character is lost in the detail. This was true, in a sort, of Dickens himself, whose restless vitality and easily moved sympathies made each minute so important and so interesting, or at least entertaining, that his life was a discontinuous series of emotions and effects, much less than a consistent foreseen and foreseeing evolution of character.—Forster's plan in writing the book, and the prominence into which it forces himself may be criticized and condemned; but the sincerity with which he has written, and the truth and loyalty of his devotion to Dickens are beyond praise. Dickens would, I think, have approved the book.

LONDON, *Saturday, November* 23, 1872.

A long and interesting visit from Morley* occupied the morning. Much talk on the deepest matters of concern. In belief and opinion I agree with him more nearly than with most men. He is eminently sincere, and clear-minded, and has nothing of the narrow hard-and-fastness of the professed Comtists. He is altogether a worthy disciple of Mill.

Religion, Utilitarianism, the modern view of Morals, political opinion in England, and the United States, were some of the subjects on which we talked. To record such talk is difficult, perhaps not worth while; but it is not without effect in carrying forward and defining one's own thought.

Sunday, December 1, 1872.

Spent the morning with the children, and in letter-writing.

In the afternoon went to see Frederic Harrison, from whom I missed a visit the other day. He was most happily married not long after we left London in 1869. His wife is a pleasing and intelligent woman. He is the most vigorous and able of the Comtist radicals, and if he lives can hardly fail to make a deep mark on modes of thought, if not of action, in England, in regard to social and political questions. There is a rare combination in him of strong feeling with strong sense. He speaks of the marked progress of liberal sentiments in England both in matters of religion and in politics, within late years; confirming my own observations. . . .

* John Morley was then editing the *Fortnightly Review*.

Wednesday, December 4, 1872.

Went with Leslie Stephen, taking Eliot with us, to the Zoological Gardens, where the Sea Lion with her old French keeper, and a wonderfully human Chimpanzee interested me much.

Struck as usual with Stephen's intellectual sincerity, and liberality, and with that temper of indifference to one's own influence, a certain inertness, which, I fancy, is common to men of delicate and fastidious sensibilities and of philosophic disposition, who find themselves in creed and in motive out of harmony with their generation. The strongest immediate incitement to effort at expression is taken from them.

Thursday, December 5, 1872.

Went with Burne Jones to Oxford. Much and interesting talk with him on the way, of himself, of Rossetti, of Ruskin, of Morris. . . . Rossetti is better, at Kelmscott, but his life is very much of a wreck.

Ruskin was pleased to see Ned, and we had a good hour's talk, and then went to the lecture, the best I have heard, mainly on Holbein and Botticelli, and the difference in the characteristics of the Northern and the Italian genius.

Ned, to my regret, had to return the same night to town. I stayed, and we spent the evening in looking over the Turner drawings. It is pleasant to admire them more and more, and I find them more wonderful and more unparalleled than ever.

The next morning and the next I spent in the Bodleian, whose alcoves are among the pleasantest places for study in the world. . I was busy over some old Venetian manuscripts, legends of Venetian Saints; and in trying to find out about the form and maker of Dante's font in mio bel San Giovanni.

I spent an hour or two also in the Gallery, studying the Turners there, and finding pleasure in Sir Joshua's fine por-

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trait of James Paine and his Son, which is not, like many of Sir Joshua's in their actual state, almost as good in the engraving as in the original,—and in the vigorous and elaborate sketch (or reduced copy?) of Paolo's Christ in the House of Levi.—The rest of the days I was with Ruskin, and we had much talk over his work and plans. He needs a helpful and sympathetic friend. He is too much alone. On Friday we dined in Hall with a pleasant set of Fellows of Corpus, so young that they made me feel very old. After dinner a lively discussion on University Reform.

After hearing Ruskin's lecture on Saturday, the closing one for this term, I came back to London,—and found the children all well.

Monday, December 9, 1872.

After a morning of Sally's lessons, and of writing, went to see Carlyle. He was alone in his study, he took his long pipe, drew his chair up to the fire and began to talk in his pleasantest vein, going on from one reminiscence to another of his childhood; of life in Dumfriesshire in his early years; of his father and grandfather; how the latter saw the Young Pretender's army in '45, and of his adventures with it. "There were few books among the farmers in those days, but somehow when my grandfather was well on in years a stray copy of Anson's Voyages drifted into his hands, and a friend of his would come over in the evenin' and the two auld men wad read the book aloud to each other. And after that there came the Arabian Nights (which has given me more pleasure in my lifetime than any other), and night after night the old men sat readin' it, and one night my father who had listened to some o' their readin' felt called upon to utter his protest, and he said, 'It made him wonder to see two auld men who had a grat respect for truth amusin' themselves with what was a mere collection o' improbabilities an' falsehoods; he had listened for several nights without hearing a single word of fact, that it was all a confusion of every sort o' nonsense and untruth.' And so he lifted up his voice against it, not at all out of any want o' respect, for he was a varra pious and dutiful son, but simply because he could not conceive o' anythin' but harm comin' from such plain disregard of actual realities,—but ye may believe he was never again permitted to take part in those delightful readings.

"Na, my father was not what ye call a cheerful man, but he was far from morose; he was very serious, not smilin' much, and as for his laugh, perhaps ye might hear it as often as once in three or four years, but then it was a laugh that filled the long silence. A solitary life he had, of much mute contemplation, and I never knew a greater natural faculty."

As the early twilight came on Carlyle proposed a walk, and we went as usual through Brompton to the Park. After sunset the moon came out bright from behind the low bank of London cloud.

The talk naturally ran along in the same channels of reminiscence, with occasional diversions to more recent interests. Among the latter, Carlyle told me that he had known Edward Fitzgerald well, though he had not heard of his translation of Omar Khayyam till I mentioned it to him. "A modest, shy, studious man, of much character, much loved by Thackeray and others. I used to see him often, but he never said to me anything of this book of his that you think so well of. The Battle o' Naseby was fought on ground that belongs to his father, and a famous monument was erected with a very abundant inscription to point out the site of it; but years ago Dr. Arnold* and I went down to study the locality, but we could make nothin' of it with all the help we could get from plans and narratives. And then Edward Fitzgerald took to investigatin' the matter, and at length, some mile or two away from the monument he found a ridge that he opened, and there lay the bones of the dead, just as they'd been buried near the field where they fell,—not 200, I think, in all, killed in that battle that decided the fate of King and England, and broke Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers. And then having found so much, he was able to make out the exact field o' battle, and he and I have been arrangin' to put a stone there, o' the Cyclopean sort, a mere block of hewn granite, with as little writin' as possible on it, to mark the spot,—

* A letter of Carlyle's about his visit to Naseby with Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby is found in Froude's "Carlyle," I. 254.

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memorable to all England even to this day."

We parted at the corner of Piccadilly; Carlyle to take an omnibus to Chelsea, I a walk home by bright moonlight across the Park.—Among other things he had given me an account of "poor little Allingham's" life and struggles.

LONDON, *Wednesday, December* 11, 1872.

Went with my old college friend Henry Chauncey* to see Cesnola's collection of antiquities from Cyprus, which has been bought for the New York Museum of Fine Arts, and is soon to be sent to America. A great part of it is indeed already packed. It is an extraordinary and interesting collection, of great value in the illustration it affords of both ancient history and art, and as supplying the link that has been wanting between the art of Egypt and Asia Minor and that of Greece. It comes mainly from the temple at Golgos, a famous shrine, according to Herodotus, in the days of the Trojan War.

General Cesnola was superintending the packing, a good specimen of the Italian Americanized; a man with a real preference of reputation to money, of great energy, and of a cheerful disposition. Dr. Birch† and Mr. Newton‡ of the British Museum are tearing their hair, at having allowed the collection to slip through their fingers. They had no idea of American competition. And Mr. Gladstone sheds tears that such precious illustrations of Homer should leave English shores. And it is, indeed, almost a pity that it should go to America, where it can not, for a long time, be of as much service as it would be here. It is an admirable foundation, however, for a great collection of works of ancient art; and if the Communists again get the upper hand in Paris and hold it, we may be able to buy out the Louvre!

Friday, December 13, 1872.

Ruskin and Carlyle came to lunch with us,—both in their sweetest and best moods. Their talk was extremely characteristic, and full of interest. I am struck more and more with the depth of Carlyle's sympathies, and the delicacy and keenness of his sensibility. The essential quality of his talk and Ruskin's alike is not so much in the words of it as in the manner and expression. If repeated, —if even reported word for word,—it is likely to produce a different effect from that which it made when first spoken, owing to the loss of the incommunicable look, the evanescent air, the qualifying and inimitable tone. Each was delightful with the other, and each so perfectly at ease, so entirely free from self-consciousness of any disagreeable sort, so devoid of arrogance or disposition to produce false effect, each also was so full of humour and of thought, that the talk was of the best ever heard. It ran on Frederick Barbarossa, Walt Whitman, the penalties of life in London, shopping and its horrors, Rousseau, old wives in Scotland, magazines, Pedro Garcia, Don Quixote ("a book," said Carlyle, "I hold among the very best ever written, the one book that Spain has produced." "Yes," said Ruskin, "as you think of but one author in Spain, so for me there is but one painter").

After lunch we had a Punch and Judy show before my study windows. I had engaged it for Ruskin's sake, for he is fond of it and of seeing the children's amusement at the performance. Carlyle smoked a pipe by the fireside,—and after Punch went off, we had more talk, and at sunset Ruskin took Carlyle home in his carriage.

Carlyle brought me a copy of *Sartor Resartus*.

Writing a few days later about this lunch party, with its Punch and Judy finale for the benefit of Ruskin, Norton said of Carlyle:

Nothing could have been sweeter than his ways with the children,—it was the sweetness of a real sympathy for them. S— was standing by the door as he went away, looking very bright and pretty, and he said, "Tell me your name, little dear, once more," and then he kissed her, and said in the tenderest way, "Poor little woman! dear little woman. May all good be yours." I don't think she will forget him. . . .

Carlyle and Ruskin were with us for more than two hours, and the talk was characteristic and interesting. . . . It

* Graduated at Harvard, 1844, two years before Norton.
† Samuel Birch, keeper of Oriental antiquities at the British Museum.
‡ (Sir) Charles Thomas Newton, keeper of Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum.

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would be rare to find two such masters in expression so entirely simple, unpretending, undemanding, and so completely at ease, brightening the most serious topics with the liveliest humour, and taking the most genial pleasure in each other's company.

Friday, December 20, 1872.

Had some talk at the Athenæum with Shaw-Lefevre, and Mat Arnold.—Poor fellow, he has suffered much, of late, from the loss of children, and looks troubled and worn. His wife is broken by calamity, and they propose to spend this winter (he having got a long vacation) in Italy. I afterwards went to the Deanery at Westminster, and saw the Dean and Lady Augusta. The Dean was very pleasant as usual, and in excellent spirits regarding the commotion about him at Oxford last week. No trouble of the sort, he said, could have brought him less annoyance and more satisfaction. The hearty support of the old men, of such men as Dr. Lushington and Dr. Hawtrey (Provost of Oriel), was even more touching and gratifying than that of the young men.*—From the Deanery I went into the Abbey where there was a service on behalf of the Missions of the Church of England,—one of numerous services of the same sort held throughout the country. A service in the Abbey is always striking,—especially when the church is lighted by candles and gas, as it was this afternoon. The architecture and the associations of the building combine to render the service impressive. There was a large and most attentive congregation. The forms and the words of the service seemed to me more than ever irrational and superstitious. There was an incongruity that amounted almost to unspoken wit, and was certainly humourous, between the intent of the assemblage of the people, who were gathered to worship there, and to intercede for the conversion of the Heathen, and the words of their prayers,—and the thought of an enlightened Heathen, a Marcus Aurelius or a Confucius.—The Dean's sermon was liberal, and, considering his position, bold. At every sentence one could feel the clank of the chain of the church,—which the Dean was not unconscious of. As a literary performance the sermon was very good, and as a moral performance excellent, but there was running through it a vein of sentimentalism which is one of the sources of the Dean's popularity as a preacher, and there was a certain shallowness in it which fitted it to the comprehension of a common audience. It was not a cry *de profundis*.

And the Heathenism of London was surging and beating at the doors of the great Abbey;—and the black tide of the Thames running by;—and London Christianity like that of Rome and Paris seems as outworn a creed as any other.

Tuesday, December 24, 1872.

Lunched with the Burne Joneses. Morris also there. He is just moving into his new house at Hammersmith. Ned has finished his picture of "Love in the Ruins." It is full of beauty and feeling. The fertility and tenderness of his fancy, and the exquisiteness of his conception and execution strike me more and more. He is more completely inspired with the Spirit of painting than any man I have known. His studio is much like what Botticelli's or Signorelli's workshop must have been.

Morris and he walked towards home with me talking of Norse stories.

Grace and I dined with Frederic Harrison and his wife,—a pleasant *partie carrée*,—for he is a man of uncommon energy and independence of thought. A Comtist, but not yet to the point of completely accepting the Religion of Humanity. I found myself much in agreement with him. Speaking of the Arabian Nights he said he had never read them, only of late years had looked at them to find out what they were. I asked him if he ever dreamed, he said No, that he could not recollect ever having a dream. Then I told him of Coleridge's saying to the man who announced that he had never read the Arabian Nights; and of the confirmation that Agassiz gave to it.

He, like most of the English Comtists, is a warm supporter of France. He asked me if I despaired of her future. By no means, I replied, but I can form no definite conjecture concerning it. Her troubles are not her own alone; they are but

* In December of 1872 there was an effort to remove Dean Stanley's name from the list of university preachers at Oxford. Dr. Lushington, dean of arches, ninety-one years old, travelled from London to Oxford to cast his vote for Stanley's retention.

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symptomatic of the evils that exist everywhere in modern society. In some respects she has the advantage of other nations, at least in having to meet earlier than they, and attempt to solve, the difficult problems of social justice. Her experience is full of instruction for them.

. . . On Sunday General di Cesnola breakfasted with us. He was very lively and entertaining; a sweet-natured Italian gentleman, not of the finest clay, a little too much Americanized. He has the charm that is delightful in good Italians of social sympathy, a natural sense of the feelings of others, a recognition of the *equality of inferiors*. This was illustrated in the story of his diggings at Cyprus, the marvellous success has been due not so much to any archæological skill in him, as to his instinct and tact in dealing with the Cypriote peasantry.

Saturday, December 28, 1872.

A long visit in the morning from Mr. J. Cotter Morison,* who is now living for the most part in Paris, engaged on a biography of Comte. He is a man of more intellectual independence than originality, and of enough character to be worth knowing. He does not adopt Comte's later opinions, and seems to be fair enough in his judgment of him. We talked of religion, education, the condition of England, Positivism and Littré.

In the afternoon went to see Carlyle. Miss Bromley Davenport (whose ancestor received Rousseau and gave him a house* to live in Derbyshire) was sitting with him. Carlyle was most pleasant. He told us how he remembered seeing Scott one summer's evening, driving into Edinburgh in an old fashioned coach, in which were several young girls, he an elderly looking man,—"the picture of a quiet, composed, prosperous and victorious life, —and not three months afterwards came his failure; a very tragical memory."

Morris dined with us, even more than commonly pleasant and excellent in talk. He stayed as usual very late. Stillman† was also at dinner with us, and talked well. He left us early.

* English Positivist, author of "Gibbon" and "Macaulay," in "English Men of Letters" series.

* Wootton, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. Rousseau described the place in a letter to Mme. de Luze, May 10, 1766.

† W. J. Stillman, for many years a close friend of Norton's, had married the beautiful Miss Marie Spartali in the preceding year, and was then engaged in journalistic work in London. See his "Autobiography of a Journalist" for a full account of his relations with Norton, of whom he wrote "no kinder or wiser friend have I ever had."

THE BACH DOUBLE CONCERTO IN D MINOR

By Beatrice Harraden

ILLUSTRATION BY A. I. KELLER

THE last sounds of the violin died away. For a moment there was silence in the Queen's Hall, followed by that deafening applause to which the famous artist had been accustomed for many years. He bowed repeatedly to the audience, shook hands with the conductor, and greeted the orchestra. But as he greeted it, his quick eye noticed that his old friend, Fritz Grünfeld, one of the second fiddles, was not clapping him. He stood arrested by this astounding fact. He nearly called out: "*Fritz—what are you thinking of? You surely know that I cannot get along without your approval, old fellow. The shouts of the audience cannot make up for the silence of Fritz.*" Suddenly he recollected what he had to do, and once more acknowledging the enthusiastic appreciation of his thousands of admirers, Rudolph Riemer went off the platform. Five times he was recalled. Five times he glanced toward the second fiddles and saw that Fritz leaned back, indifferent and sullen.

What could it mean? Riemer knew that he had not disgraced himself. He knew well that he had handled the cadenza in masterly fashion, carrying out faithfully

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some of the very effects over which Fritz and he had conferred and agreed in their earlier years of comradeship and friendship. What could be wrong, then? He was puzzled and troubled. He felt as if he had been unexpectedly deserted by some one on whose faithfulness he had placed absolute reliance. It is not too much to say that he sulked in the artists' room; and the conductor, who came out during the interval and did not succeed in extracting a single genial word from him, thought:

"Riemer is in one of his black moods. Yet surely he ought to have been contented with his wonderful reception. These people are never satisfied. They always want something more."

The conductor was right in idea, though wrong in interpretation. Riemer wanted that hitherto unfailing sign of fellowship, that treasured link with the old student days, that message from distant time, when Fritz and he stood side by side on equal terms with each other in honorable and happy emulation. Fate had willed it that the laurels should come to Riemer, and Fritz had accepted this decree with a generous-hearted finality which betrayed no faintest feeling of rebellious envy.

"*Riemer has the secret something*," he had always said. "*There is no appeal against that living truth.*"

Riemer, therefore, had never realized the cost of bitter suffering with which failure pays its tribute to success. He was to realize it at last to-night.

He left the Queen's Hall before the concert was over, and made his way, as usual, to Fritz's home in the Borough, for it was a time-honored custom that after a London Symphony concert, he should take his supper in homely German fashion with the little family which he had ever dearly loved. Sometimes he brought with him a bit of leberwurst, cooked afresh, as Mrs. Fritz always laughingly said, in the oven of his great-coat; and he always was able to produce from his fiddle-case a carnation or two for Mrs. Fritz, a fine cigar for young Friedrich, and marzipan for Trüdchen. He was armed with these bounties now, but there was no gladness in his heart as he mounted the stairs leading up to the Grünfelds' flat, none of the customary buoyancy of joyful anticipation always associated with his visits to the Borough. Something struck chill at his soul. What was it? What had gone wrong with Fritz? Was there trouble in the home—illness—added money anxiety—disappointment, perhaps, about the careers of the two children? Well, well, he would soon know. One more flight, a pressing of the bell, a stepping over the dear threshold, and then he would learn and understand all.

Trüdchen opened the door to him.

"Why, it's Onkel Rudolph!" she said joyously. "How perfectly jolly that you've come early! You can make the coffee instead of me, can't you? No one makes it better. And where's the leberwurst? Ah, here, Mütterli, quick—quick! Here's the leberwurst twice cooked as usual. And Onkel Rudolph in time to make the coffee. I'll take the Strad. But why are you looking so serious? Wasn't the concert a good one? Didn't the horrid audience pet you enough? Never mind. I'll pet and spoil you. We all will. Come along now, and get things ready for father. You'll be able to cheer him up. He has been rather down in the dumps lately."

"Yes, dear Onkel Rudolph," Mrs. Fritz said earnestly. "We've been longing for you to come to cheer him. No one else in the world can do it."

"He did not seem quite himself at the concert to-night," Riemer said. "Do you know, Mrs. Fritz, he—didn't—well, he didn't—clap me."

It was obvious that Riemer could scarcely get the words out.

"Didn't clap you?" Fritz's wife and daughter cried together. "Impossible."

Riemer shook his head and turned aside for a moment.

"Did you play badly, Onkel Rudolph?" Trüdchen asked fearlessly.

"No, Trüdchen," the great man answered with the simplicity of a child. "I played my best."

"Well, never mind now," the girl said, putting her arm through his. "You'll soon be able to find out what is the matter with him. We don't know, do we, mother?"

"No," Mrs. Fritz said sadly. "If he has any trouble, he is keeping it secret from us. It will be an unspeakable relief to me if he can open his heart to you to-night, Rudolph. Do try and get him to

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talk to you. We will leave you alone after a time. Promise me you'll try."

"Of course I will," Riemer said, taking her hand and raising it gently to his lips. "And now for the coffee."

Then off he went to the kitchen with Trüdchen, but Mrs. Fritz stood for a moment lost in thought.

"*Didn't clap him,*" she said aloud. She repeated the words: "*Didn't clap him.*"

She was searching her memory for a remark which Fritz had made only a few days ago about the ridiculous homage paid to mere virtuosity. Ah yes, she had found it. "I'm sick and tired of the solo instrumentalists," he had said. "Sick and tired of the whole tribe with their airs and graces. I would not raise my little finger to applaud any one of them."

"Except Riemer, of course," she had put in.

She remembered now that Fritz had not answered. Other things too came to her mind as she sat down and took out her work. She recalled that her husband had expressed no pleasure at the prospect of Riemer's visit to England.

"Riemer will be here next week," she had said.

"I believe so," he had replied. But in the old days he would have said: "Hurrah for Onkel Rudolph and all of us. And blessings on his bow!"

She knew only too well that her husband's life as an artist had been full of grievous disappointments and real chagrins, but he had borne them bravely and pressed on his way uncomplainingly with a true courage which had something noble in it. The years had come and gone and brought him no honors: nothing, in fact, except a bare recognition of dependable usefulness: no thrill of the artist's career: no realization of young and buoyant ambition.

Very often she had marvelled at him. Constantly she had wondered whether his weakness or his sweetness of character had protected his heart from envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. She had never dared to probe those secret recesses. But to make up to him for the unattained joy of fulfilment, she wrapped her weakling round with a mantle of sheltering love through which she hoped the blasts of frustrated expression could never penetrate. She had given to him a home atmosphere which many envied and deemed to be a rich fortune falling to the share of only the few. Did not Onkel Rudolph always say that she allowed him to come there "to gather crumbs from the rich man's table"? This tender tribute of Onkel Rudolph's had always been her secret consolation and encouragement through many years of struggle and difficulty. She would hear the words to-night. She heard them now ringing in her ears: "Well, good-by, good-by, all of you. And I thank you, Mrs. Fritz, for allowing me to come and gather crumbs from the rich man's table."

She was still held by these thoughts when Fritz came into the living-room.

"Well, dear," she said, "and did the music go all right?"

"Yes," he answered, putting down his fiddle.

"Riemer came early," she said. "He is making the coffee with Trüdchen."

"Oh, is he?" Fritz said in a vague way, as though the matter did not concern him.

It was on her lips to ask him whether Riemer had played well, but a true instinct restrained her. She sat silent while Fritz took his fiddle out of its case, according to his wont, and warmed it a little before the fire.

"A damp night for the Bergonzi," he said. "I don't know why I took it."

"Why, you always use it when Riemer plays, don't you?" she said unthinkingly. "His own dear gift to you."

"Well, you need not remind me of that," Fritz returned roughly.

"Fritz," his wife said, putting her hands on his shoulders as he knelt before the fire, "what has happened to you? What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, nothing," he said more gently. "I'm tired—that's all."

At that moment there was a sound of merry laughter, and in came Trüdchen, beating time with the leberwurst and followed by Riemer carrying the coffee.

"You observe I'm conducting the great and famous violinist," she cried dramatically. "Be careful, Onkel. You'll spill the coffee. *Non troppo agitato. Lento*—in fact, *lentissimo.*"

"Ah, Riemer," Fritz said with the ghost of a smile on his face, "and so there you are."

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"Yes, here I am once more," Riemer said genially. "Frightfully glad to escape from the concert to my palace of delight."

"Not much palace of delight here," Fritz remarked gruffly, but not unkindly.

"I beg your very much pardon, father," Trüdchen said, with a mock injuredness which was truly funny. "There never has been such a palace of delight as ours—not even in 'The Arabian Nights.'"

And, still grasping the sausage, she danced a saraband round the table and finally sat down near her father amid laughter and applause.

But the mirth did not last. There was an impending trouble in the air which weighed heavily on the little company, and soon Mrs. Fritz went out of the room, and Trüdchen followed her.

The two men were left alone. They smoked their long German pipes in a tense silence which was at length broken by Riemer.

"Fritz," Riemer said without any preliminaries. "All is not well with you. Tell me your troubles that I may help you."

"Help, always help," Fritz said with sudden fierceness. "I hate the very sound of the word. I'm sick of being helped."

Riemer glanced at his old comrade in astonishment. He could scarcely believe that he had heard rightly. But he made no comment; and his mind wandered back to his old and merry student days when he and Fritz used to fall out, arrange for an immediate duel, and then settle down to the Bach Double Concerto in D Minor from which there was no disturbing them. So vivid was one of the scenes which rose before him that he could not restrain himself from speaking of it.

"Fritz," he said, "do you remember that wonderful occasion when we ended by attacking our seconds who had come to fetch us to our own duel? We were playing the Bach in D Minor, weren't we? And very well it was going when those confounded fellows interrupted us."

No answer came from Fritz. The rigid expression on his face underwent no relaxment.

There was a long pause, and at last Riemer spoke again:

"Fritz," he said, "did I play badly tonight—did you think I bungled over the cadenza?"

"No," Fritz answered slowly. "You played—splendidly."

"But you didn't clap me," Riemer said reproachfully.

"No," Fritz said in a low voice. "Why should I?"

"*Why should you?*" Riemer repeated. "But you have always done so."

"Yes, precisely," Fritz replied. "And more fool I. I've spent all my life clapping other people for what I could have done just as well myself if I'd had the chance, and now I've finished with it."

"Good God!" Riemer said almost in a whisper. "Is this how you have been feeling? And I've never thought of it."

"No, of course you haven't," Fritz said bitterly. "You people who go about with halos round your heads, what do you know or care about the disappointments and sufferings of the failures of the world? It may not strike you, but you can take it from me, that we have some feelings left. Some faint spark survives out of the ashes of our old ambitions."

The flood-gates were open now, and he went on with increasing excitement:

"Yes—to be helped—that's what falls to our lot. And we have to pretend to be grateful, while all the time we're hating those who are giving us loose odds and ends of money, influence, sympathy, and pity. Yes, hate is the word. And pray, what would all you laurel-crowned successes do for us derelicts if we interfered with your regal state or trespassed on your private territory of fame? Why, it's only because you know yourselves to be safe that you risk holding out the hand of help. Do you suppose there is any reason why we should be grateful for that? No, I say—a hundred times, no. There's not one of you that would stoop down and haul us up into our proper positions, side by side with the very best of you aristocrats of the platform. That alone could and should call forth real gratitude. Everything else is a sham, a pose of kindness to flatter and satisfy yourselves, a base attempt at propitiation which deceives no one—let me tell you."

He paused a moment in the midst of his scorn and bitterness. Riemer made no sign. He was stunned almost to the point of unconsciousness, but he was beginning vaguely to understand.

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"Recognition—that's what we want," Fritz cried, dashing up from his chair. "No more of this eternal playing second fiddles to some one else's lead. No more pretence that we like it and are content. Content, indeed. No, furious, impatient, outraged, hostile—and honest about it at last. The years passing and nothing happening to us. The thrill of life for others and never for us. Spectators always of others' triumphs, and no faintest signs of any feeblest triumph for us. Nothing for us except the dull, deadening routine of usefulness. Clap any one of you again? Never. I'd rather that my hands withered away. And now you've heard the truth, Riemer. Do you like it?"

He threw himself back in the arm-chair, exhausted by the force of his emotions. Riemer still gave no outer sign of being either interested or impressed, but his brain had become almost painfully active, and he was seeing with his mind's eye things hidden to him before, reviewing life from Fritz's point of view for the first time, trying to imagine to himself how he himself would have felt, if no laurels had fallen to his share and if he had been in Fritz's position and Fritz in his place of honor and consideration. Would the years have brought to him also this terrible accumulation of anger and bitterness of spirit? Would he also have only been able to give hatred and suspicion in exchange for help and kindness? Would he also have believed that a hand was only held out to him because there was no risk involved in the act? Was there perhaps not some truth in the scathing assertion that the derelicts of fame and fortune might only dare to claim concessions and not rights from the favored ones who reigned supreme? Who could say for certain? He could not say for certain that he had not been influenced by this feeling of safety.

And the more he thought, the more he realized that if Fritz's circumstances had been his, he might not have come through the ordeal any better than his old comrade. He might have grown to hate rather than continued to love his old friend of former days. It flashed through his mind for the first time that he had for years claimed too much from Fritz: that he had in very truth taken his friendship, his homage, his loyalty as a matter of course, and had never recognized the greatness of spirit in Fritz which had made their relations with each other possible and joyful. It was nothing to the point that the greatness had suffered a human collapse. If he himself had known it from the beginning and paid his spiritual tribute to it, it might not have perished.

But it had perished, and Riemer, with a curious cold chill at his heart, was face to face with the desolate fact that he had lost forever his palace of delight, lost his friend whom he had never really possessed. Death itself could not have cut him off more completely from his ownership. He was a lonely man, left lonely by tragedies and disasters in family life. The thought of Fritz's home had always been a consolation to him. And now? Well, in a few minutes, when he had gathered himself together, he would pick up his fiddle, pass over the threshold into the darkness of the night, and never return. But before he went, he must let Fritz know that he saw with clear vision Fritz's picture of life.

He bent forward a little and stared into the fire. He did not take his eyes off the fire.

"Fritz," he said gently, "I understand. I wish for both our sakes I could have understood years ago."

Fritz made no answer, and Riemer, with painful effort, was on the point of rising from his chair, when the tension in the room was broken by a racketing noise outside in the hall, the door was thrown open with boisterous violence, and in dashed Friedrich, followed by three young fellows all in good humor and evidently in lively form.

"Ah, Onkel Rudolph, there you are!" cried Friedrich. "I told these fellows that you'd be here after the concert. We had a wager on it. And I've won, hurrah! And there is another wager. I told them, if I asked you, that you and father would play us the Bach Double Concerto in D Minor. They said 'Go on, you're gassing!' 'Gassing!' I said with scorn. 'Why, father and Riemer are life-long friends. We don't think of Riemer as a platform person.' Of course you'll play it, Onkel Rudolph and father, won't you, and make these chaps sit up, to say nothing of the second wager won? It's quite

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

Was it because of this that they played as they had never played before?—Page 586.

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early still. Only half past twelve. You will—won't you?"

There was a moment's pause. Then the two men stirred with almost imperceptible movement. Then Fritz, with no expression on his face, glanced at Riemer. Riemer, as though in a dream seeing some far-off phantom, glanced at Fritz. They nodded a silent assent. They took their fiddles out of their cases: Fritz his Bergonzi, Riemer his Strad. They screwed up their bows and resined them. They bent toward each other and tuned their instruments. Their little, eager, excited audience had been increased by Mrs. Fritz and Trüdchen, who shared the secret belief that all would be well with father if he and Onkel Rudolph were going to play together.

Then Fritz raised his bow arm, tapped his left foot once, and led off gallantly with the opening theme of the concerto.

Those who know the famous concerto will recall that it is written for two violins on absolutely equal terms with each other, and that the instruments follow, answer, supplement each other, sometimes joining forces in direct unison, sometimes making independent excursions, but always renewing eventually the bond of good-fellowship. Even thus, in the spirited Vivace, in the beautiful and tender Largo full of lingering sadness and regret, and in the finale with its headlong dash and reckless abandonment.

Did Riemer and Fritz believe that this was their last song together, the dying swan song of their friendship? Was it because of this that they played as they had never played before, and made the voices of their fiddles throb with radiant joyousness, deep feeling, acute emotion?

The end came. The audience clapped and shouted and cried "Bravo—hurrah—hurrah!" But the two friends stood still and silent as statues, with no trace of a smile on their faces. Their passiveness struck sudden awe into the atmosphere. No one spoke. No one moved. It was Riemer himself who first found words.

"So you've won your second wager, Friedrich, my boy," he said, "and made these fellows sit up, haven't you?"

He glanced round the room with a curiously wistful expression on his countenance. He was taking in all the familiar details in one swift, last comprehensive survey.

"Well, now, I'll go home," he said. "It's late, and I have to start off for Edinburgh early in the morning. Good-night, Fritz—good-night, all of you. And Mrs. Fritz, thank you, as ever, for letting me come to gather crumbs from the rich man's table. That's right, Trüdchen, better turn the key in the fiddle-case. You were always rather sensible, weren't you? No, young Friedrich, don't go and put on your coat for me. I'll go home alone to-night, I think."

"No, you won't," Fritz said suddenly and almost fiercely. "I shall go with you."

"You?" Riemer said, and as he spoke a faint light came into his eyes.

"Yes," Fritz answered, half defiantly, half appealingly. "And why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" Riemer answered. "Come then, Fritz."

They passed out together.

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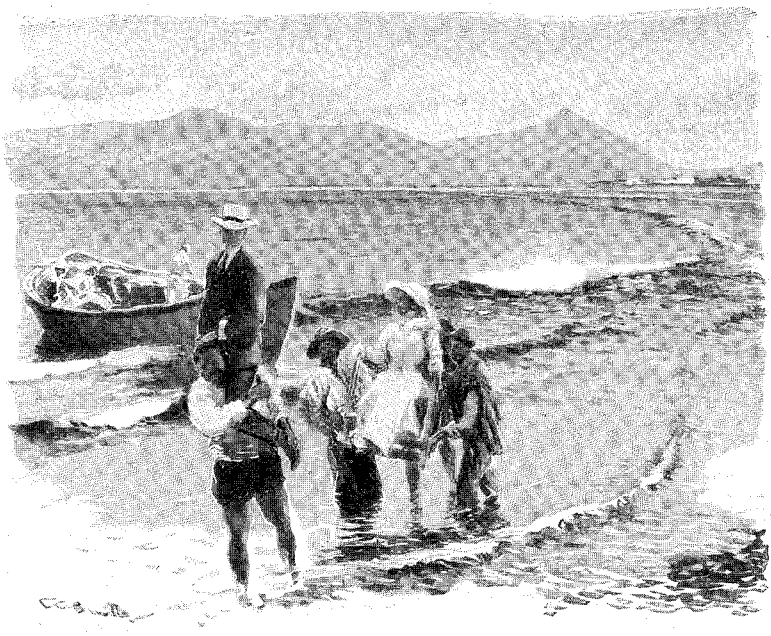

Landing at Cerro Azul.

TO SOUTH PERU AND AREQUIPA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE *Limari* of the Chilian Line took us in a night from Callao harbor to the anchorage off Cerro Azul. Before us lay a typical Peruvian port, barren and dry, whose bleak sand-hills made us exclaim: "Why have we accepted this kind invitation to spend a week in this desolate spot!"

The doctor's boat came alongside, and presently the *chaloupa* of the port captain and with it a large *lancia*. This latter intrigued me, for, though manned by four stalwart oarsmen, it contained no cargo of any description. Its bottom was covered with a great tarpaulin on which stood two empty chairs, its sole passenger being a man in white whose bronzed face was shaded by a cork helmet. I was wondering how we would get ashore, when this man in white stepped up and, introducing himself, asked if we were not the expected guests of Señor H——.

He proved to be the port agent, British as could be, of the great sugar estate for which we were bound, and soon, with our luggage, we were comfortably installed in the two chairs upon the tarpaulin and were making for the shore, riding the surf until we beached some fifty feet or so beyond the dry sand. Several men waded out for the luggage; my wife was put into a chair carried by three men, while I was told to bestride a big fellow's shoulders as he waded ashore with me. A queer procession we must have made!

Our host was down at the port to meet us, and presently, after a comforting cup of tea in the agent's house (it was yet very early in the morning), we were put into a *carrito*, or little car running on narrow-gauge tracks and drawn by a fat, white mule. A Jap lashed up the animal, constantly shouting "Mula, mula," as we sped around the promontory that gives the port its name—the Blue Hill.

In an instant the whole aspect of the country changed as if by magic—a change so startling that it fairly staggered us, the

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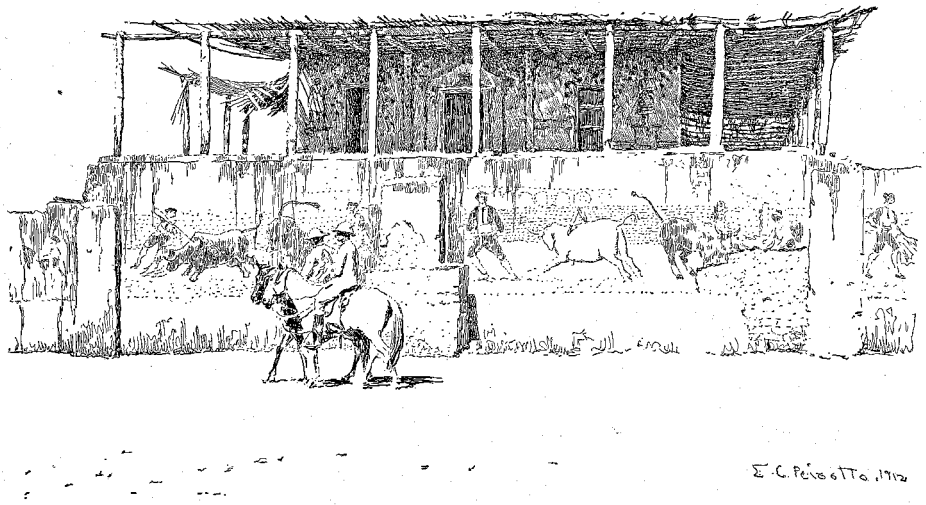
coast desert transformed in a moment from sandy wastes to broad cotton-fields and acres upon acres of sugar-cane. A tall factory chimney loomed up in the distance; then a Japanese village with its temple set among the banana-trees came into view; then a larger native village; and finally the low, rambling hacienda, an extensive group of buildings painted Venetian red and enclosing two patios, one set out with date-palms and a fountain, the other planted with flowers and entwined with honeysuckle. We were taken to large and airy rooms that faced the garden and tennis-court, with, beyond, a fine prospect of the sea, calm, placid, and blue beyond belief.

It was now only nine in the morning (for we had made a very early start) and I spent the remaining hours until luncheon in walking through the sugar-mill with my host. Santa Barbara is a very big plant, one of the largest on the West Coast, and thirty-five miles of railroad track feed its capacious maw. Train-load after train-load of cane, the "honey of reeds," draws up to the factory each day to spill its contents upon the endless chains that dump it onto the crushing-mills. Like all perfected machinery of this day, no human hand touches the product until the finished sugar, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a day, is sewn into sacks and put on flat-cars for shipment at the port.

After luncheon we started, four of us, in the *carrito* for Casa Blanca, a large ranch some miles distant, the head-quarters of the cultivation department. Here we found horses ready saddled and soon were riding off toward an isolated hill, the Cerro d'Oro, a barren peak bearing Inca ruins plainly visible upon its summit. As we climbed its sandy heights, beautiful views of the valley began to unfold themselves.

To the westward the sea glittered like silver in the afternoon light; to the north, parched and baked and blistered by eternal sunshine, the arid foot-hills lay seamed like wrinkled old mummies; but to the east, in violent contrast to this desolation, the broad Cañete valley, under the fecundating touch of its river and countless irrigating ditches, bloomed into verdant fields of cane, vivid, velvety, stretching like a vast green carpet to the far foot-hills that rose, pale, ashen, and sandy, to buttress the grand Cordillera towering high into the heavens.

Upon attaining the summit of the hill there lay about us the ruins of a dead civilization: house walls of sun-baked adobe brick, with doorways still intact; fragments of a well-planned fortress; and lower down a cemetery wall, beyond which we could see innumerable human bones and row upon row of skulls glistening in the sunshine amid strips of mummy wrappings of vicuña cloth, exhumed by the shifting sand.



An old bull-ring quite unique in its way, Cañete Valley.

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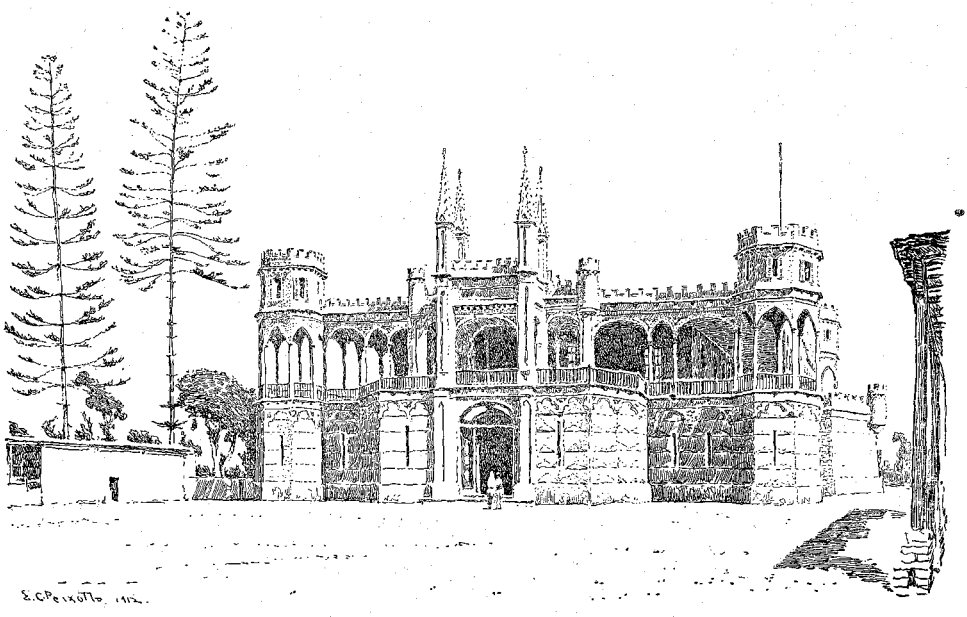

The beautiful hacienda of Unánue, Cañete Valley.

We rode down the other side to San Luis, and in the *carrito* again drove for miles through the cane-fields of the vast estate to the Nuevo Mundo. Here we found other horses and, in the now westering light, rode through hills scratched with *andenes*, or Inca terraces, dating from the days when that patient people, by means of aqueduct and tunnel, deflected whole rivers to fertilize their crops. These irrigating ditches are still in use, serving as models to the Spaniards.

Each hill hereabout is topped with its Inca ruins. Like the mediæval builders, these Peruvian Indians of the coast region chose the hill-tops for their settlements, thus protecting themselves alike from wandering bands of marauders and the miasmas of the coast marshes. We returned to Santa Barbara in the waning twilight, with the crescent moon and the Southern Cross to guide us.

So ended our first day at Cerro Azul.

I had asked myself in the morning, "Why had I come?" Now I was answered. This single day had given me the most vivid picture of one of those Inca valleys described by the ancient chroniclers, scarcely believable upon this rainless coast—valleys that light its desert wastes with their emerald fields wherever a torrent pours from the Andes down to the sea—valleys that support the lonely coast towns and produce the barges of sugar, the bales of cotton, the herds of cattle that are hoisted aboard the steamer at every port.

The days that followed strengthened this picture and added to its details. Each brought its little expedition.

One morning we visited the Japanese village whose picturesque little lanes, shaded by banana palms, put to shame the shiftlessness and dirt of the *cholo* quarter —the inevitable *galpon* that houses the half-breed working population of every Peruvian hacienda.

Another day we rode to the Seal Rocks along the hard-packed sands of the coast. Our horses at times galloped through the surf itself, then again we were cut off from the sea by hummocks and rocky promontories and reaches of barren sand dunes. Oh, the loneliness of this shore, the desolation of these dunes! Never a tree nor a shrub nor a blade of grass. Only at times the gulls fishing along the beach, or the skeleton of a pelican whitening in the sand, or a flock of buzzards hovering over a dead seal cast up by the breakers.

Yet we were following the main coast highway to Lima, a hundred miles or less to the north, though only a furrow in the sand and a single line of telegraph poles

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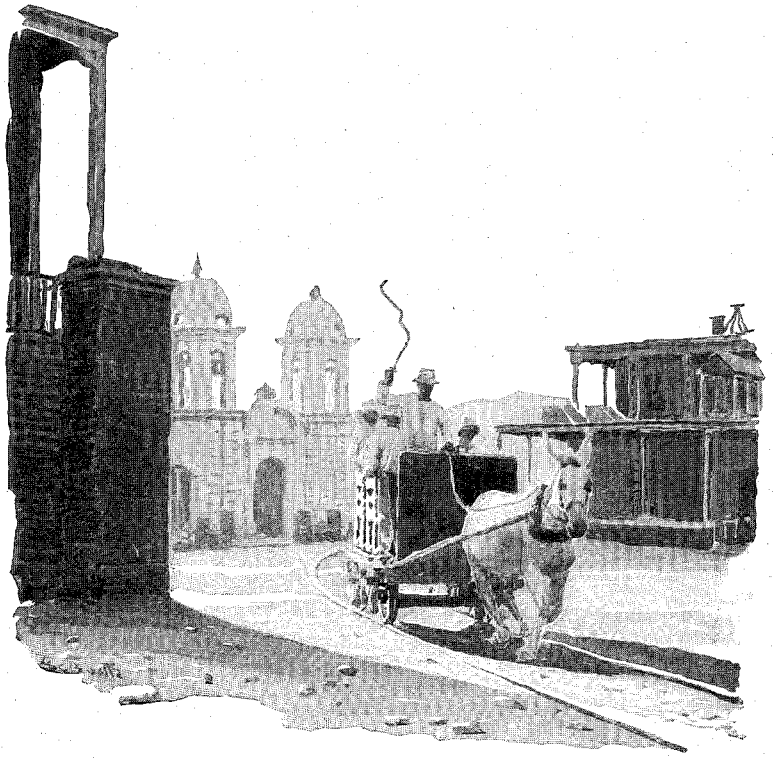
marked its progress. Our ride terminated at Lobos Rock, where the seals lay wriggling in great families, the sound of their barking rising even above the roar of the surf. We watched them for some time, until our horses grew restless and the sun began to sink behind the rocky islets that lifted their purple heads above the sea.

We struck out for home in the short twilight of the tropics through the lonely sands and on the way passed three *cholos* eating their frugal meal oblivious of the coming darkness, preparing for their long walk toward Lima, going, as they always do, by night to avoid the heat, trudging the endless sandy miles of the coast wilderness. So went the determined old conquistadores when Pizarro met Almagro at Mala, so went the Inca runners, so go the *cholo* and the Indian to-day.

Our longest excursion took an entire day. Early in the morning we went in the *carrito* as far as Monte Alban, a superintendent's hacienda at the farthest limits of the estate, the scene of several Spanish tragedies. There we found horses and were joined by Señor L——, son of the vice-president of Peru, who was to be our companion for the day and whose home we were to visit later on. Our little cavalcade of six started through the village, San Vicente, whose freshly painted church and clean plaza set with gardens told of its prosperity, and out between the baked mud walls that serve as fences and are so characteristic a feature of this coast region of Peru, until we reached the hacienda of Hualcarà. Here we paused for a while and refreshed ourselves in its patio garden aglow with flowers and embowered with great clusters of the pink bellissima, a beautiful vine, Japanese I believe, that thrives particularly well in these latitudes.

In the saddle again, we struck off for the hills. In a moment the cotton-fields and the acres of sugar-cane were gone and we entered a dry, parched desert, the desolation of the moon, without a vestige of life either animal or vegetable. Through this arid, stony waste we crossed a long abutment of the Sierra and came at last out



The now familiar *carrito* and its galloping mule.—Page 592.

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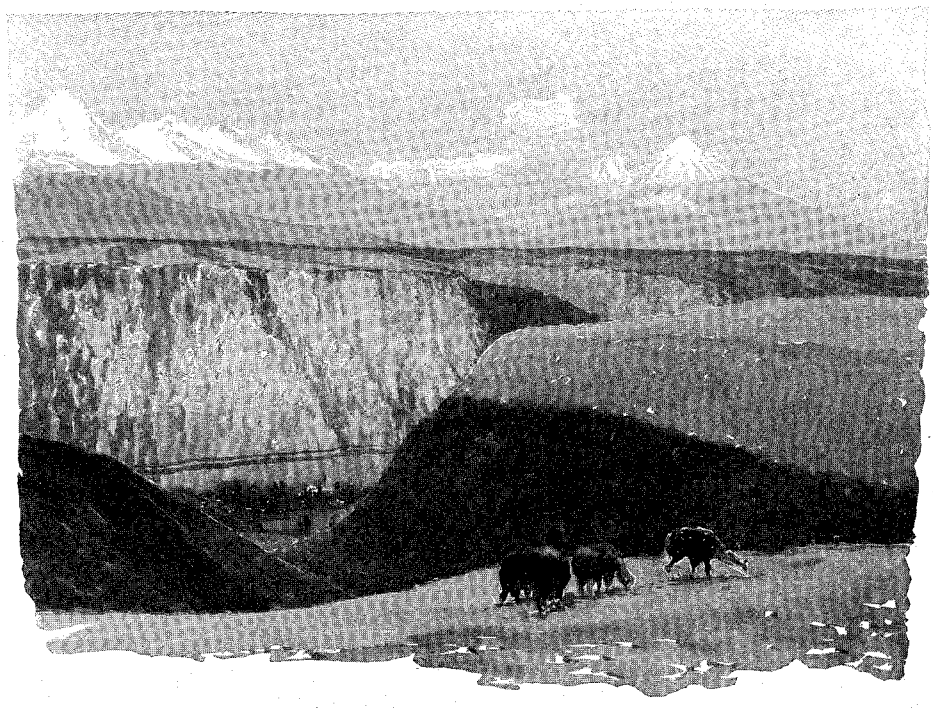

Chachani and El Misti, the two Andean sentinels, suddenly stood revealed in all the glory of their icy summits.—Page 596.

above a broad valley watered by the main fork of the Cañete, a valley we had not yet seen, green from end to end, traversed by long files of trees, and dotted with ranches. At its upper end, just under the shadow of the mountains and commanding the pass that ascends their rugged defiles, rose an isolated cone, the key of the valley, known throughout the country as the Fortaleza—the Fortress.

As we approached it we could plainly see extensive ruins upon its summit, remains of the great Inca stronghold that defended their mountain kingdom against the invaders. But these ruins along the coast possess neither the interest nor the grandeur of the massive structures that we saw later on the interior plateaus. Built of adobe bricks, not of giant stones, they are specimens of the decadence of the Inca builder's craft, dating as they do from but a century or two before the Spanish conquest.

We circled the hill to view them from every side, and as we returned hungry and thirsty two riders appeared, like a rub of Aladdin's lamp, leading a pack animal, with lunch-baskets. Where had they sprung from? Only a laugh from our host as in the cool shade of a willow we selected a spot for our mid-day meal. An old Indian brought us *ponchos* to sit upon from his rude cane hut near by; the birds were singing in the canebrakes, and a little stream went rushing merrily by in its mad short race from the Andes to the sea.

After lunch we crossed this stream and followed down its valley, fording it a dozen times in its meanderings, riding single-file through the bamboo jungles, the tail and cruppers of the pacing pony ahead appearing and disappearing as we sped along.

We finally emerged into the main Cañete valley and paused awhile to visit an old bull-ring quite unique in its way. Its only *gradas* are a sort of balcony or loggia painted with statues of Roman emperors and with vines and the fittings of a pergola. The entire *barrera*, or wall surrounding the ring, is painted with great frescoes, life-size, and now partially effaced by time, depicting all the phases

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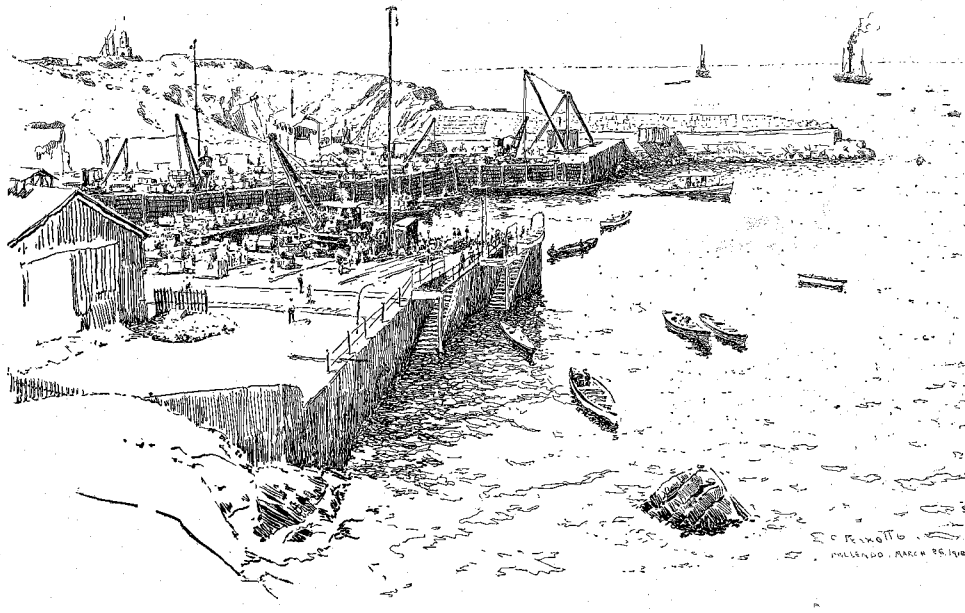
of a bull-fight: the *picador* and his horse gored by the infuriated animal; the *banderilleros* adroitly placing their multi-colored darts; the lithe *matador* sighting his sword for the final thrust; even to the exit of the dead animal dragged out at the heels of the *arrastres*.

As we left the ring the four wonderful Norfolk Island pines, straight, tall, and branched like giant candelabra—the quartet of trees that make Unánue so conspicuous a landmark in the valley—raised their lofty heads before us, and from time to time we could descry the pinnacles and loggias of the beautiful hacienda rising above the intervening meadows.



The Port, Mollendo.

We were to stop for tea at this home of the vice-president; and presently were dismounting in its vast fore-court, where the white oxen were being unyoked from the plough and the farm implements stood neatly ranged under sheds at either side.

The great villa that confronted us was quite unlike any that I have seen—the dream of some French architect who let his imagination run riot. With its massive basement pierced only by narrow loop-holes and a single entrance door, its upper terrace shaded on every side by arched verandas, its windows barred with iron *rejas*, its battlemented roof-line, and the elaborate spires of its porch, it is a strange combination, fanciful to a degree, like some story-book palace set in this remote valley, fortified against an imaginary foe, yet a pleasure palace withal, enclosed by its tangled gardens shaded by giant trees.

We ascended the double stairway to the broad loggia that commands a view in every direction toward the sea, the river valleys, and the mountains. The cool air of these verandas, paved with Italian marble, and of the rooms, cooler still, that surround the main patio, was grateful indeed after the glare of the road and the heat of the afternoon sun. We lingered until rather late over refreshing beverages, and the sun was already setting as we bade our host good-by and started homeward by way of Santa Rita, another hacienda at which we left our horses with an attendant and found awaiting us the now familiar *carrito* and its galloping mule.

Our visit at Santa Barbara had come to an end. Early Sunday morning we drove down to the port where in the offing lay the *Panama*, that was to take us

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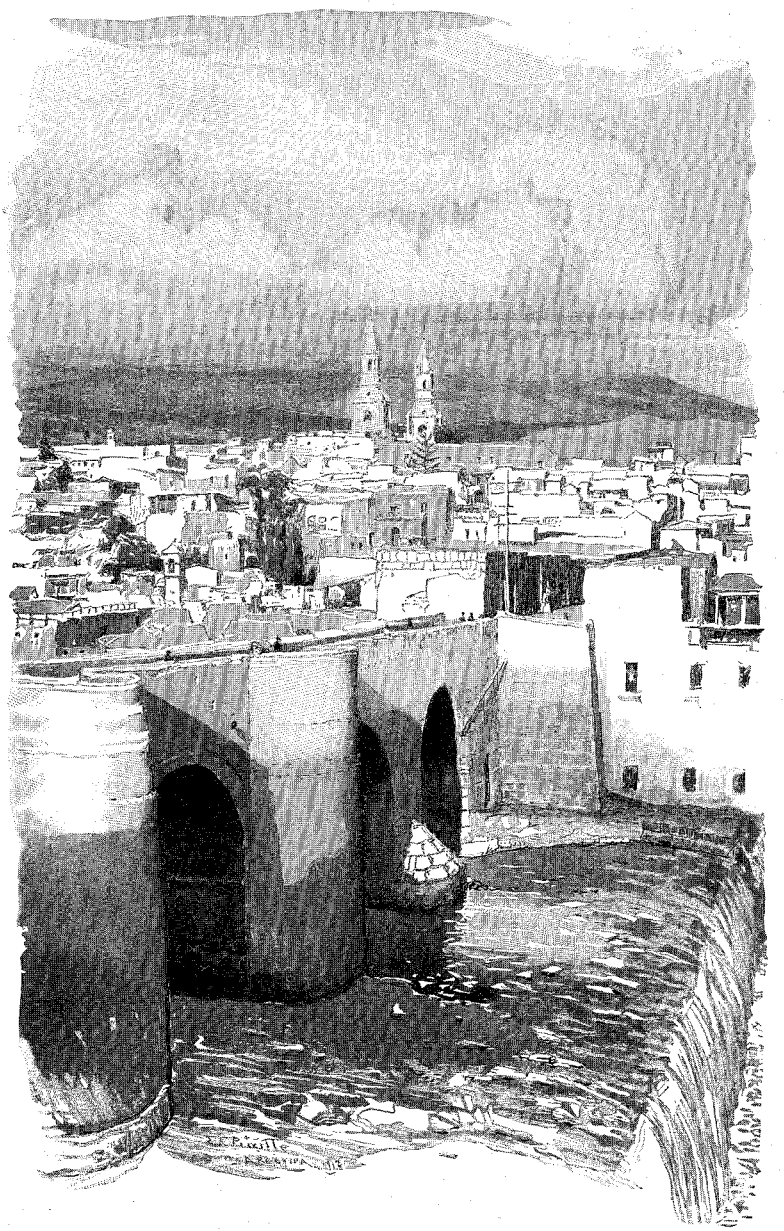

Arequipa.

on down the coast. Our host put us off in the same *lancia* that had brought us ashore, the agent accompanied us to the ship and presented us to the captain, and by ten o'clock we had weighed anchor. By good fortune I found among the passengers a man I had already met, Dr. G——, rector of the University of Cuzco, Peru's second-oldest seat of learning, and a friend of his, a writer and archæologist of distinction. In the ship's saloon we talked over the interest of the trip that lay before us and, to whet our appetite, Señor C—— showed us some priceless picture cloths of pre-Inca design, condor, puma, and serpents intertwined, that he had just unearthed somewhere near Ica.

In the afternoon we sighted the Chin-

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cha Islands, white, flat-topped, like half-melted icebergs, celebrated for their guano deposits, a semi-circle of them off Pisco fringing the horizon.

Pisco's gayly painted houses soon emerged from the sea and we cast anchor. Dark Indian women came aboard selling the luscious Italia grapes for which the valley is noted, and from which are made the Italia brandy and the "pisco," that alcoholic beverage so much used along the coast, some of it so strong that, to quote a graphic expression that I heard, "it would make a rabbit fight a bull-dog."

Pisco scarcely repaid us for the visit ashore. The town itself lies too far away to be conveniently visited in a few hours. So we had to content ourselves with the settlement along the beach—a series of bath-houses and small hotels like some miniature Coney Island. We stopped next day at another forlorn port, Chala by name, with a flimsy wooden church stuck in a plaza of shifting sand and a few frame houses set upon the same unstable foundation.

What the shore lacked in interest, the sea made up for. It literally teemed with life. Sea-lions bobbed their heads up and down upon its surface; schools of dolphins frolicked about, while flocks of shags and murres hovered over them; long files of pelicans lazily flapped their way toward the guano-coated rocks behind which purplish mountains now rose abruptly from the sea. All afternoon we coasted near the shore and toward night enjoyed a splendid sunset.

Early next morning the clang of the engine bell and the clank of the mooring chains told us we had anchored. In the gray dawn the shore looked not unlike Salaverry, but a larger town lay spread upon the cliffs half-hidden in the haze of spindrift. The Pacific rollers thundered in long surges against the rocks and the boats coming out to meet us bounced like corks upon the sea. Yet it was an exceptionally calm morning for Mollendo, so we were told! As I was choosing a *fletero* among the various brigands who presented themselves to ferry us ashore, a Spaniard stepped up and presented his card—an official from the Southern Railways of Peru.

He soon had us installed in his stanch boat, and with the aid of a peppery tug, the first I had seen at the small ports of the coast, we were cutting our way through the water while the other boats were still bobbing about by the steamer's side.

In behind the breakwater all was animation. Busy cranes were loading and unloading barges, a railroad engine was puffing back and forth switching freight-cars to and fro, and along the quays and on the landing-steps a jostling crowd was pushing and shouting. We scrambled ashore and were met by the station-master, who had us and our luggage quickly transferred to the private car that was to take us to Arequipa—the same car (though we did not then know it) that afterward was to be our home for weeks.

Our train was not to leave until one o'clock, so several hours of leisure lay before us.

Mollendo, however, presented few attractions. It looks as San Francisco must have looked in the fifties—its frame houses set in sand dunes. Much of the town overhangs the sea, clinging to the bluffs, so that many of the dwellings present three stories to the ocean and only one to the land. Such a house, for instance, is the Club, a well-managed institution to which we were kindly taken and where we enjoyed an excellent lunch on a terrace overlooking the broad Pacific, whose thundering surges beat along the shore at our feet.

Just before we boarded our train a curious incident occurred.

A little Indian boy, some six or seven years old, approached us and, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, asked to become our *chico*, our boy—literally and of his own free will giving himself to us for life. His tale was pitiful indeed. An aunt had brought him down from the mountains and had left him here by the coast and had disappeared, whether by boat or train he did not know. We were quite touched by his appeal and had it not been for the friend who accompanied us—a Peruvian born—I do not know what might have happened. He assured us that the boy was shamming; that he wanted to go back to the mountains, to be sure, but that as soon as he got a favorable opportunity he would run away; in fact, that if we put him in the second-class coach we would never see him when we

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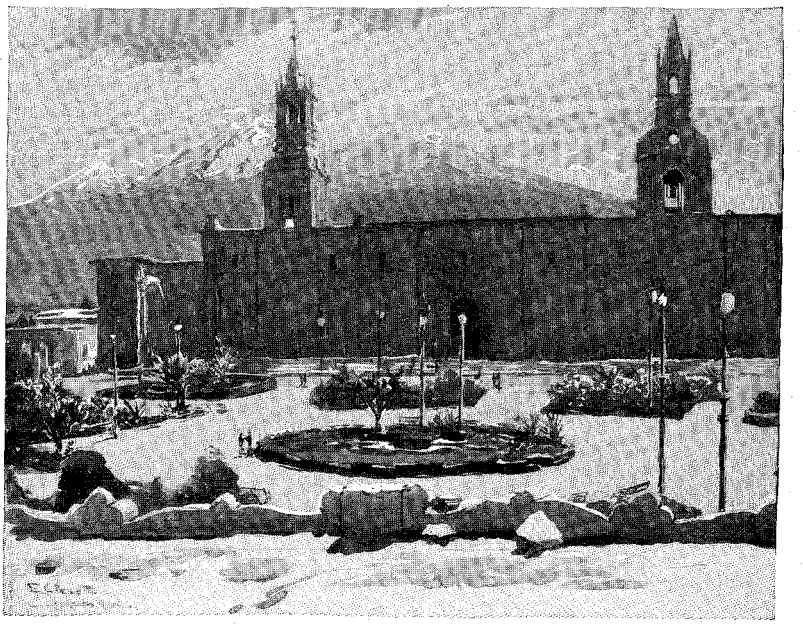
arrived, that this sort of appeal to strangers was a regular thing, and so on.

Who was right I do not know. But I do know that boys of this age and even younger, and girls, too, of the inferior Indian race are attached to the person of each young Peruvian child of the upper class and brought up with them for life.



The façade of the cathedral, above which we could faintly descry the shadowy forms of Misti and Chachani.—Page 598.

We constantly saw such little slaves carrying coats or bundles or umbrellas behind their little masters, who walked ahead with their parents—a pernicious custom, to my mind, breeding arrogance, insolence, and a habit of idleness in the better-born children. We spoke to the station-master about the little waif and he promised to look out for him. I hope he did.

We pulled out at the tail of the afternoon passenger promptly on time, skirted the shore for a bit to the bathing resorts of Ensenada and Mejia, and then struck for the hills and Arequipa.

The road ascends by a series of loops and curves among rounded foot-hills whose fat flanks are covered only with a tough-looking herb, dull brown and in spots green. Now and then we caught glimpses of one of those verdant valleys that lie tucked away down by the coast. This soon passed from sight, however, and at an elevation of about a thousand metres we emerged upon a succession of broad table-lands backed by blue mountains, whose gorges are filled with white sand that, at a distance, looks like snow patches.

As we proceeded, these sandy drifts approached the track, sometimes descending the mountains in long ridges like giant reptiles' tails, sometimes forming pools or hillocks, but oftenest of all piling up in those strange sand crescents that are one of the phenomena of the region.

These crescents are quite perfect in form, highest and broadest at the centre, diminishing with perfect regularity both in height and thickness toward the two horns that curve a bit inward like the Turkish moon. Hundreds of them lie spotted over this table-land, each with its horns pointed eastward, each moving like clockwork in the same direction. For they move. Their tiny white particles, that hum in the heat, are fanned by the wind and chased up and over the summit, dropping down on the other side. Thus, particle by particle, irresistibly they pursue their onward march. They must be shovelled from the railroads like snow-drifts, though we were

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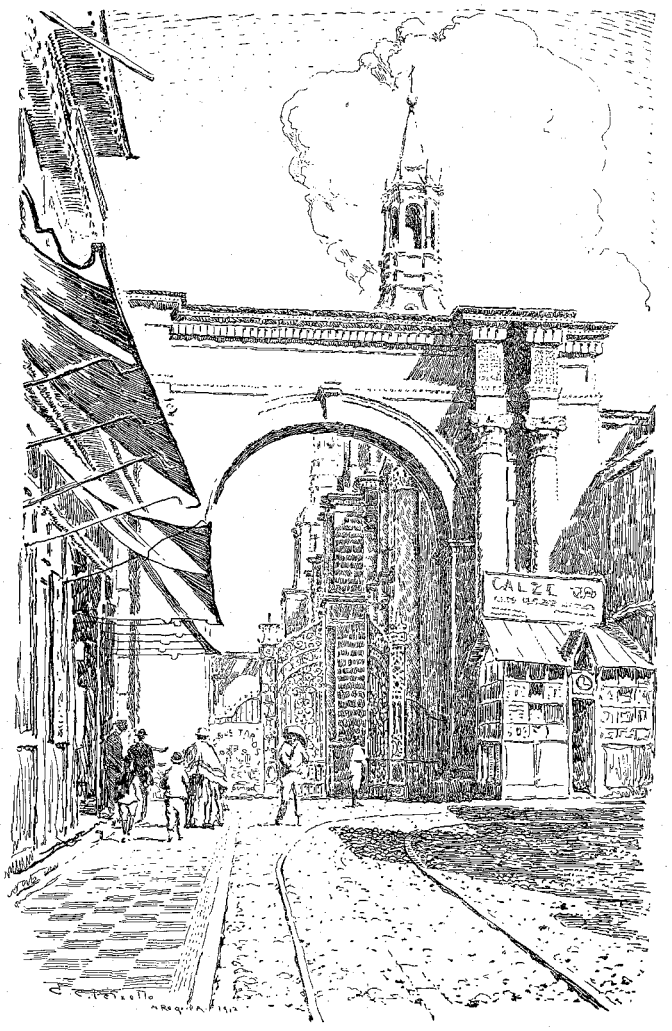
told that a few large stones placed upon them would break them up and prevent their movement.

The stations along these plateaus are but tiny oases—palms, fruit-trees, flowers, set in a waterless waste. After San José you begin to climb again through salmon-tinted mountains, stratified and shaded like those of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Deep down in their chasms narrow valleys appear—green, rich meadows where cattle graze and Indian bamboo huts nestle by the rivulets.

At Vitor, where the women were selling delicious grapes by the station, we had reached an altitude of five thousand feet and soon could look across the broad upper plateau that now spread out before us. At a turn of the road in the distance Chachani and El Misti, the two Andean sentinels, suddenly stood revealed in all the glory of their icy summits nearly twenty thousand feet above the sea!



Arequipa Cathedral from Mercaderes.

The scenery now became remarkable—grand.

At times we looked deep into the valley of the Chili with its verdant fields and Indian villages set in clusters of banana palms; at others into arid chasms where the blue evening shadows were slowly

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creeping upward while the coppery sunlight still flickered on the upper walls. And at each turn we obtained new views of the two mountain giants that marked our destination and that grew nearer and ever nearer, now rosy in the evening glow.

The short twilight had deepened. Tingo's lights burst forth in the semi-darkness, and in ten minutes we pulled into the station at Arequipa. The acting superintendent of the Southern Railways was there to greet us, and soon we were rattling with him, in the dark of the early evening, over the cobble-stones to the hotel.

How like Spain it all was—perhaps even more Spanish than Spain, for it lacked every taint of cosmopolitanism!

Suddenly we emerged into the plaza and a moment later stepped out upon our porch speechless at what lay before us. The great bell of the Compañia just opposite was tolling for vespers and its deep bass voice was answered by the jangling but sweet-toned chimes of the other churches and by the slow, irregular thud of the cathedral bell. We were standing on top of the Portales, or stone arcades, beautiful in design, that completely surround the plaza on three of its sides.

You are waked in the morning by the bells of the Compañia.—Page 598.

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Below us lay flower-beds, palms, and broad curving pathways whose glistening tile pavements, clean as mirrors, reflected the arc lights above. A quiet crowd was slowly moving about, for a military band was playing off in one corner.

Directly opposite loomed the long façade of the cathedral, above which we could faintly descry the shadowy form of Misti, rising to its snow-capped cone in all the perfect symmetry of its pure volcanic outline, contrasting with its rugged neighbor, Chachani, cut into a multitude of peaks and ice-fields and rocky pinnacles. "Where," we asked ourselves, "could we find such another combination, a great metropolitan cathedral fronting a monumental plaza and backed by two such mountain giants?"

And the spell of this first impression did not wear off.

We dined that evening with friends at the Central—a good Spanish dinner—after which we were amused by an Indian flower-boy who, though ugly and ill formed, danced by our table and with rolling eyes recited quaint *pensamientos* of languishing themes.

As we walked about the streets next morning, we were struck by the pretty, gay aspect of the town, and of its dwellings painted in pale pastel tones, rose, pale ochre, Nile green, and pearly gray, but most of all *azul*—blues that shade from faint, cool white to the deep tones of the azure sky. In the open court-yards oleanders bloomed and the tessellated tufa pavements were shaded by fig, orange, and lemon trees.

I should call Arequipa the Silent City. No carts rattle on its thoroughfares, its donkeys' feet are unshod, and even its little tram-cars fail to drown the murmur of the rushing rivulets that course down its open gutters.

It is the second city in size in Peru, and its founder, Garcia Manuel de Carvajal, called it La Villa Hermosa—the Beautiful City—and it well deserved its name. Its present appellation is Quechua in origin, and is said to have originated from the fact that a party of Inca soldiers once came upon this lovely valley of the Chili, hidden in the dreary Andean solitudes, and asked their commander to allow them to remain. His reply was, "Ari, quepai"; that in Quechua means "Yes, remain."

Its elevation, some seventy-five hundred feet above the sea, gives it a delightful climate, quite spring-like in character, and of its forty thousand inhabitants a large proportion are *gente decente*, for it has long been recognized as a centre of culture and the residence of men of distinction.

The courtesy of the Arequipeñans is beyond question. Each time you stop to look into a court-yard some one has a pretty way of asking you to come in and "take a seat." Then you are presented with flowers and apologies are made that the season is late and flowers not what they were a month or two ago. And what pretty dark-eyed young women in lacy mantillas you meet coming home from church on Sunday morning!

Let me tell you of an Arequipeñan Sunday to complete the picture, for Arequipa is essentially a religious town and lives its full life on Sunday.

You are waked in the morning by the bells of the Compañia, big and small, pealing forth in carillons; then, when their vibrant notes have died away, you distinguish the silvery distant chimes of other churches; then a sound of voices chanting, accompanied by slow martial music. You look out and see a procession making a tour of the plaza—a brotherhood bearing a great crucifix, followed by priests and the soldiers of the garrison.

By ten you are out and cross the plaza to the cathedral and watch the Indian small boys, barefoot and nimble, who noiselessly carry from each home the prie-dieu, or chair, of their mistress, gradually filling all the carpeted nave with them. The great organ peals forth and feminine Arequipa, in sober black, troops in for high mass.

After this morning function there is a lull till about two o'clock, when all the men of the town and some of the women wander down to the bull-ring, where Bomba or Segurito, according to the posters, will fight six "hermosos toros." And splendid bulls they are, to be sure, or were the day we saw them. I have seen no such thrilling fights in Spain as we witnessed here, and would not care often to undergo such excitement. Here in Peru the picador is practically suppressed, in fact often totally so. Hence there are none of the gory

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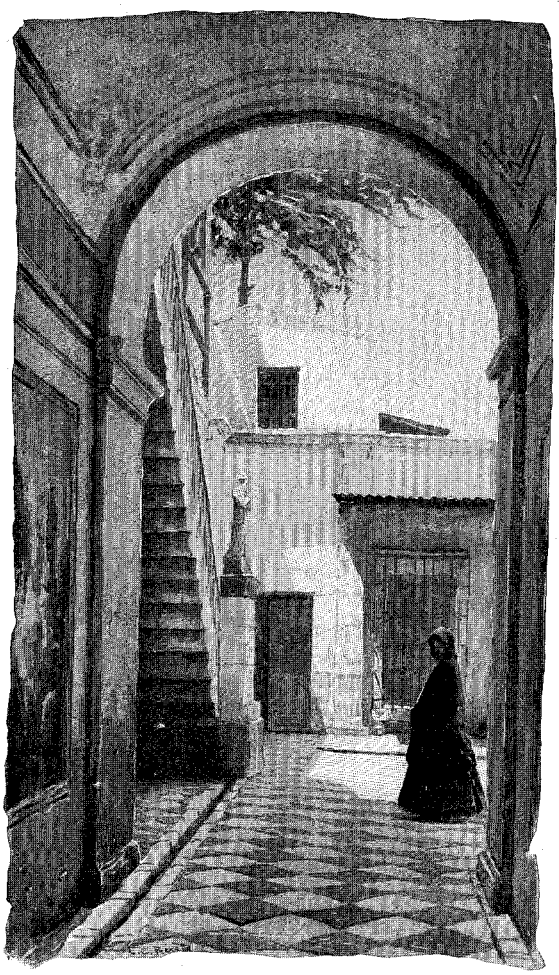
horse episodes, and the matador takes the great, long-horned animal while he is still quite fresh and untired.



The open court-yards . . . and tessellated tufa pavements.—Page 598.

The pluck of the two *espadas* that we saw that day was astounding. They knelt in the ring, vaulted the animal or turned calmly from him so that he just grazed them in his infuriated rushes, playing all the tricks of their hazardous calling, cheered to the echo, until one was finally caught by the bull and severely wounded.

We returned to the plaza, where a military concert was now in full swing. If the women had presented a sober picture at the cathedral in the morning, not so now at this afternoon promenade. Decked in their smartest gowns and escorted by gay young officers and obsequious young men, they sauntered in groups of three or four round and round the glazed-tile walks among the flowers and palmettos.

We went with two friends (one of them the American minister at La Paz) to the *zarzuela* that evening. A fairly good company was playing an old favorite, the melodramatic "Mancha que Limpia," and a good house was in attendance. The scene was quite characteristic of a Latin playhouse, the main floor occupied for the most part by the men, the three tiers of boxes filled with elaborately dressed women, and the peanut galleries crowded to suffocation with the small trades-people.

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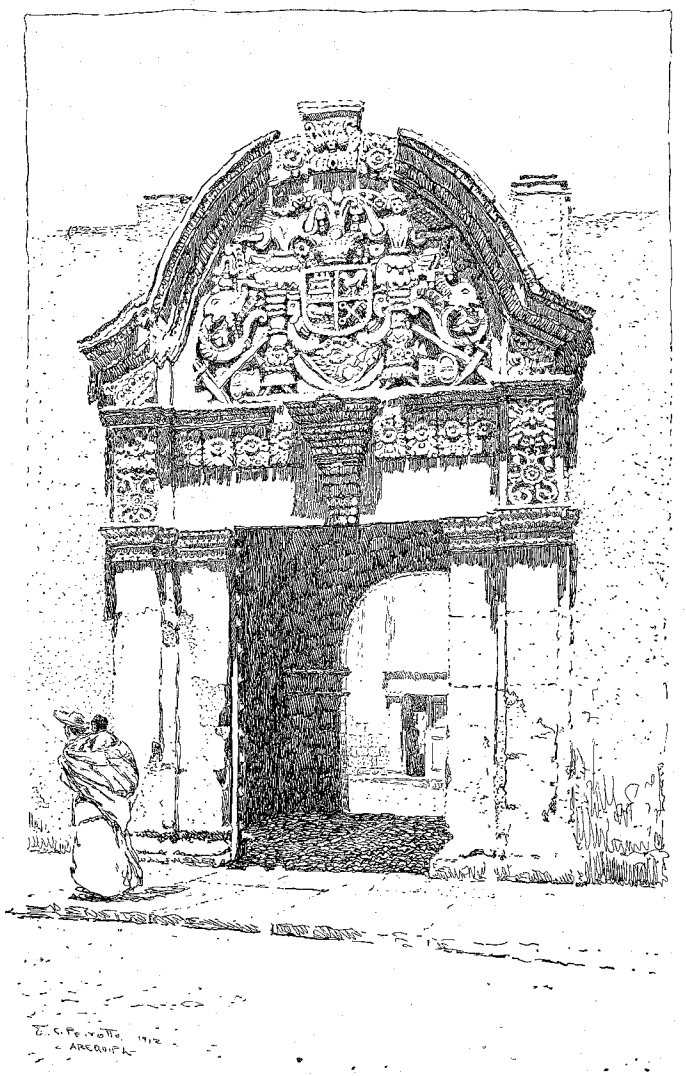
The town reserves a number of picturesque corners for him who will ferret them out. There is the market, there are the old palaces and churches ornamented with those extravagant plateresque carvings done by the Indians under the guidance of their Spanish conquerors; there is the great stone bridge that spans the Chili with its massive piers and buttresses that remind you of its prototypes at Toledo; there are the long street vistas with Chachani or Misti ever framed at the far extremity.

And in the evening you may drive out over the rough country road to a bit of American soil—the observatory that Harvard University maintains here for the study of the southern heavens—and see the stars sit for their portraits taken by its wonderful photographic telescopes. It is strange, indeed, to find this astronomer's home, so absolutely American in all its appointments, perched on the far flanks of El Misti, and there to pass an evening in the genial warmth of an enthusiastic young American's fireside.



Entrance to old Bishop's Palace, Arequipa.

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THE DARK FLOWER

(THE LOVE LIFE OF A MAN)

PART I—SPRING—(CONTINUED)

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XI

THAT twenty-mile drive was perhaps the worst part of the journey for the boy. It is always hard to sit still and suffer.

When Anna left him, the night before, he had wandered about in the dark, not knowing quite where he went. Then the moon came up, and he found himself sitting under the eave of a barn close to a chalet where all was dark and quiet; down below him lay the moon-whitened valley village—its roofs and spires and little glamorous unreal lights.

In his evening suit, his dark ruffled hair uncovered, he would have been a quaint spectacle for the owners of that chalet, if they had chanced to see him seated on the hay-strewn boards against their barn, staring before him with such wistful rapture. But they were folk to whom sleep was precious. . . .

And now it was all snatched away from him, relegated to some immensely far-off future. Would it indeed be possible to get his guardian to ask them down to Hayle? And would they really come? His tutor would never care to visit a place right away in the country—far from books and everything! He frowned, thinking of his tutor, but it was with perplexity—no other feeling. And yet, if he could not have them down there, how could he wait the two whole months till next term began! So went his thoughts, round and round, while the horses jogged, dragging him further and further from her.

It was better in the train; the distraction of all the strange crowd of foreigners, the interest of new faces and new country; and then sleep, a whole long night of it, snoozed-up in his corner, thoroughly fagged out. And next day more new country, more new faces; and slowly, his mood changing from ache and bewilderment to a sense of something promised, delightful to look forward to. Then Calais at last, and a night-crossing in a wet little steamer, a summer gale blowing—spray in his face, waves leaping white in a black sea, and the wild sound of the wind. On again to London, the early drive across the town, still sleepy in August haze; an English breakfast—porridge, chops, marmalade. And at last the train for home. At all events he could write to her, and tearing a page out of his little sketch-book, he began:

"I am writing in the train, so please forgive this joggly writing——"

then did not know how to go on, for all that he wanted to say was such as he had never even dreamed of writing—things about his feelings which would look horrible in words; besides he must not put anything that might not be read by any one, so what was there to say?

"It has been such a long journey," he wrote at last, "away from the Tyrol" (he did not dare even to put "from you"); "I thought it would never end. But at last it has—very nearly. I have thought a great deal about the Tyrol. It was a lovely time—the loveliest time I have ever had. And now it's over, I try to console myself by thinking of the future, but not the immediate future—*that* is not very enjoyable. I wonder how the mountains are looking to-day. Please give my love to them, especially the lion ones that come and lie out in the moonlight—you will not recognize them from this"—then followed a sketch. "And this is the church we went to, with some one kneeling. And this is meant for the 'English Grundys'

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looking at some one who is coming in very late with an alpenstock—only, I am better at the 'English Grundys' than at the person with the alpenstock. I wish I were the 'English Grundys' now, still in the Tyrol. I hope I shall get a letter from you soon; and that it will say you are getting ready to come back. My guardian will be awfully keen for you to come and stay with us. He is not half bad when you know him, and there will be his sister, Mrs. Doone, and her daughter left there after the wedding. It will be simply disgusting if you and Mr. Stormer don't come. I wish I could write all I feel about my lovely time in the Tyrol, but you must please imagine it."

And just as he had not known how to address her, so he could not tell how to subscribe himself, and only put "Mark Lennan."

He posted the letter at Exeter, where he had some time to wait; and his mind moved still more from past to future. Now that he was nearing home he began to think of his sister. In two days she would be gone to Italy; he would not see her again for a long time, and a whole crowd of memories began to stretch out hands to him. How she and he used to walk together in the walled garden, and on the sunk croquet-ground, she telling him stories, her arm round his neck, because she was two years older, and taller than him in those days. Their first talk each holidays, when he came back to her; the first tea—with unlimited jam, in the old mullion-windowed, flower-chintzed school-room, just himself and her and old Tingle (Miss Tring, the ancient governess, whose chaperonage would now be gone), and sometimes that kid Sylvia, when she chanced to be staying there with her mother. Cicely had always understood him when he explained to her how inferior school was, because nobody took any interest in beasts or birds except to kill them; or in drawing, or making things, or anything decent. They would go off together, rambling along the river, or up the park, where everything looked so jolly and wild—the ragged oak-trees, and huge boulders, of whose presence old Godden, the coachman, had said: "I can't think but that these ha' been washed here by the Flood, Mast' Mark!" These and a thousand other memories beset his conscience now. And as the train drew closer to their station, he eagerly made ready to jump out and greet her. There was the honeysuckle full out along the paling of the platform over the waiting-room; wonderful, this year—and there was she, standing alone on the platform. No, it was not Cicely! He got out with a blank sensation, as if those memories had played him false. It was a girl, indeed, but she only looked about sixteen, and wore a sunbonnet that hid her hair and half her face. She had on a blue frock, and some honeysuckle in her waist-belt. She seemed to be smiling at him, and expecting him to smile at her—and he did smile. She came up to him then, and said:

"I'm Sylvia."

He answered: "Oh! Thanks awfully—it was awfully good of you to come and meet me."

"Cicely's so busy. It's only the T-cart. Have you got much luggage?"

She took up his hold-all and he took it from her; she took his bag and he took it from her; then they went out to the T-cart. A small groom stood there, holding a silver-roan cob with a black mane and black swish tail.

She said:

"D'you mind if I drive, because I'm learning," and he answered: "Oh! no; rather not."

She got up; he noticed that her eyes looked quite excited. Then his portmanteau came out and was deposited with the other things behind, and he got up beside her.

She said: "Let go, Billy."

The roan rushed past the little groom, whose top-boots seemed to twinkle as he jumped up behind. They whizzed round the corner from the station yard, and observing that her mouth was just a little open as though this had disconcerted her, he said:

"He pulls a bit."

"Yes—but isn't he perfectly sweet?"

"He *is* rather decent."

. . . Ah! When *she* came, he would drive her; they would go off alone in the T-cart, and he would show her all the country round. . . .

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He was reawakened by the words:

"Oh! I know he's going to shy!" At once there was a swerve. The roan was cantering.

They had passed a pig.

"Doesn't he look lovely now? Ought I to have whipped him when he shied?"

"Rather not."

"Why?"

"Because horses are horses, and pigs are pigs; it's natural for horses to shy at them."

"Oh!"

He looked up at her then, sidelong. The curve of her cheek and chin looked very soft, and rather jolly.

"I didn't know you, you know!" he said. "You've grown up so awfully."

"I knew you, at once. Your voice is still furry."

There was another silence, till she said:

"He does pull—doesn't he?"

"Shall I drive?"

"Yes, please."

He stood up, and took the reins, and she slipped past under them in front of him; her hair smelt exactly like hay, as she was softly bumped against him.

He perceived that she kept regarding him steadily with very blue eyes, now that she was relieved of driving.

"Cicely was afraid you weren't coming," she said suddenly. "What sort of people are those old Stormers?"

He felt himself grow very red, choked something down, and answered:

"It's only he that's old. She's not more than about thirty-five."

"That *is* old."

He restrained the words: "Of course it's old to a kid like you!" and, instead, he looked at her. Was she exactly a kid? She seemed quite tall (for a girl) and not very thin, and there was something frank and soft about her face, and as if she wanted you to be nice to her.

"Is she very pretty?"

This time he did not go red, such was the disturbance that question made in him. If he said: "Yes," it was like letting the world know his adoration; but to say anything less would be horrible, disloyal. So he did say: "Yes," listening hard to the tone of his own voice.

"I thought she was. Do you like her very much?"

Again he struggled with that thing in his throat, and again said: "Yes."

He wanted to hate this girl, yet somehow could not—she looked so soft and confiding. She was staring before her now, her lips still just parted, so evidently *that* had not been Bolero's pulling; they were pretty all the same, and so was her short, straight little nose, and her chin, and she was awfully fair. His thoughts flew back to that other face—so splendid, so full of life. Suddenly he found he could not picture it—for the first time since he had started on his journey it would not come before him.

"Oh! Look!"

Her hand was pulling at his arm. There in the field over the hedge, a buzzard hawk was dropping like a stone.

"Oh, Mark! Oh! Oh! It's got it!"

She was covering her face with both her hands, and the hawk, with a young rabbit in its claws, was sailing up again. It looked so beautiful that he did not somehow feel sorry for the rabbit; but he wanted to stroke and comfort her, and said:

"It's all right, Sylvia; it really is. The rabbit's dead, you know. And it's quite natural."

She took her hands away from a face that looked just as if she were going to cry.

"Poor little rabbit! It was such a little one!"

XII

On the afternoon of the day following he sat in the smoking-room with a prayer-book in his hand, and a frown on his forehead, reading the Marriage Service. The book had been effectively designed for not spoiling the figure when carried in a pocket. But this did not matter, for even if he could have read the words, he would not have known what they meant, since he was thinking how he could make a certain petition to a certain person sitting just behind at a large bureau with a sliding top, examining artificial flies.

He fixed at last upon a form:

"Gordy!" (Why Gordy no one quite knew now—whether because his name was George or by way of corruption from Guardian.) "When Cis is gone it'll be rather awful, won't it?"

"Not a bit."

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Mr. Heatherly was perhaps sixty-four, if indeed guardians have ages, and like a doctor rather than a squire; his face square and puffy, his eyes always half-closed, and his curly mouth using bluntly a voice of that refined coarseness peculiar to people of old family.

"But it will, you know!"

"Well, supposin' it is?"

"I only wondered if you'd mind asking Mr. and Mrs. Stormer to come here for a little—they were awfully kind to me out there."

"Strange man and woman! My dear fellow!"

"Mr. Stormer likes fishing."

"Does he? And what does she like?"

Very grateful that his back was turned, the boy said:

"I don't know—anything—she's awfully nice."

"Ah! Pretty?"

He answered faintly:

"I don't know what *you* call pretty, Gordy."

He felt rather than saw his guardian scrutinizing him with those half-closed eyes under their gouty lids.

"All right; do as you like. Have 'em here and have done with it, by all means."

Did his heart jump? Not quite; but it felt warm and happy, and he said:

"Thanks awfully, Gordy. It's most frightfully decent of you," and turned again to the Marriage Service. He could make out some of it. In places it seemed to him fine, and in other places queer. About obeying, for instance. If you loved anybody, it seemed rotten to expect them to obey you. If you loved them and they loved you, there couldn't ever be any question of obeying, because you would both do the things always of your own accord. And if they didn't love you, or you them, then—oh! then it would be simply too disgusting for anything, to go on living with a person you didn't love or who didn't love you. But of course *she* didn't love his tutor. Had she once? Those bright doubting eyes, that studiously satiric mouth came very clearly up before him. You could not love them; and yet—he was really very decent. A feeling as of pity, almost of affection rose in him for his remote tutor. It was queer to feel so—since the last time they had talked together out there, on the terrace, he had not felt at all like that.

The noise of the bureau top sliding down, aroused him; Mr. Heatherly was closing in the remains of the artificial flies. That meant he would be going out to fish. The moment he heard the door shut, he sprang up, slid back the bureau top, and began to write his letter. It was hard work.

"DEAR MRS. STORMER,

My guardian wishes me to beg you and Mr. Stormer to pay us a visit as soon as you come back from the Tyrol. Please tell Mr. Stormer that only the very best fishermen—like him—can catch our trout; the rest catch our trees. This is me catching our trees (here followed a sketch). My sister is going to be married to-morrow, and it will be disgusting afterwards unless you come. So do come, please. And with my very best greetings,

I am

Your humble servant,

M. LENNAN."

When he had this production stamped and dropped it in the letter-box, he had the oddest feeling, as if he had been let out of school; a desire to rush about, to frolic. What should he do? Cis, of course, would be busy—they were all busy about the wedding. He would go and saddle Bolero, and jump him in the park; or should he go down along the river and watch the jays? Both seemed lonely occupations. And he stood in the window—dejected. At the age of five, walking with his nurse, he had been overheard remarking: "Nurse, I want to eat a biscuit—*all the way* I want to eat a biscuit!" and it was still rather so with him perhaps—all the way he wanted to eat a biscuit. He bethought him then of his modelling, and went out to the little empty greenhouse where he kept his masterpieces. They seemed to him now quite horrible—two of them, the sheep and the turkey, he marked out for destruction. The idea occurred to him that he might try and model that hawk escaping with the little rabbit; but when he tried no nice feeling came, and, flinging the things down, he went out. He ran along the unweeded path to the tennis-ground—lawn-tennis was then just

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coming in. The grass was very in the rough. But everything about that little manor-house was left rather wild and anyhow; why, nobody quite knew, and nobody seemed to mind. He stood there scrutinizing the condition of the ground. A sound of humming came to his ears. He got up on the wall. There was Sylvia sitting in the field, making a wreath of honeysuckle. He stood very quiet and listened. She looked pretty—lost in her tune. Then he slid down off the wall, and said gently:

"Hallo!"

She looked round at him, her eyes very wide open.

"Your voice is jolly, Sylvia!"

"Oh, no!"

"It is. Come and climb trees!"

"Where?"

"In the park."

They were some time selecting a tree, many being too easy for him, and many too hard for her; but one was found at last, an oak of great age, and frequented by rooks. Then, insisting that she must be roped to him, he departed to the house for some blind-cord. The climb began at four o'clock—named by him the ascent of the Cimone della Pala. He led the momentous expedition, taking a hitch of the blind-cord round a branch before he permitted her to move. Two or three times he was obliged to make the cord fast and return to help her, for she was not an "expert"; her arms seemed soft, and she was inclined to straddle instead of trusting to one foot. But at last they were settled, streaked indeed with moss, on the top branch but two. They rested there, silent, listening to the rooks soothing an outraged dignity. Save for this slowly subsiding demonstration it was marvellously peaceful and remote up there, half-way to a blue sky, thinly veiled from them by the crinkled brown-green leaves. The peculiar dry mossy smell of an old oak-tree was disturbed into the air by the least motion of their feet or hands against the bark. They could hardly see the ground, and all around other gnarled trees barred off any view.

He said:

"If we stay up here till it's dark we might see owls."

"Oh, no. Owls are horrible!"

"What! They're *lovely*—especially the white ones."

"I can't stand their eyes, and they squeak so when they're hunting."

"Oh! but that's so jolly, and their eyes are beautiful."

"They're always catching mice and little chickens; all sorts of little things."

"But they don't mean to; they only want them to eat. Don't you think things are jolliest at night?"

She slipped her arm in his.

"No; I don't like the dark."

"Why not? It's splendid—when things get mysterious." He dwelt lovingly on that word.

"I don't like mysterious things. They frighten you."

"Oh! Sylvia!"

"No, I like early morning—especially in spring, when it's beginning to get leafy."

"Well, of course."

She was leaning against him, for safety, just a little; and, stretching out his arm, he took good hold of the branch to make a back for her. There was a silence. Then he said:

"If you could only have one tree, which would you have?"

"Not oaks. Limes — no — birches. Which would you?"

He pondered. There were so many trees that were perfect. Birches and limes, of course; but beeches and cypresses, and yews, and cedars, and holm-oaks—almost, and plane-trees; then he said suddenly:

"Pines; I mean the big ones with almost red stems and branches pretty high up."

"Why?"

Again he pondered, for it was very important to explain exactly why; his feelings about everything were concerned in this. And, while he mused, she gazed at him, as if surprised to see anyone think so deeply. At last he said:

"Because they're independent and dignified and never quite cold, and their branches seem to brood; but chiefly because the ones I mean are generally out of the common where you find them. You know—just one or two, strong and dark, standing out against the sky."

"They're *too* dark."

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It occurred to him suddenly that he had forgotten larches. They of course could be heavenly, when you lay under them and looked up at the sky, as he had that afternoon out there. Then he heard her say:

"If I could have only one flower, I should have lilies."

He had a swift vision of another flower, dark—very different, and he was silent.

"What would you have, Mark?" Her voice sounded a little hurt. "You *are* thinking of one, aren't you?"

He said honestly:

"Yes; I am."

"Which?"

"It's dark, too—you wouldn't care for it a bit."

"How d'you know?"

"A clove carnation."

"But I do like it—only—not very much."

He nodded solemnly: "I knew you wouldn't."

Then a silence fell between them; she had ceased to lean against him, and he missed the cosey friendliness of it. Now that their voices and the cawings of the rooks had ceased, there was nothing heard but the dry rustle of the leaves, and the plaintive cry of a buzzard hawk hunting over the little tor across the river. There were nearly always two up there, quartering the sky. To the boy it was lovely, that silence; like Nature talking to you—Nature always talked in silences. The beasts, the birds, the insects, only really showed themselves when you were still; you had to be awfully quiet too for flowers and plants, otherwise you couldn't see the real jolly separate life there was in them. Even the boulders down there, that old Godden thought had been washed up by the Flood, never showed you what queer shapes they had, and let you feel close to them, unless you were thinking of nothing else. Sylvia, after all, was better than he had expected—she could keep quiet; he had thought girls hopeless in that way. She was gentle, and it was rather jolly to watch her. Through the leaves there came the faint far tinkle of the tea-bell.

She said: "We must get down."

It was much too jolly to go in, really. But if she wanted her tea—girls always wanted tea! And twisting the cord carefully round the branch, he began to superintend her descent. About to follow, he heard her cry:

"Oh! Mark! I'm stuck—I'm stuck. I can't reach it with my foot, I'm swinging!" And he saw that she *was* swinging, by her hands and the cord.

"Let go; drop on to the branch below—the cord'll hold you straight till you grab the trunk."

Her voice mounted piteously:

"I can't—I really can't—I should slip!"

He tied the cord, and slithered hastily to the branch below her. Then bracing himself against the trunk, he clutched her round the waist and knees, but the taut cord held her up, and she would not come to anchor. He could not hold her and untie the cord, which was fast round her waist. If he let her go with one hand and got out his knife, he would never be able to cut, and hold her at the same time. For a moment he thought he had better climb up again and slack off the cord, but he could see by her face that she was getting frightened—he could feel it by the quivering of her body.

"If I heave you up," he said, "can you get hold again above?" and without waiting for an answer, he heaved her. She caught hold frantically.

"Hold on just for a second."

She did not answer, but he saw that her face had gone very white. He snatched out his knife, and cut the cord. She clung just for that moment, then came loose into his arms; and he hauled her to him against the trunk. Safe there, she buried her face on his shoulder. He began to murmur to her, and smooth her softly, with quite a feeling of its being his business to smooth her like this, to protect her. He knew she was crying, but she let no sound escape, and he was very careful not to show that he knew, for fear she should feel ashamed. He wondered if he ought to kiss her. At last he did, on the top of her head, very gently. Then she put up her face and said she was a beast. And he kissed her again, on an eyebrow.

After that she seemed all right, and very gingerly they descended to the ground,

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where shadows were beginning to lengthen over the fern, and the sun to slant into their eyes.

XIII

THE night after the wedding the boy stood at the window of his pleasant attic bedroom, with one wall sloping, and a faint smell of mice. He was tired and excited, and his brain full of pictures. This was his first wedding, and he was haunted by a vision of his sister's little white form, and her face with its starry eyes. She was gone—his no more! How fearful the wedding march had sounded on that organ—that awful old wheezer—and the sermon! One didn't want to hear that sort of thing when one felt inclined to cry. Even Gordy had looked rather boiled when he was giving her away. With perfect distinctness he could still see the group before the altar rails, just as if he had not been a part of it himself. Cis in her white, Sylvia in fluffy gray; his impassive brother-in-law's tall figure; Gordy looking queer in a black coat, with a very yellow face, and eyes still half closed. The rotten part of it all had been that you wanted to be just *feeling*, and you had to be thinking of the ring, and your gloves, and whether the lowest button of your white waistcoat was properly undone. Girls could do both, it seemed—Cis seemed to be seeing something wonderful all the time, and Sylvia had looked quite holy. He himself had been too conscious of the rector's voice, and the sort of professional manner with which he did it all—as if he were making up a prescription, with directions how to take it. And yet it was all rather beautiful in a kind of fashion, every face turned one way, and the hush, tremendous—except for poor old Godden's blowing his nose with that enormous red handkerchief of his—and the soft darkness up in the roof, and down in the pews, and the sunlight brightening the south windows. All the same, it would have been ever so much jollier just taking hands by themselves somewhere and saying out before God what they really felt—because after all God was everything, everywhere, not only in stuffy churches. That was how *he* would like to be married, out of doors on a starry night like this, when everything felt wonderful all round you. Surely God wasn't half as small as people seemed always making Him—a sort of superior man a little bigger than themselves! Even the very most beautiful and wonderful and awful things one could imagine or make, could only be just nothing to a God who had a temple like the night out there. But then you couldn't be married alone, and no girl would ever like to be married without rings and flowers and dresses, and words that made it all feel small and cosey! Cis might have, perhaps, only she wouldn't, because of not hurting other people's feelings; but Sylvia—never—she would be afraid. Only of course she was young! And then the thread of his thoughts broke—and scattered like beads from a string.

Leaning out, and resting his chin on his hands, he drew the night air into his lungs. Honeysuckle, or was it the scent of lilies still? The stars all out, and lots of owls to-night—four at least. What would night be like without owls and stars? But that was it—you never could think what things would be like if they weren't just what and where they were. You never knew what was coming, either; and yet, when it came, it seemed as if nothing else ever could have come. That was queer—you could do anything you liked until you'd done it, but when you *had* done it, then you knew of course that you must always have had to. . . . What was that light, below and to the left? Whose room? Old Tingle's—no, it was the little spare room—Sylvia's! She must be awake, too! He leaned far out, and whispered in the voice she had said was still furry:

"Sylvia!"

The light flickered, he could just see her head appear, with hair all loose, and her face turning up to him. He could only half see, half imagine it, mysterious, blurry; and he whispered:

"Isn't this jolly?"

The whisper travelled back:

"Awfully."

"Aren't you sleepy?"

"No; are you?"

"Not a bit. D'you hear the owls?"

"Rather."

"Doesn't it smell good?"

"Perfect. Can you see me?"

"Only just not too much. Can you?"

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"I can't see your nose. Shall I get the candles?"

"No—that'd spoil it. What are you sitting on?"

"The window-sill."

"It doesn't twist your neck, does it?"

"No—o—only a little bit."

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes."

"Wait half a shake. I'll let down some chocolate in my big bath-towel; it'll swing along to you—reach out."

A dim white arm reached out.

"Catch! I say, you won't get cold?"

"Rather not."

"It's too jolly to sleep, isn't it?"

"Mark!"

"Yes."

"Which star is yours? Mine is the white one over the top branch of the big sycamore, from here."

"Mine is that twinkling red one over the summer-house. Sylvia!"

"Yes."

"Catch!"

"Oh! I couldn't—what was it?"

"Nothing."

"No, but what *was* it?"

"Only my star. It's caught in your hair."

"Oh!"

"Listen!"

Silence, then—until her awed whisper:

"What?"

And his floating down, dying away:

"*Cave!*"

What had stirred — some window opened? Cautiously he spied along the face of the dim house. There was no light anywhere, nor any shifting blur of white at her window below. All was dark, remote —still sweet with the scent of something jolly. And then he saw what that something was. All over the wall below white jessamine was in flower—stars, not only in the sky. Perhaps the sky was really a field of white flowers; and God walked there, and plucked the stars. . . .

The next morning there was a letter on his plate when he came down to breakfast. He couldn't open it with Sylvia on one side of him and old Tingle on the other. Then with a sort of anger he did open it. He need not have been afraid. It was written so that any one might have read; it told of a climb, of bad weather, said they were coming home. Was he relieved, disturbed, pleased at their coming back, or only uneasily ashamed? She had not got his second letter yet. He could feel old Tingle looking round at him with those queer sharp twinkling eyes of hers, and Sylvia regarding him quite frankly. And conscious that he was growing red, he said to himself: I won't. And did not. In three days they would be at Oxford. Would they come on here at once? Old Tingle was speaking. He heard Sylvia answer: "No, I don't like 'bopsies.' They're so hard!" It was their old name for high cheekbones. Sylvia certainly had none, her cheeks went softly up to her eyes.

"Do you, Mark?"

He said slowly:

"On some people."

"People who have them are strong-willed, aren't they?"

Was *she* — Anna — strong-willed? It came to him that he did not know at all what she was.

When breakfast was over and he had got away to his old greenhouse, he had a strange, unhappy time. He was a beast, he had not been thinking of her half enough! He took the letter out, and tears started up in his eyes. Why could he not feel more? What was the matter with him? Why was he such a brute—not to be thinking of her day and night? For long he stood, disconsolate, in the little dark greenhouse among the images of his beasts, the letter in his hand.

He stole out presently, and got down to the river unobserved. It was comforting —that crisp, gentle sound of water; ever so comforting to sit on a stone, as still as still, and wait for things to happen round you. You lost yourself that way, you just became branches, and stones, and water, and birds, and sky. You did not feel such a beast. Gordy would never understand why he did not care for fishing, when you were one thing trying to catch another—instead of just watching and understanding what things were. The jolly part was, you never got to the end, if you looked into water or into grass or fern; there was always something queer and new. It was like that too with yourself, if you sat down and looked properly —it was most awfully interesting to see things working in your mind.

A soft rain had begun to fall, hissing

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gently on the leaves, but he had still a boy's love of getting wet, and stayed where he was, on the stone. Some people saw fairies in woods and down in water, or said they did; that did not seem to him much fun. What was really interesting was noticing that each thing was different from every other thing, and what made it so; you must see that before you could draw or model decently. It was fascinating to see your creatures coming out with shapes of their very own; they did that without your understanding how. But this vacation: he was no good—couldn't draw or model a bit!

A jay had settled, chattering, about forty yards away, and remained in full view, attending to his many-colored feathers. Of all things, birds were the most fascinating! He watched it a long time, and when it flew on, followed it over the high wall up into the park. He heard the lunch-bell ring in the far distance, but did not go in. So long as he was out there in the soft rain with the birds and trees and other creatures, he was free from that unhappy feeling of the morning. He did not go back till nearly seven; properly wet through, and very hungry.

All through dinner he noticed that Sylvia seemed to be watching him, as if wanting to ask him something. She looked very soft in her white frock, open at the neck; and her hair almost the color of special moonlight, so goldy-pale; and he wanted her to understand that it wasn't a bit because of her that he had been out alone all day. After dinner, when they were getting the table ready to play "red nines," he did murmur:

"Did you sleep last night—after?"

She nodded fervently to that.

It was raining really hard now, swishing and dripping out in the darkness, and he whispered:

"Our stars would be drowned to-night."

"Do you really think we have stars?"

"We might. But mine's safe, of course; your hair *is* jolly, Sylvia."

She just gazed at him, very sweet and surprised.

XIV

ANNA did not receive the boy's letter in the Tyrol. It followed them to Oxford. She was just going out when it came, and took it up with the mingled beatitude and almost sickening tremor that a lover feels touching the loved one's letter. She would not open it in the street, but carried it all the way to the garden of a certain college, and sat down to read it under a cedar-tree. That little letter, so short, boyish, and dry, transported her half-way to heaven. She was to see him again at once—not to wait weeks, with the fear that he would quite forget her! Her husband had said at breakfast that Oxford without "the dear young clowns" assuredly was charming, but Oxford "full of tourists and other strange bodies" as certainly was not. Where should they go? Thank heaven, the letter could be shown him, though all the same a little stab of pain went through her that there was not one word which made it unsuitable to show. Still, she was happy. Never had her favorite college-garden seemed so beautiful, with each tree and flower so cared for, and the very wind excluded; never had the birds seemed so tame and friendly. The sun shone softly; even the clouds were luminous, and joyful. She sat a long time, musing; and went back forgetting all she had come out to do. Having both courage and decision, she did not leave the letter to burn a hole in her corsets, but gave it to her husband at lunch, looking him in the face, and saying carelessly:

"Providence, you see, answers your question."

He read it, raised his eyebrows, smiled, and, without looking up, murmured:

"You wish to prosecute this romantic episode?"

Did he mean anything, or was it simply his way of putting things?

"I naturally want to be anywhere but here."

"Perhaps you would like to go alone?"

He said that, of course, knowing she could not say: Yes. And she answered simply: "No."

"Then let us both go—on Monday. I will catch the young man's trout, thou shalt catch—h'm—he shall catch—what is it he catches—trees? Good! That's settled."

And, three days later, without another word exchanged on the subject, they started.

Was she grateful to him? No. Afraid

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of him? No. Scornful of him? Not quite. But she was afraid of *herself*, horribly. How would she ever be able to keep herself in hand—how disguise from these people that she loved their boy? It was her desperate mood that she feared. But, since she so much wanted all the best for him that life could give, surely she would have the strength to do nothing that might harm him! Yet, she was afraid.

He was there at the station to meet them, in riding things and a nice rough Norfolk jacket that she did not recognize, though she thought she knew his clothes by heart; and as the train came slowly to a standstill the memory of her last moment with him, up in his room amid the luggage that she had helped to pack, very nearly overcame her. It seemed so hard to have to meet him coldly, formally; to have to wait—who knew how long—for a minute with him alone! And he was so polite, so beautifully considerate, with all the manners of a host; hoping she wasn't tired, hoping Mr. Stormer had brought his fishing-rod, though they had lots, of course, they could lend him, hoping the weather would be fine, that they wouldn't mind having to drive three miles, and busying himself about their luggage. All this, when she just wanted to take him in her arms and push his hair back from his forehead, and look at him!

He did not drive with them—he had thought they would be too crowded—but followed, keeping quite close in the dust, to point out the scenery, mounted on a "palfrey," as her husband called the roan with the black swish tail.

This countryside, so rich and yet a little wild, the independent-looking cottagers, the old dark cosey manor-house, all was very new to one used to Oxford, and to London, and to little else of England; and all was delightful. Even Mark's guardian seemed to her delightful. For Gordy, when absolutely forced to face an unknown woman, could bring to the encounter a certain bluff ingratiation. His sister, too, Mrs. Doone, with her faded gentleness, seemed soothing.

When Anna was alone in her room—reached by an unexpected little stairway—she stood looking at its carved four-poster bed and the wide lattice-window with chintz curtains, and the flowers in a blue bowl. Yes, all was delightful—And yet! What was it? What had she missed? Ah! She was a fool to fret! It was only his anxiety that they should be comfortable, his fear that he might betray himself. Out there those last few days—his eyes! And now! She brooded earnestly over what dress she should put on. She, who tanned so quickly, had almost lost her sunburn in the week of travelling, and Oxford. To-day her eyes looked tired, and she was pale. She was not going to disdain anything that might help. She had reached thirty-six last month, and he—would be nineteen to-morrow! She decided on black. In black she knew that her neck looked whiter, and the color of her eyes and hair stranger. She put on no jewelry, did not even pin a rose at her breast, took white gloves. Since her husband did not come to her room, she went up the little stairway to his. She surprised him ready dressed, standing by the fireplace, smiling faintly. What was he thinking of, standing there with that smile? Was there blood in him at all?

He inclined his head slightly, and said:

"Good! Chaste as the night! Black suits you. Shall we find our way down to these savage halls?"

And they went down.

Every one was already there, waiting. A single neighboring squire and magistrate, by name Trusham, had been bidden, to make numbers equal.

Dinner was announced; they went in. At the round table in a dining-room all black oak, with many candles, and terrible portraits of departed ancestors, Anna sat between the magistrate and Gordy. Mark was opposite, between a quaint-looking old lady and a young girl who had not been introduced—a girl in white, with very fair hair and very white skin, blue eyes, and lips a little parted; a daughter evidently of the faded Mrs. Doone. A girl like a silvery moth, like a forget-me-not! Anna found it hard to take her eyes away from this girl's face; not that she admired her exactly; pretty she was—yes; but weak, with those parted lips and soft chin, and almost wistful look, as if her deep-blue half-eager eyes were in spite of her. But she was young—so young! That was why not to watch her seemed

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impossible. "Sylvia Doone?" Indeed! Yes. A soft name, a pretty name—and very like her! Every time her eyes could travel away from her duty to Squire Trusham, and to Gordy (on both of whom she was clearly making an impression), she gazed at this girl, sitting there by the boy, and whenever those two young things smiled and spoke together she felt her heart contract and hurt her. Was *this* why that something had gone out of his eyes? Ah! she was foolish. If every girl or woman the boy knew was to cause such a feeling in her, what would life be like? And her will hardened against her fears. She was looking brilliant, herself; and she saw that the girl in her turn could not help gazing at her eagerly, wistfully, a little bewildered—hatefully young. And the boy? Slowly, surely, as a magnet draws, Anna could feel that she was drawing him, could see him stealing chances to look at her; once she surprised him full. But what troubled eyes! It was not the old adoring face; yet she knew from its expression that she could yet make him want her—make him jealous—still fire him with her kisses, if she would.

And the dinner wore to an end. Then came the moment when the girl and she must meet under the eyes of the mother, and that sharp, quaint-looking old governess. It would be a hard moment—that! And it came—a hard moment and a long one; for Gordy sat full span over his wine. But Anna had not served her time beneath the gaze of upper Oxford for nothing; she managed to be charming, full of interest and questions in her still rather foreign accent. Miss Doone—soon she became Sylvia—must show her all the treasures and antiquities. Was it too dark to go out just to look at the old house by night? Oh, no! Not a bit. There were goloshes in the hall. And they went, the girl leading, and talking of Anna knew not what, so absorbed was she in thinking how for a moment, just a moment, she could contrive to be with the boy alone.

It was not remarkable—this old house, but it was his home, might some day perhaps be his. And houses at night were strangely alive with their window eyes.

"That is my room," the girl said, "where the jessamine is—you can just see it. Mark's is above—look—under where the eave hangs out, away to the left. The other night—" She stopped.

"Yes; the other night?"

"Oh, I don't—! Listen. That's an owl. We have heaps of owls. Mark likes them. I don't, much."

Always Mark!

"He's awfully keen, you see, about all beasts and birds—he models them. Shall I show you his workshop—it's an old greenhouse. Here—you can see in."

There, through the glass, Anna indeed could just see the boy's quaint creations huddling in the dark on a bare floor—a grotesque company of small monsters. She murmured:

"Yes, I see them, but I won't really look unless he brings me himself."

"Oh! he's sure to. They interest him more than anything in the world."

For all her cautious resolutions Anna could not for the life of her help saying, then:

"What! More than you?"

The girl gave her a wistful stare, then answered quickly:

"Oh! I don't count much."

Anna laughed, and took her arm. How soft and young it felt! A pang went through her heart, half jealous, half remorseful.

"Do you know," she said, "that you are very sweet?"

The girl did not answer.

"Are you his cousin?"

"No. Gordy is only Mark's uncle by marriage; my mother is Gordy's sister—so I'm nothing."

Nothing!

"I see—just what you English call 'a connection.'"

They were silent, seeming to examine the night; then the girl said:

"I wanted to see you awfully. You're not like what I thought."

"Oh! And what *did* you think?"

"I thought you would have dark eyes, and Venetian red hair, and not be quite so tall. Of course, I haven't any imagination."

They were at the door again when the girl said that, and the hall-light was falling on her; her slip of a white figure showed clear. Young—how young she looked! Everything she said—so young!

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And Anna murmured: "And you are—more than I thought, too."

But just then the men came out from the dining-room. Her husband had the look on his face that denoted he had been well listened to; Squire Trusham was laughing as a man does who has no sense of humor; Gordy had a curly, slightly asphyxiated air; the boy his pale, brooding look, as though he had lost touch with his surroundings. He wavered toward her, seemed to lose himself, went and sat down by the old governess. Was it because he did not dare come to her, or only because he saw the old lady sitting alone? It might well be that.

And the evening, so different from what she had dreamed of, closed in. Squire Trusham was gone in his high dog-cart, with his famous mare whose exploits had entertained her all through dinner. Her candle had been given her; she had said good-night to all but Mark. What should she do, when she had his hand in hers? She would be alone with him in that grasp, whose strength no one could see. And she did not know whether to clasp it passionately, or let it go coolly back to its owner; whether to claim him, or to wait. But she was unable to help pressing it feverishly. At once in his face she saw again that troubled look; and her heart smote her. She let it go, and that she might not see him say good-night to the girl, turned and mounted to her room.

Fully dressed, she flung herself on the bed, and there lay, her handkerchief across her mouth, gnawing at its edges.

XV

MARK'S nineteenth birthday rose in gray mist, slowly dropped its veil to the grass, and shone clear and glistening. He woke early. From his window he could see nothing in the steep park but the soft blue-gray, balloon-shaped oaks suspended one above the other—among the round-topped boulders. It was in early morning that he always got his strongest feeling of wanting to make things; then and after dark, when, for want of light, it was no use. This morning he had the craving badly, and the sense of not knowing how weighed down his spirit. His drawings, his models—they were all so bad, so fumbly. If only this had been his twenty-first birthday, and he had his money and could do what he liked. He would not stay in England. He would go to Athens, or Rome, or even to Paris, and work till he *could* do something. And in his holidays he would study animals and birds in wild countries where there were plenty of them, and you could watch them in their haunts. It was stupid having to stay in a place like Oxford; but at the thought of what Oxford meant, his roaming fancy, like a bird hypnotized by a hawk, fluttered, stayed suspended, and dived back to earth. And that feeling of wanting to make things suddenly left him. It was as though he had woken up, himself; then—lost himself again. Very quietly he made his way downstairs. The garden door was not shuttered, not even locked—it must have been forgotten overnight. Last night! He had never thought he would feel like this when she came—so bewildered and confused; drawn toward her, but by something held back. And he felt impatient, angry with himself, almost with her. Why could he not be just simply happy, as this morning was happy? He got his field-glasses, and searched the meadow that led down to the river. Yes, there were several rabbits out. With the white marguerites and the dew cobwebs, it was all moonflowery and white, and the rabbits being there made it perfect. He wanted one badly to model from, and for a moment was tempted to get his rock-rifle—but what was the good of a dead rabbit?—besides, they looked so happy! He put the glasses down and went toward his greenhouse to get a drawing-block, thinking to sit on the wall and make a sort of midsummer night's dream sketch, of flowers and rabbits. Some one was there, bending down and doing something to his creatures. Who had the cheek—? Why, it was Sylvia—in her dressing-gown! He grew hot, then cold with anger. He could not bear any one in that holy place! It was hateful to have his things even looked at; and she—she seemed to be fingering them. He pulled the door open with a jerk, and said: "What are you doing?" He was indeed so stirred by righteous wrath that he hardly noticed the gasp she gave, and the collapse of her figure against the wall. She ran past him, and vanished

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without a word. He went up to his creatures, and saw that she had placed on the head of each one of them a little sprig of jessamine flower. Why! It was idiotic! He could see nothing at first but the ludicrousness of flowers on the heads of his beasts! Then the desperation of this attempt to imagine something graceful, something that would give him pleasure—for he saw now that this was a birthday decoration—touched him; from that it was only a second before he was horrified with himself. Poor little Sylvia! What a brute he was! She had plucked all that jessamine—must have hung out of her window, risked falling, to get hold of it; and she had woken up early, and come down in her dressing-gown just to do something that she thought he would like! It was horrible—what he had done! Now, when it was too late he saw, only too clearly, her startled white face and quivering lips, and the way she had shrunk against the wall. How pretty she had looked in her dressing-gown with her hair all about her, frightened like that! He would do anything now to make up to her for having been such a perfect beast! The feeling—always a little with him—that he must look after her dating no doubt from days when he protected her, as a child, from bulls that were not there; and the feeling of her being so sweet and decent to him always; and some other feeling too—all these suddenly reached poignant climax. He simply must make it up to her! He ran back into the house, and stole up-stairs. Outside her room he listened with all his might, but could hear nothing; then tapped softly with one nail, and putting his mouth to the keyhole, whispered: "Sylvia!" Again and again he whispered her name. He even tried the handle, meaning to open the door an inch, but it was bolted. Once he thought he heard a noise like sobbing, and this made him still more wretched. At last he gave it up; she would not come, would not be consoled. He deserved it, he knew, but it was very hard. And dreadfully dispirited he went up to his room, took a bit of paper, and tried to write.

"Dearest Sylvia,

It was most awfully sweet of you to put your stars on my beasts. It was just about the most sweet thing you could have done. I am an awful brute, but of course if I had only known what you were doing, I should have loved it. Do forgive me; I deserve it, of course—only it *is* my birthday.

Your sorrowful

Mark."

He took this down, slipped it under her door, tapped so that she might notice it, and stole away. It relieved his mind a little, and he went downstairs again.

Back in the greenhouse, sitting on a stool, he ruefully contemplated those chapleted beasts. They consisted of a crow, a sheep, a turkey, two doves, a pony, and sundry fragments. She had fastened the jessamine sprigs to the tops of their heads by a tiny daub of wet clay, and had evidently been surprised, trying to put a sprig into the mouth of one of the doves, for it hung by a little thread of clay from the beak. He detached it and put it in his buttonhole. Poor little Sylvia! She took things awfully to heart. He would be as nice as ever he could to her all day. And balancing on his stool, he stared fixedly at the wall against which she had fallen back; the line of her soft chin and throat seemed now to be his only memory. It was very queer, how he could see nothing but that, the way the throat moved, swallowed; so white, so soft—and *he* had made it go like that! It seemed an unconscionable time till breakfast.

As the hour approached, he haunted the hall, hoping she might be first down. At last he heard footsteps, and waited, hidden behind the door of the empty dining-room, lest at sight of him she should turn back. He had rehearsed what he was going to do. Bend down and kiss her hand and say: "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful lady in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight upon the earth," from his favorite passage out of his favorite book, "Don Quixote." She would surely forgive him then, and his heart would no longer hurt him. Certainly she could never go on making him so miserable if she knew his feelings. She was too soft and gentle for that. But alas! It was not Sylvia. It was Anna, fresh from sleep, with her ice-green eyes, and bright hair; and in sudden strange antipathy to her, so strong

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and vivid, he stood dumb. And that first lonely moment, which he had so many times in fancy spent locked in her arms, passed without even a kiss. For quickly one by one the others came, but not Sylvia—only news through Mrs. Doone that she had a headache, and was staying in bed. Her present was on the sideboard, a book called "Sartor Resartus." "Mark —from Sylvia, August 1, 1880," together with Gordy's cheque, Mrs. Doone's pearl pin, old Tingle's "Stones of Venice," and one other little parcel wrapped in tissue paper—four ties of varying shades of green, red, and blue, hand-knitted in silk, a present of how many hours made short by the thought that he would wear the produce of that clicking! He did not fail in outer gratitude—but did he realize what had been knitted into those ties? Not then.

Birthdays, like Christmas days, were made for disenchantment. Always the false gaiety of gaiety arranged—always that pistol to the head: "Confound you! Enjoy yourself!" But how could he enjoy himself, with the thought of Sylvia in her room, made ill by his brutality? The vision of her throat working, swallowing her grief, haunted him like a little white soft spectre, all through the long drive out on the moor, and the picnic in the heather, and the long drive home. Haunted him so that when Anna touched or looked at him he had no spirit to answer, no spirit even to try and be with her alone, almost a dread of it.

And when at last they were at home again, and she whispered:

"What is it? What have I done?"

He could only mutter:

"Nothing! Oh, nothing! It's only that I've been a brute."

At that enigmatic answer, she might well search his face.

"Is it my husband?"

It was a relief to be able to answer to that, at all events:

"Oh! no."

"What is it, then—tell me?"

They were standing in the inner porch, pretending to examine the ancestral chart —dotted and starred with dolphins and little full-rigged galleons sailing into harbors—which always hung just there.

"Tell me, Mark; I don't like to suffer!"

What could he say—since he did not know, himself? He stammered, tried to speak, could not get anything out.

"Is it that girl?"

Startled, he looked away, and said:

"Of course not."

She shivered, and went into the house.

But he stayed, staring at that chart, with a dreadful, stirred-up feeling—of shame, and irritation, pity, impatience, fear, all mixed. What had he done—said —lost? It was that horrid feeling of when one has not been kind, and not quite true, yet might have been kinder if one had been still less true. Ah! but it was all so mixed up—it felt all bleak too and wintry in him, as if he had suddenly lost everybody's love. Then he was conscious of his tutor.

"Ah! friend Lennan—looking deeply into the past from the less romantic present? Nice things, those old charts. The dolphins are extremely jolly."

It was difficult to remember not to be ill-mannered then. Why did Stormer jeer like that? He just managed to answer:

"Yes, sir, I wish we had some now."

"There are so many moons we wish for, Lennan; and they none of them come tumbling down."

The voice was almost earnest. And the boy's resentment fled. He felt sorry. But why—he did not know.

"In the meantime," he heard his tutor say, "let us dress for dinner."

When he came down to the drawing-room, Anna, in her moonlight-colored frock, was sitting on the sofa talking to—Sylvia. He kept away from them; they could neither of them want him. But it did seem odd to him—who knew not too much concerning women—that she could be talking so gaily, when only half an hour ago she had said: "Is it that girl?"

He sat next to her at dinner. Again it was puzzling that she should be laughing so serenely at Gordy's stories. Did that whispering in the porch, then, mean nothing? And Sylvia would not look at him; he felt sure that she turned her eyes away simply because she knew he was going to look in her direction. And this roused in him a sore feeling—everything that night seemed to rouse that feeling of injustice; he was cast out, and he could not tell

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why. He had not meant to hurt either of them! Why should they both want to hurt him so? And presently there came to him a feeling that he did not care. Let them treat him as they liked! There were other things besides love! If they did not want him—he did not want them! And he hugged this reckless, unhappy, don't-care feeling to him with all the abandonment of youth.

But even birthdays come to an end. And moods and feelings that seem so desperately real die in the unreality of sleep.

XVI

If to the boy that birthday was all bewildered disillusionment, to Anna it was verily slow torture; *she* found no relief in thinking that there were things in life other than love. But next morning brought readjustment, a sense of yesterday's extravagance, a renewal of hope. Impossible surely that in one short fortnight she had lost what she had made so sure of! She had only to be resolute. Only to grasp firmly what was hers. After all these empty years was she not to have her hour? To sit still meekly and see it snatched from her by a slip of a soft girl? A thousand times, no! And she watched her chance. She saw him about noon sally forth toward the river, with his rod. She had to wait a little, for Gordy and his bailiff were down there by the tennis-lawn, but they soon moved on. She ran out then to the park gate. Once through that she felt safe; her husband, she knew, was working in his room; the girl somewhere invisible; the old governess still at her housekeeping; Mrs. Doone writing letters. She felt full of hope and courage. This old wild tangle of a park, that she had not yet seen, was beautiful—a true trysting-place for fauns and nymphs, with its mossy trees and boulders and the high bracken. She kept along under the wall in the direction of the river, but came to no gate, and began to be afraid that she was going wrong. She could hear the river on the other side, and looked for some place where she could climb and see exactly where she was. An old ash-tree tempted her. Scrambling up into its fork, she could just see over. There was the little river within twenty yards, its clear dark water running between thick foliage. On its bank lay a huge stone, balanced on another stone still more huge. And with his back to this stone stood the boy, his rod leaning beside him. And there, on the ground, her arms resting on her knees, her chin on her hands, that girl sat, looking up. How eager his eyes—how different from the brooding eyes of yesterday!

"So you see, that was all. You might forgive me, Sylvia!"

And to Anna it seemed as if those two young faces formed suddenly but one—the face of youth.

If she had stayed there looking for all time, she could not have had graven on her heart a vision more indelible. Vision of spring, of all that was gone from her forever! She shrank back out of the fork of the old ash-tree, and like a stricken beast went hurrying, stumbling away amongst the stones and bracken. She ran thus perhaps a quarter of a mile, then threw up her arms, fell down amongst the fern, and lay there on her face. At first her heart hurt her so that she felt nothing but that physical pain. If she could have died! But she knew it was nothing but breathlessness. It left her, and that which took its place she tried to drive away by pressing her breast against the ground, by clutching the stalks of the bracken—an ache, an emptiness too dreadful! Youth to youth! He was gone from her and she was alone again! She did not cry. What good in crying? But gusts of shame kept sweeping through her; shame and rage. So this was all she was worth! The sun struck hot on her back in that lair of tangled fern, where she had fallen; she felt faint and sick. She had not known till now quite what this passion for the boy had meant to her; how much of her very belief in herself was bound up with it; how much clinging to her own youth. What bitterness! One soft slip of a white girl—one *young* thing—and she was—nothing! But was she nothing? Could she not even now wrench him back to her with the passion that this child knew nothing of! Surely!—oh! surely! Let him but once taste the rapture she could give him! And at that thought she ceased clutching at the bracken stalks, lying as still as the very stones around her. Could she not? Might she

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not? Even now? And all feeling, except just a sort of quivering, deserted her—as if she had fallen into a trance. Why spare that girl? Why falter? She was first! He had been hers out there. And she still had the power to draw him. At dinner the first evening she had dragged his gaze to her, away from that girl—away from youth, as a magnet draws steel. She could still bind him with chains that for a little while at all events he would not want to break! Bind him? Hateful word! Take him, hankering after what she could not give him—youth, white innocence, spring? It would be infamous, infamous! She sprang up from the fern, and ran along the hillside, not looking where she went, stumbling among the tangled growth, in and out of the boulders, till she once more sank breathless onto a stone. It was bare of trees just here, and she could see, across the river valley, the high larch-crowned tor on the far side. The sky was clear—the sun bright. A hawk was wheeling over that hill; far up, very near the blue! Infamous! She could not do that. She could not drug him, drag him to her by his senses, by all that was least high in him, when she wished for him all the finest things that life could give, as if she had been his mother. She could not. In that moment of intense spiritual agony, those two down there in the sun, by the gray stone and the dark water, seemed guarded from her, protected; the girl's white-flower face trembling up, the boy's gaze leaping down! Strange that a heart which felt that, could at the same moment hate that girl, and burn to kill with kisses the eagerness in the boy's eyes. And she prayed just to feel nothing. She prayed—that she might see how natural it was that she should lose her hour! Natural that her thirst should go unslaked, and her passion never flower; natural that youth should go to youth—this boy to his own kind, by the law of—love. The breeze blowing down the valley fanned her cheeks, and brought her a faint sensation of relief. . . . Nobility! Was that just a word? Or did those that gave up happiness feel noble? . . .

She wandered for a long time in the park. Not till late afternoon did she again pass out by the gate through which she had entered, full of hope. She met no one before she reached her room; and there, to be safe, took refuge in her bed. She dreaded only lest her feeling of utter weariness should leave her. She wanted no vigor of mind or body till she was away from here. She meant neither to eat nor drink; only to sleep, if she could. To-morrow, if there were any early train, she could be gone before she need see any one; her husband must arrange. As to what he would think, and she could say—time enough to decide that. And what did it matter? The one vital thing now was not to see the boy—she could not again go through those hours of struggle. She rang the bell, and sent the startled maid with a message to her husband. While she waited for him to come, her pride began revolting. She must not let him see. That would be horrible, unnatural. And slipping out of bed she got a handkerchief and the eau-de-cologne flask, and bandaged her forehead. He came almost instantly, entering in his quick noiseless way, and stood looking at her. He did not ask what was the matter—but simply waited. And never before had she realized so completely how he began, as it were, where she left off; began on a plane from which instinct and feeling were as carefully ruled out as though they had been blasphemous. She summoned all her courage, and said: "I went into the park; the sun must have been too hot. I should like to go home to-morrow, if you don't mind. I can't bear not feeling well in other people's houses."

She was conscious of a smile flickering over his face; then it grew grave.

"Ah!" he said; "yes. The sun, a touch of that will last some days. Will you be fit to travel, though?"

She had a sudden conviction that he knew all about it, but that—since to know all about it was to feel himself ridiculous—he had the power of making himself believe that he knew nothing. Was this fine of him, or was it hateful?

She closed her eyes, and said:

"My head is bad, but I *shall* be able. Only, I don't want a fuss. Could we go by a train before they are down to-morrow?"

She heard him say:

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"Yes. That will have its advantages."

There was not the faintest sound now, but of course he was still there. In that dumb motionless presence was all her future. Yes, that would be her future—a thing without feeling, and without motion. A fearful curiosity came on her to look at it. She opened her eyes. Yes! He was still standing just as he had been, his eyes fixed on her. But one hand, on the edge of his coat-pocket—out of the picture, as it were—was nervously closing and unclosing. And suddenly she felt pity. Not for her future—which must be like that; but for him. How dreadful to have grown so that all emotion was exiled—how dreadful! And she said gently:

"I am sorry, Harold."

As if he had heard something strange and startling, his eyes dilated in a curious way, he buried that nervous hand in his pocket, turned, and went out.

XVII

When young Mark came on Sylvia by the logan-stone, it was less surprising to him than if he had not known she was there—having watched her go. She was sitting, all humped together, brooding over the water, her sun-bonnet thrown back; and that hair, in which his star had caught, shining faint-gold under the sun. He came to her softly through the grass, and, when he was a little way off, thought it best to halt. If he startled her she might run away, and he would not have the heart to follow. How still she was, lost in her brooding! He wished he could see her face. He spoke at last, gently:

"Sylvia! . . . Would you mind?"

And, seeing that she did not move, went up to her. Surely she could not still be angry with him!

"Thanks most awfully for that book you gave me—it looks splendid!"

She made no answer. Leaning his rod against the stone, he sighed. That silence of hers seemed to him unjust; what was it she wanted him to say or do? Life was not worth living, if it was to be all bottled up like this.

"I never meant to hurt you. I hate hurting people. It's only that my beasts are so bad—I can't bear people to see them—especially you—I want to please you—I do really. So, you see, that was all. You *might* forgive me, Sylvia!"

Something over the wall, a rustling, a scattering in the fern—deer, no doubt! And again he said eagerly, softly:

"You might be nice to me, Sylvia; you really might."

Very quickly, turning her head away, she said:

"It isn't that any more. It's—it's something else."

"What else?"

"Nothing—only, that I don't count—now——"

He knelt down beside her. What did she mean? But he knew well enough.

"Of course you count! Most awfully. Oh! don't be unhappy. I hate people being unhappy. Don't be unhappy, Sylvia!" And he began gently to stroke her arm. It was all strange and troubled within him; one thing only plain—he must not admit—! As if reading that thought, her blue eyes seemed suddenly to search right into him. Then she pulled some blades of grass, and began plaiting them.

"*She* counts."

Ah! He was not going to say: She doesn't! It would be caddish to say that. Even if she didn't count—Did she still?—it would be caddish, a low thing. In his eyes just then there was the look that had made his tutor compare him to a lion cub in trouble. She touched his arm timidly:

"Mark!"

"Yes."

"Don't!"

He got up, and took his rod. What was the use? He could not stay there with her, since he could not—must not speak.

"Are you going?"

"Yes."

"Are you angry? *Please* don't be angry with me."

He felt a choke in his throat, bent down to her hand, and kissed it; then shouldered his rod, and marched away. Looking back once, he saw her still sitting there, gazing after him, forlorn, by that great stone. It seemed to him, then, there was nowhere he could go; nowhere except among the birds and beasts and trees, who did not mind even if you were all mixed up and horrible inside. He lay down in

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the grass on the bank. He could see the tiny trout moving round and round the stones; swallows came all about him, flying very low; a hornet too bore him company for a little. But he could take interest in nothing; it was as if his spirit were in prison. It would have been nice, indeed, to be that water, never staying, passing, passing; or wind, touching everything, never caught. To be able to do nothing without hurting some one—that was what was so ghastly. If only one were like a flower, that just sprang up and lived its life, all to itself, and died. Whatever he did or said, now, would be like telling lies, or else being cruel. The only thing was to keep away from people. But how keep away from his own guests?

He went back to the house for lunch, but both those guests were out, no one seemed quite to know where. Restless, unhappy, puzzled, he wandered round and about all the afternoon. Just before dinner he was told of Mrs. Stormer's not being well, and that they would be leaving to-morrow. Going—after three days! That plunged him deeper into his strange and sorrowful confusion. He was reduced now to a complete, brooding silence. He knew that he was attracting attention, but he could not help it. Several times during dinner he caught Gordy's eyes fixed on him, from under those puffy half-closed lids, with asphyxiated speculation. But he simply *could* not talk—everything that came into his mind to say seemed false. Ah! it was a sad evening—with its glimmering vision into another's sore heart, its confused gnawing sense of things broken, faith betrayed; and yet always the perplexed wonder—"How could I have helped it?" And always Sylvia's wistful face that he tried not to look at.

He stole out, leaving Gordy and his tutor still over their wine, and roamed about the garden a long time, listening sadly to the owls. It was a blessing to get upstairs, though of course he would not sleep.

But he did sleep, all through a night of many dreams, in the last of which he was lying on a mountain-side, Anna looking down into his eyes, and bending her face to his. He woke just as her lips touched him. Still under the spell of that troubling dream, he became conscious of the sound of wheels and horses' hoofs on the gravel, and sprang out of bed. There was the wagonette moving from the door, old Godden driving, luggage piled up beside him, and *they* sitting opposite each other in the body of the carriage. Going away like that—having never even said good-by! For a moment he felt as people must when they have unwittingly killed some one—utterly stunned and miserable. Then he dashed into his clothes. He would not let her go thus! He would—he must—see her again! What had he done that she should go like this? He rushed downstairs. The hall was empty; nineteen minutes to eight! The train left at eight o'clock. Had he time to saddle Bolero? He rushed round to the stables—but the cob was out, being shoed. He would—he must get there in time. It would show her anyway that he was not quite a cad. He walked till the drive curved, then began running hard. A quarter of a mile, and already he felt better, not so miserable and guilty; it was something to feel you had a tough job in hand, all your work cut out—something to have to think of economizing strength, picking out the best going, keeping out of the sun, saving your wind uphill, flying down any slope. It was cool still, and the dew had laid the dust; there was no traffic and scarcely any one to look back and gape, as he ran by. What he would do, if he got there in time—how explain this mad three-mile run—he did not think. He passed a farm that he knew was just half-way. He had left his watch—indeed he had put on only his trousers, shirt, and Norfolk jacket; no tie, no hat, not even socks under his tennis-shoes, and he was as hot as fire, with his hair flying back—a strange young creature indeed for any one to meet. But he had lost now all feeling, save the will to get there. A flock of sheep came out of a field into the lane. He pushed through them somehow, but they lost him several seconds. More than a mile still; and he was blown, and his legs beginning to give. Downhill indeed they went of their own accord, but there was the long run-in, quite level; and he could hear the train now slowly puffing its way along the valley. Then, in spite of exhaustion, his spirit rose. He

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would not go in looking like a scarecrow, utterly done, and make a scene. He must pull himself together at the end, and stroll in—as if he had come for fun. But how? At any moment he felt that he might fall flat in the dust, and stay there forever. And, as he ran, he made little desperate efforts to mop his face, and brush his clothes. There were the gates, at last—two hundred yards away. The train, he could hear no longer. It must be standing in the station. And a sob came from his overdriven lungs. He heard the guard's whistle as he reached the gates. Instead of making for the booking-office, he ran along the paling—there was an entrance to the goods-shed open, and he dashed through and fell back against the honeysuckle. The engine was just abreast of him; he snatched at his sleeve and passed it over his face, to wipe the sweat away. Everything was blurred. He must see—surely he had not come in time just not to see! He pushed his hands over his forehead and hair, and spied up dizzily at the slowly passing train. She was there, at a window! Standing, looking out! He dared not step forward, for fear of falling, but he put out his hand. She saw him. Yes, she saw him! Wasn't she going to make a sign? Not one? And suddenly he saw her tear at her dress, pluck something out, and throw it. It fell close to his feet. He did not pick it up—he wanted to see her face till she was gone. It looked wonderful—very proud—and pale. She put her hand up to her lips. Then everything went blurred again, and when he could see once more, the train had vanished. But at his feet was what she had thrown. He picked it up. All dry and dark, it was the flower she had given him out there, and stolen back, from his buttonhole.

Creeping out, past the goods-shed, he made his way to a field, and lay down with his face pressed to that withered thing which still had its scent. . . .

The asphyxiated speculation in his guardian's eyes had not been without significance. Mark did not go back to Oxford. He went instead to Rome—to live in his sister's house, and attend a school of sculpture. That was the beginning of a time when nothing counted except his work.

To Anna he wrote twice, but received no answer. From his tutor he had one little note:

"My dear Lennan,

So! You abandon us for Art? Ah! well—it was your moon, if I remember—one of them. A worthy moon—a little dusty in these days—a little in her decline—but to you no doubt a virgin goddess, whose hem, etc.

We shall retain the friendliest memories of you in spite of your defection.

Once your tutor and still your friend

Harold Stormer."

After that vacation it was long—very long before he saw Sylvia again.

(To be continued.)

THE SECRET

By John Hall Wheelock

You must find an angel,
To enter Paradise:
Heaven is only seen
Through another's eyes.

'Tis another bosom
Holds the key thereof:
Through the hearts that love us
Alone we enter love.

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TURKISH COFFEE-HOUSES

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

FOR one who has ever walked the streets of a Turkish town it is almost impossible to imagine them without coffee-houses. Yet those resorts are of comparative recency among the Turks, and they were not acclimated without bitter opposition. While the properties of the coffee-berry are supposed to have been discovered or rediscovered by an Arab dervish in the thirteenth century, they were unknown in Constantinople until three hundred years later. The first coffee-house was opened there in 1554 by one Shemsi, a native of Aleppo. He returned to Syria three years later, taking with him five thousand ducats and little imagination of what uproar his successful enterprise was to cause. The beverage so quickly appreciated was as quickly looked upon by the orthodox as insidious to the public morals—partly because it seemed to merit the recommendations of the Koran against intoxicants, partly because it brought people together in places other than mosques. "The black enemy of sleep and of love," as a poet styled the Arabian berry, was variously denounced as one of the Four Elements of the World of Pleasure, one of the Four Pillars of the Tent of Lubricity, one of the Four Cushions of the Couch of Voluptuousness, and one of the Four Ministers of the Devil—the other three being tobacco, opium, and wine. The name of the drug may have had something to do with the hostility it encountered. *Kahveh*, whence our *coffee*, is a slight modification of an Arabic word—literally meaning "that which takes away the appetite" —which is one of the names of wine. The stimulating effect of coffee, however, is more than a name. There is indeed a coffee habit, no less demoralizing than the abuse of any other stimulant, the victims of which, like opium-smokers, are called by the Turks *teryaki*.

Suleïman the Magnificent, during whose reign the Syrian Shemsi made his little fortune, took no notice of the agitation against the new drink. But succeeding sultans pursued those who indulged in it with unheard-of severity. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries coffee-drinkers were persecuted in Constantinople more rigorously than wine-bibbers have ever been in England or America. Their most unrelenting enemy was the bloody Mourad IV, who closed all the coffee-houses after the great fire of 1633 and forbade the use of coffee or tobacco under pain of death. He, and his nephew Mohammed IV after him, used to patrol the city in disguise, *à la* Haroun-al-Rashid, in order to detect and punish for themselves any violation of the law. The latter sultan, nevertheless, was the means of extending the habit to Europe—which, for the rest, he doubtless considered its proper habitat. To be sure, it was merely during his reign that the English made their first acquaintance with our after-dinner friend. It was brought back from Smyrna in 1652 by a Mr. Edwards, member of the Levant Company, whose house was so besieged by those curious to taste the strange concoction that he set up his Greek servant in the first coffee-house in London. There too, however, coffee was soon looked upon askance in high places. A personage no more straitlaced than Charles II caused a court to hand down the following decision: "The retayling of Coffee may be an innocente Trayde; but as it is used to nourishe Seddition, spreade Lyes, and scandalize Greate Menne, it may also be a common Nuisaunce." In the meantime an envoy of Mohammed IV introduced coffee to the court of Louis XIV in 1669. And Vienna acquired the habit fourteen years later, when that capital was besieged by the same sultan. After the rout of the Turks by John Sobiesky a vast quantity of the fragrant brown drug was found among the besiegers' stores. Its use was made known to the Viennese by a Pole

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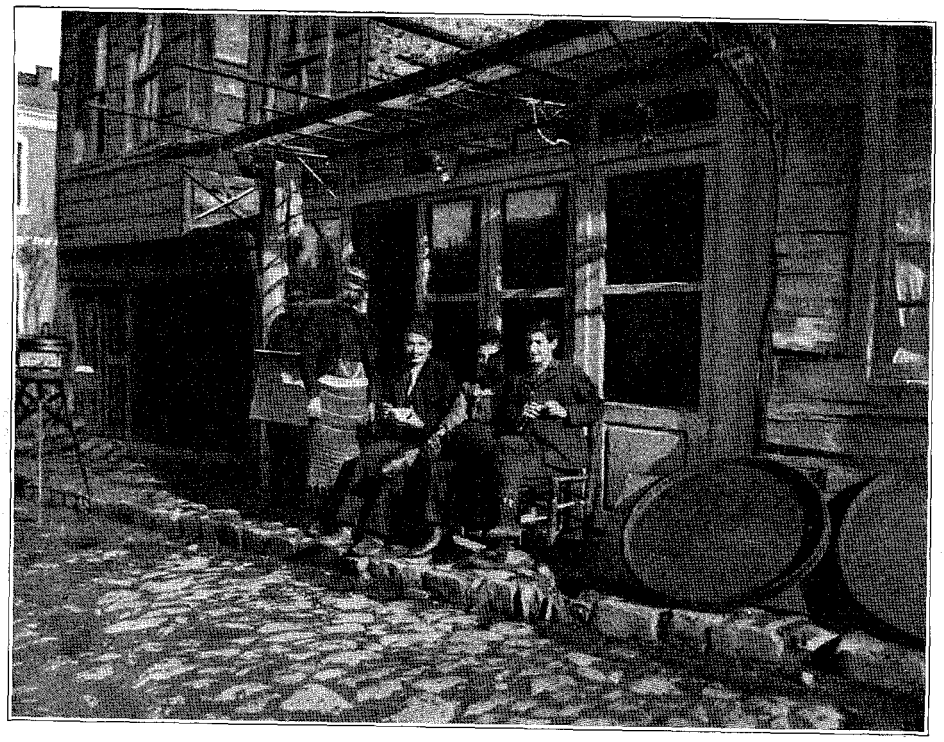

A Turkish coffee-house may also be Greek.

who had been interpreter to the Austrian Company of Commerce in Constantinople. For his bravery in traversing the Turkish camp in order to carry messages during the siege he was given the right to establish the first coffee-house in Vienna.

The history of tobacco in Turkey was very much the same. It first appeared from the West in 1605, in the reign of Ahmet I. Under Mourad IV a famous treatise was written against it by the chief of the Emirs, unconscious forerunner of modernity, who also advocated a mediæval Postum made of beans. Snuff became known in 1642 as an attempt to elude the repressive laws of Sultan Ibrahim. But the habit of smoking, like the taste for coffee, gained such headway that no one could stop it. Mahmoud I was the last sultan who attempted to do so, when he closed the coffee-houses for political reasons in 1730. Since then coffee and tobacco have become so completely naturalized in the Ottoman Empire that a man who has never seen a Turk will draw him with a coffee-cup in one hand and the tube of a water-pipe in the other. And, as a matter of fact, a person of that race is likelier to carry a tobacco-box than a handkerchief, while he partakes more freely of coffee than of any other aliment. Without those comforters he can take no ease, complete no meal, pay no visit, transact no business. Would it have been the case if he had not been so vigorously opposed in his first experiments with the two drugs? The answer might contribute something to the psychology of prohibition. At all events, it would not be difficult to show that the establishment of coffee-houses in Europe marks a step toward democracy.

The number of these institutions in Constantinople, as in any Turkish town, is quite fabulous. There are thoroughfares that carry on almost no other form of traffic. There is no quarter so miserable or so remote as to be without one or two. They are the clubs of the poorer classes. Men of a street, a trade, a province, or a nationality—for a Turkish coffee-house may also be Albanian, Armenian, Greek, Hebrew, Kurd, almost anything you please—meet regularly when their work is done, at coffee-houses kept by their own people. So much are the humbler coffee-houses frequented

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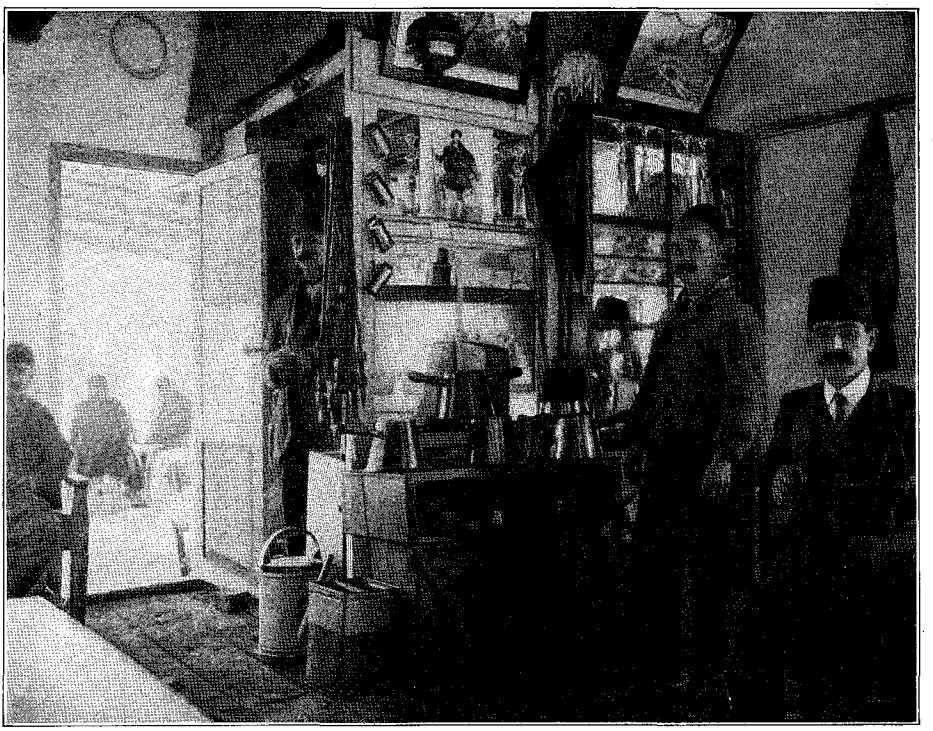

Fez presser in a coffee-house.

by a fixed clientele that a student of types or dialects may realize for himself how truly they used to be called Schools of Knowledge. The police, too, find there not a little material for their own line of research. During the old régime there flourished an association whose members gained as honest a livelihood as they might by setting houses on fire for people who had enemies or required cash. They were accustomed to meet at a certain coffee-house near the Galata Tower. I know not whether they were in understanding with the watchmen who signal fires from that ancient lookout. At all events, the insurance agents used to employ men to frequent the café of the incendiaries, in order to get wind of coming fires or useful information as to past ones. I once had the honor of being escorted through the slums of Galata by one of this gentry, a Greek wanted in his own country for two murders.

The arrangement of a Turkish coffee-house is of the simplest. The essential is that the place should provide the beverage for which it exists and room for enjoying the same. A sketch of a coffee-shop may often be seen in the street, in a scrap of shade or sunshine according to the season, where a stool or two invite the passer-by to a moment of contemplation. Larger establishments, though they are rarely very large, are most often installed in a room longer than it is wide, having as many windows as possible at the street end and what we would call the bar at the other. It is a bar that always makes me regret I do not etch, with its pleasing curves, its high lights of brass and porcelain striking out of deep shadow, and its usually picturesque *kahvehji*. You do not stand at it. You sit on one of the benches running down the sides of the room. They are more or less comfortably cushioned, though sometimes higher and broader than a foreigner finds to his taste. In that case you slip off your shoes, if you would do as the Romans do, and tuck your feet up under you. A table stands in front of you to hold your coffee—and often in summer an aromatic pot of basil to keep the flies away. Chairs or stools are scattered about. Decorative Arabic texts, sometimes wonderful prints, adorn the walls. There may even be hang-

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A sketch of a coffee-shop may often be seen in the street.—Page 622.

ing rugs and china to entertain your eyes. And there you are.

The habit of the coffee-house is one that requires a certain leisure. You must not bolt coffee as you bolt the fire-waters of the West, without ceremony, in retreats withdrawn from the public eye. Being a less violent and a less shameful passion, I suppose, it is indulged in with more of the humanities. The etiquette of the coffee-house, of those coffee-houses which have not been too much infected by Europe, is one of their most characteristic features. Something like it prevails in Italy, where you tip your hat on entering and leaving a *caffè*. In Turkey, however, I have seen a new-comer salute one after another each person in a crowded coffee-room, once on entering the door and again after taking his seat, and be so saluted in return—either by putting the right hand to the heart and uttering the greeting *Merhabah*, or by making the *temennah*, that triple sweep of the hand which is the most graceful of salutes. I have also seen an entire company rise upon the entrance of an old man, and yield him the corner of honor.

Such courtesies take time. Then you must wait for your coffee to be made. To this end coffee, roasted fresh as required by turning in an iron cylinder over a fire of sticks and ground to the fineness of powder in a brass mill, is put into a small uncovered brass pot with a long handle. There it is boiled to a froth three times on a charcoal brazier, with or without sugar as you prefer. But to desecrate it by the admixture of milk is an unheard-of sacrilege. Some *kahvehjis* replace the pot in the embers with a smart rap in order to settle the grounds. You in the meanwhile smoke. That also takes time, particularly if you "drink" a *narguileh*, as the Turks say. This is familiar enough in the West to require no great description. It is a big carafe with a metal top for holding tobacco and a long coil of leather tube for inhaling the water-cooled fumes thereof. The effect is wonderfully soothing and innocent at first, though wonderfully deadly in the end to the novice. The tobacco used is not the ordinary weed, but a much coarser and stronger one called *tunbeki*, which comes from Persia. The same sort of tobacco

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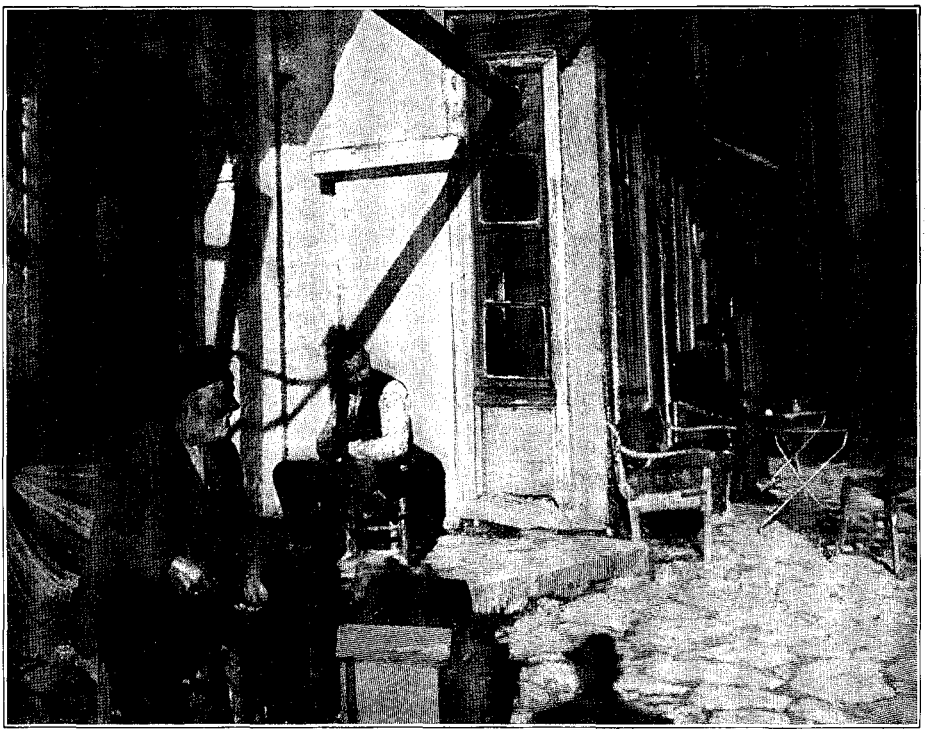

Roasting coffee.—Page 623.

used to be smoked a good deal in shallow red earthenware pipes with long mouthpieces. They are now chiefly seen in antiquity shops.

When your coffee is ready it is poured into an after-dinner coffee-cup or into a miniature bowl, and brought to you on a tray with a glass of water. A foreigner can almost always be spotted by the manner in which he finally partakes of these refreshments. A Turk sips his water first, partly to prepare the way for the coffee, but also because he is a connoisseur of the former liquid as other men are of stronger ones. And he lifts his coffee-cup by the saucer, whether it possess a handle or no, managing the two together in a dexterous way of his own. The current price for all this, not including the water-pipe, is ten paras—a trifle over a cent—for which the *kahvehji* will cry you "Blessing." More pretentious establishments charge twenty paras, while a giddy few rise to a piaster—not quite five cents—or a piaster and a half. That, however, begins to look like extortion. And mark that you do not tip the waiter. I have often been surprised to be charged no more than the tariff, although I gave a larger piece to be changed and it was perfectly evident that I was a foreigner. That is an experience which rarely befalls a traveller among his own coreligionaries. It has even happened to me, which is rarer still, to be charged nothing at all, nay, to be steadfastly refused when I persisted in attempting to pay, simply because I was a foreigner, and therefore a guest.

There is no reason, however, why you should go away when you have had your coffee—or your glass of tea—and your smoke. On the contrary, there are reasons why you should stay, particularly if you happen into the coffee-house not too long after sunset. Then coffee-houses of the most local color are at their best. Earlier in the day their clients are likely to be at work. Later they will have disappeared altogether. For Constantinople has not quite forgotten the habits of the tent. Stamboul, except during the holy month of Ramazan, is a deserted city at night. But just after dark it is full of a life which an

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That also takes time, particularly if you "drink" a *narguileh.*—Page 623.

outsider is often content simply to watch through the lighted windows of coffee-rooms. These are also barber-shops, where men have shaved not only their chins, but different parts of their heads according to their "countries." In them likewise checkers, the Persian backgammon, and various games of long narrow cards are played. They say that Bridge came from Constantinople. Indeed, I believe a club of Pera claims the honor of having communicated that passion to the Western world. But I must confess that I have yet to see an open hand in a coffee-house of the people.

One of the pleasantest forms of amusement to be obtained in coffee-houses is unfortunately getting to be one of the rarest. It is that afforded by itinerant story-tellers, who still carry on in the East the tradition of the troubadours. The stories they tell are more or less on the order of the Arabian Nights, though perhaps even less suitable for mixed companies—which for the rest are never found in coffee-shops. These men are sometimes wonderfully clever at character monologue or dialogue. They collect their pay at a crucial moment of the action, refusing to continue until the audience has testified to the sincerity of its interest by some token more substantial.

Music is much more common. There are those, to be sure, who find no music in the sounds poured forth oftenest by a gramophone, often by a pair of gypsies with a flaring pipe and two small gourd drums, and sometimes by an orchestra so-called of the fine lute—a company of musicians on a railed dais who sing long songs while they play on stringed instruments of strange curves. For myself I know too little of music to tell what relation the recurrent cadences of those songs and their broken rhythms may bear to the antique modes. But I can listen, as long as musicians will perform, to those infinite repetitions, that insistent sounding of the minor key. It pleases me to fancy there a music come from far away—from unknown river gorges, from camp-fires glimmering on great plains. Does not such darkness breathe through it, such melancholy, such haunting of elusive

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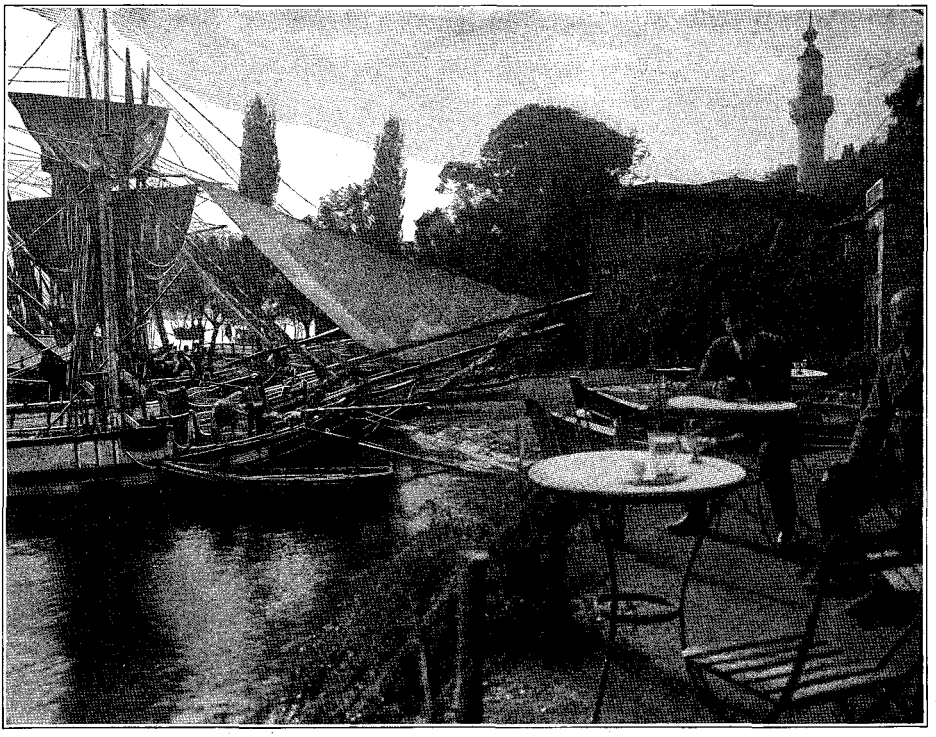

They have a happy tact for locality.—Page 627.

airs? There are flashes too of light, of song, the playing of shepherd's pipes, the swoop of horsemen and sudden outcries of savagery. But the note to which it all comes back is the monotone of a primitive life, like the day-long beat of camel bells. And more than all, it is the mood of Asia, so rarely penetrated, which is neither lightness nor despair.

There are seasons in the year when these various forms of entertainment abound more than at others, as Ramazan and the two Baïrams. Throughout the month of Ramazan the purely Turkish coffee-houses are closed in the daytime, since the pleasures which they minister may not then be indulged in; but they are open all night. It is during that one month of the year that Karaghieuz, the Turkish shadow-show, may be seen in a few of the larger coffee-shops. The Baïrams are two festivals of three and four days respectively, the former of which celebrates the close of Ramazan, while the latter corresponds in certain respects to the Jewish Passover. Dancing is a particular feature of the coffee-houses in Baïram. The Kurds, who carry the burdens of Constantinople on their backs, are above all other men given to this form of exercise—though the Lazzes, the boatmen, vie with them. One of these dark tribesmen plays a little violin like a *pochette*, or two of them perform on a pipe and a big drum, while the others dance round them in a circle, sometimes till they drop from fatigue. The weird music and the picturesque costumes and movements of the dancers make the spectacle one to be remembered. Christian coffee-houses also have their own festal seasons. These coincide in general with the festivals of the church. But every quarter has its patron saint, the saint of the local church or of the local holy well, whose feast is celebrated by a three-day *panayiri*. The street is dressed with flags and strings of colored paper, tables and chairs line the sidewalk, and libations are poured forth in honor of the holy person commemorated. For this reason, and because of the more volatile character of the Greek, the general note of his merrymaking is louder than that of the

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They seek the prospect of water.

Turk. One may even see the scandalous spectacle of men and women dancing together at a Greek *panayiri*. The instrument which sets the key of these orgies is the *lanterna*, a species of hand-organ peculiar to Constantinople. It is a hand-piano rather, of a loud and cheerful voice, whose Eurasian harmonies are enlivened by a frequent clash of bells.

What first made coffee-houses suspicious to those in authority, however, is their true resource—the advantages they offer for meeting one's kind, for social converse and the contemplation of life. Hence it must be that they have so happy a tact for locality. They seek shade, pleasant corners, open squares, the prospect of water or wide landscapes. In Constantinople they enjoy an infinite choice of site, so huge is the extent of that city, so broken by hill and sea, so varied in its spectacle of life. The commonest type of city coffee-room looks out upon the passing world from under a grape-vine or a climbing wistaria. That grape-vine constitutes one of the most decorative elements of Turkish streets. It was never planted for its fruit. Vines allowed to grow as those vines grow do not bear very heavily, and they are too accessible for their grapes to be guarded. They were planted, like the *traghetto* vines in Venice, because they give shade and because they are beautiful. Sometimes they are trained across the street, making of the public way an arbor that seduces the passer-by to stop and taste the taste of life.

Groves and high places are especially dear to the Turks, as to the Canaanites of old. So far as Constantinople is concerned, the former exist in intention oftener than in fact—witness the great plane-trees shading so many edges of the Bosphorus and the stone pines silhouetted on top of so many of its hills. Among high places one of the most frequented is Chamlijah, the Place of Pines, near the summit of the slope on which Scutari amphitheatrically sprawls. From the coffee-houses under the pines you look out over the Marble Sea, that lake of the Greco-Roman world about whose high coasts and fading islands so many famous towns have had their day.

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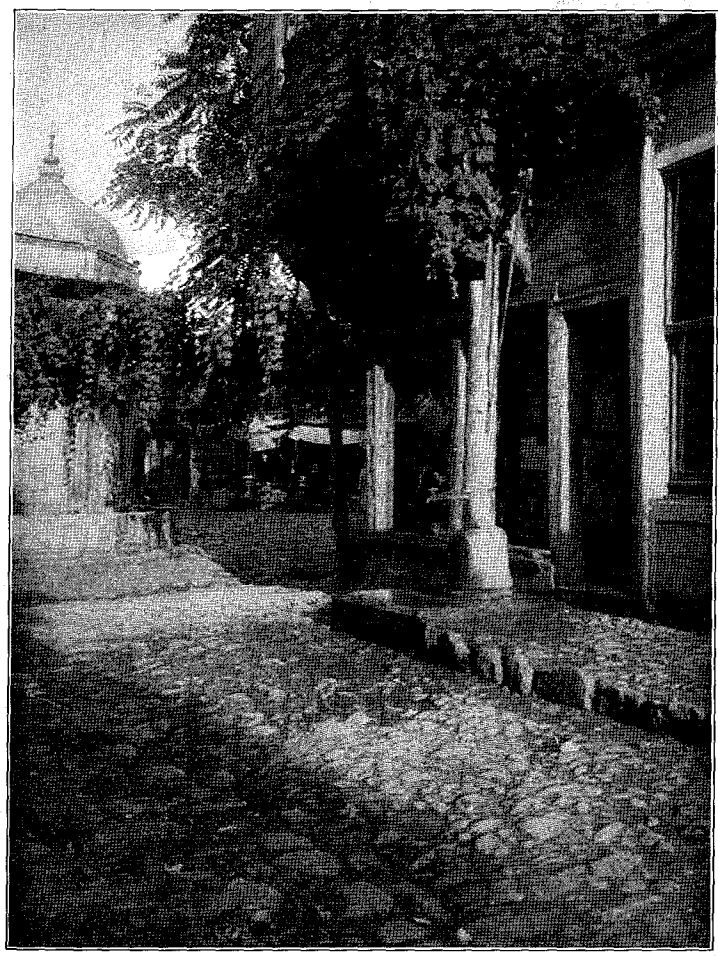
The most famous of them lifts its domes and minarets in front of you, above the basin of toy ships where the Golden Horn meets the blue crack of the Bosphorus. It is a magnif-



That grape-vine constitutes one of the most decorative elements of Turkish streets.—
Page 627.

icent view. But so is the one from Giant's Mountain, the height shutting out the Black Sea from the lower part of the strait. Two views, indeed, dispute your admiration there. One of them is the southward vista of the Bosphorus, shining like a river between its gardened continents, with gray Stamboul faintly pricking the end of the crooked perspective. The other, wilder and strangely harder in atmosphere, overlooks bleak hills, a ruined castle, the gateway of the Clashing Rocks—guarded now by disappearing guns—and the windy Euxine.

Giant's Mountain derives its name from a great person supposed to be buried there; according to some Amycus, king of the Bebryces, from whom the Argonauts received so unkind a welcome; according to others a personage of the Pentateuch, namely, Joshua, the son of Nun. The Turks adhere to the latter view, calling the mountain after him Yousha Dagh and preserving its legendary tomb with much reverence. A monastery of dervishes has the custody of this place of pilgrimage, also maintaining a coffee-house under the adjoining trees. The grave, some twenty feet long, is in an uncovered enclosure planted with rose-bushes and box. The branches are tied all over with bits of rag, left there

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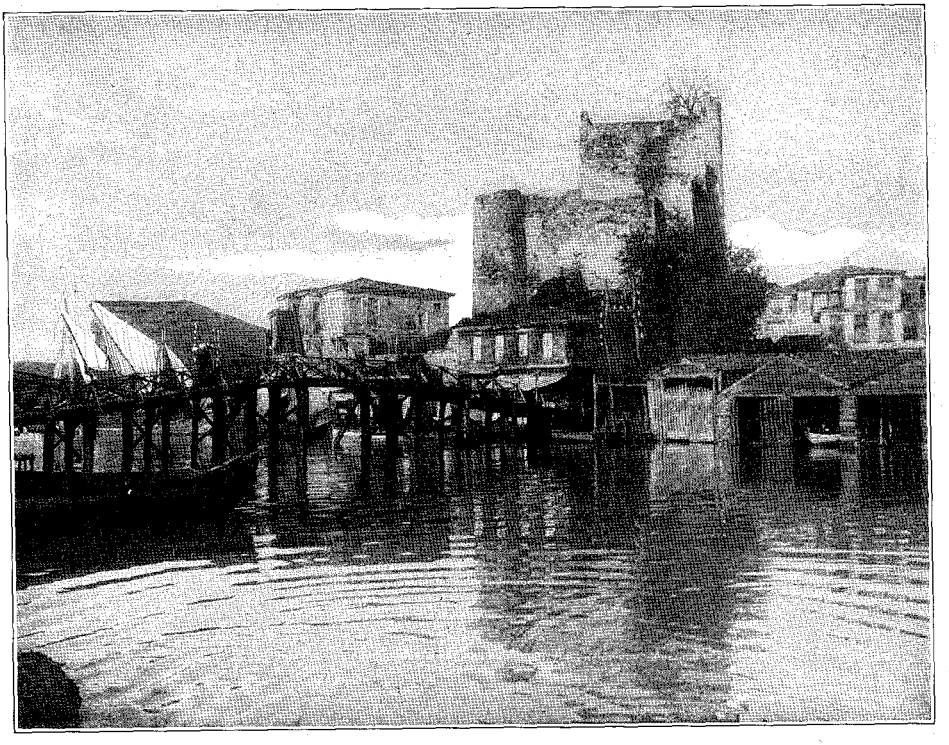

That castle was the first outpost of the Turks on the Bosphorus.—Page 630.

by visitors with some wish to be fulfilled. Within the *tekkeh*, which occupies the site of a church built by Justinian, an ornamental tablet framed under glass bears the following inscription: "Here lies Joshua, the son of Nun, who although not numbered among the apostles may well be called a true prophet sent of God. He was despatched by Moses (on whom be peace) to fight the people of Rome. While the battle was yet unfinished the sun set. Joshua caused the sun to rise again and the Romans could not escape. This miracle convinced them; and when Joshua invited them, after the battle, to accept the true faith, they believed and accepted it. If any man doubts, let him look into the sacred writings at the Holy Places of the Christians and he will be satisfied."

From Giant's Mountain a delightful wood road winds down to a water-side valley which legend makes the scene of the combat between Pollux and King Amycus. I have never found there any of the laurel planted where the latter fell, the *daphne mainomene* that caused madness in those who plucked it. Enormous plane-trees are now the chief vegetation of this green meadow, set out whether by Byzantine or by Ottoman emperors I cannot say. Many of them built villas here. The last, erected to be sure by a viceroy of Egypt, still dominates from its pile of terraces the central basin of the Bosphorus. From its association with royalty this happy valley bears the grim name of Hunkiar Iskelessi—the Landing Place of the Manslayer. It is the sort of place that Turks most love, with its grass, its trees, the brook on one side of it, and the shimmer of wider water at the end. The brook is the most dubious element of this composition, being more in the nature of a ditch. It affords, nevertheless, an excuse for a row of coffee-houses, which are most popular on Friday and Sunday afternoons of summer. Then stools and smokers line the dark stream in silent contemplation; then picnic parties spread rugs or matting on the grass, partaking of strange meats while masters of pipe and drum enchant their ear; then groups of Turkish women in gay silks dot the sward like

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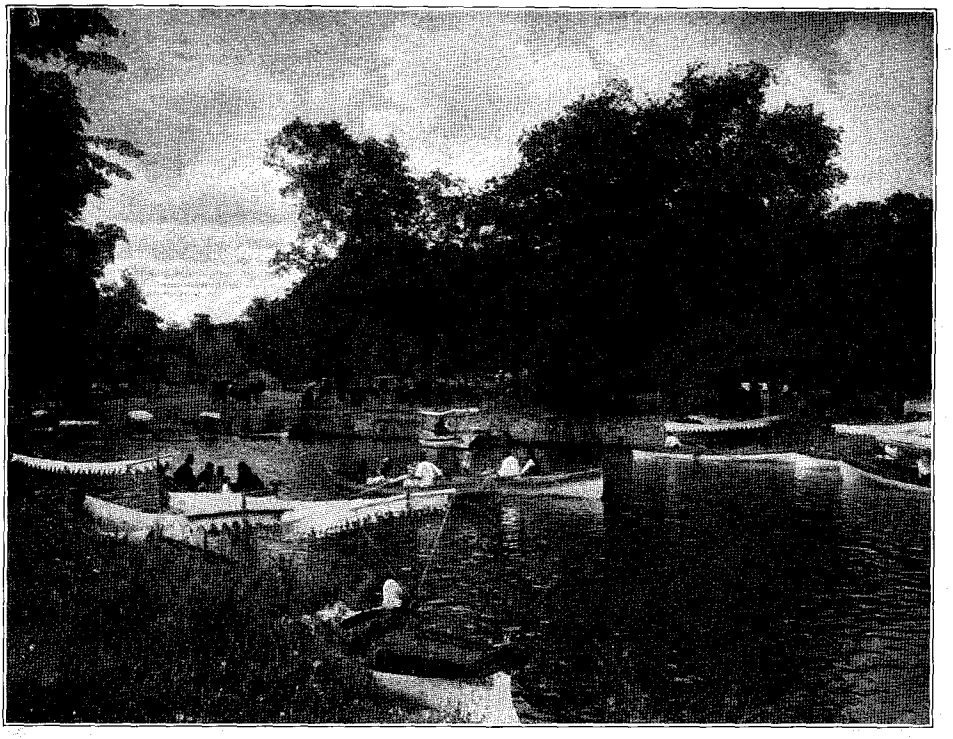

The river is a favorite haunt of pleasure boats.

tulips; then itinerant vendors of fruit, of sweets, of ice-cream, do hawk about their wares; then fortune-tellers, mountebanks, dancers, wrestlers, Punch and Judy actors may be seen—sometimes even players of cricket or base-ball from embassy *stationnaires* at Therapia.

A similar resort, perhaps better known because more accessible, is Ghieuk Sou, or Sky Water, commonly called the Sweet Waters of Asia. Here two small rivers flow into the Bosphorus through a branching valley which Turkish poets have named the most beautiful spot in Asia. I am inclined to suspect that their knowledge of Asia did not go much farther than Ghieuk Sou. Still I would be the last to decry a water-side amphitheatre provided with such various charms. One of them is a little white palace that looks like confectionery near by, but that from a distance has a magic of setting off the green about it and of catching sunset light. Another is the beautiful fountain in the meadow behind the palace. A third is the castle of Anadolu Hissar, at the mouth of the upper river. That castle was the first outpost of the Turks on the Bosphorus. It was built in 1394 by Bayezid the Thunderbolt, who died a prisoner of Tamerlane. The river that winds under the picturesque ruin is a favorite haunt of pleasure boats, being after the Golden Horn the only navigable stream that flows into the strait. Coffee-houses abound upon its banks, a theatre—with a partition cutting the pit in two and the boxes on one side latticed—gives performances during the summer, and on holiday afternoons boats pass and repass like carriages in Rotten Row. Most of the ladies are in the modern Turkish costume, made very much like a European dress except that the upper part falls from the head. The effect is very graceful and Spanish. In these degenerate days the black veil supposed to cover the face is often thrown back. Unfortunately the boats also betray a change of fashion, for there are three skiffs to one *caïque*. But great houses still maintain the most elegant craft in existence, a double or triple oared *caïque*. And sometimes a five-oared embassy *caïque* will row down from

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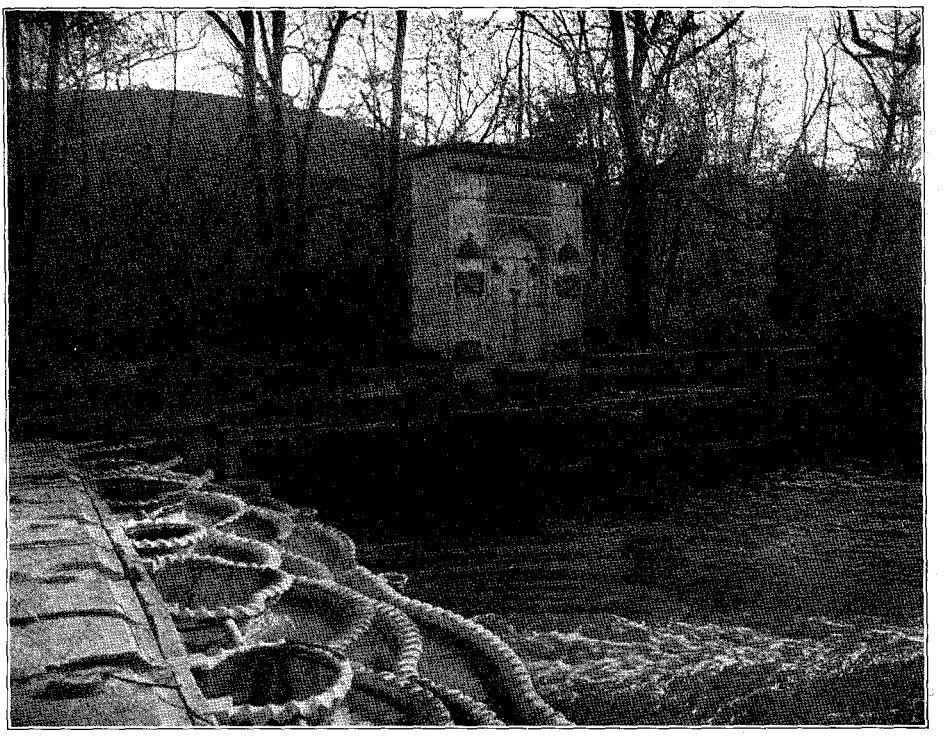

No one is there to watch the river splash down its marble cascades.

Therapia, with some heraldic device at the bow and a gaudy *cavass* sitting cross-legged at the stern.

The spectacle used to be seen in greater glory at the Sweet Waters of Europe, according to the report of more than one traveller. I hope their accounts are more accurate than the name they have handed down. The Turks call the place Kiat Haneh, Paper House, from a manufactory that existed there long ago. It is the upper valley of the Golden Horn, watered by a river anciently known as the Barbysus. The splendor-loving Sultan Ahmet III tried to create there, early in the eighteenth century, another Marly-le-Roi. He played strange tricks with the river, laid out gardens, built villas, and encouraged his courtiers to follow his example. It befell him, however, to be dethroned, whereupon a fanatical mob asked permission of his successor to burn the palaces of Kiat Haneh. Mahmoud I replied that he would not permit the palaces to be burnt, lest other nations draw unfavorable conclusions with regard to the inner harmony of the empire; but that the palaces might be destroyed! They were, a hundred and twenty of them. Of so much magnificence not one stone now remains upon another, unless in a few ruins overgrown by the bushes of the hill-side. There is, to be sure, a palace, built forty or fifty years ago by Abdul Aziz; but the huge rooms are empty of furniture, and no one is there to watch the river splash down its marble cascades except two sour custodians, the gentle old *imam* of the adjoining mosque, a Greek who keeps almost the last coffee-house in the meadow, and such pleasure-seekers as venture so far from the ordinary lines of communication. Among the more recent of the latter may be mentioned a Belgian baron, the first aviator to visit Constantinople, who in the autumn of 1909 tumbled into the valley on his biplane. That strange intruder may have been the forerunner of gayer days for Kiat Haneh—and the Macedonian army that marched through it to victory in the preceding spring. There is talk of race-courses, of I know not what other modernities, to be installed on the banks of the Barbysus. An old Turk-

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ish usage makes any place where the Sultan has pitched his tent, like the valleys of which I have spoken, open ground thereafter to the end of time. So Kiat Haneh will never be taken away from the people. But since the days of Sultan Ahmet the city has crept nearer and nearer; and it may well be that under a new era the lost splendors of the valley will bloom again.

Farther down the river, a little below the point where it joins the Cydaris to form the greater basin of the Golden Horn, is another coffee-house. It has begun to enjoy, alas, a notoriety which I fear is not destined to diminish. Pierre Loti put it into two of his novels, and guides conduct to it tourists with a little more time or sentimentality than the common run of their brotherhood. This is patent enough from the dogs and the urchins who besiege the chance wearer of a hat with a cringing persistency uncommon to Turkish beggars. I have observed, however, that notorious places usually became so for a reason; and the old man in charge of this one will never be corrupted. For the rather too fat and dapper young man who is destined to succeed him I refuse to prophesy. Their modest establishment, a stone room supplemented by a small flagged terrace and a *chardak*—an arbor thatched with dried branches—stands sideways to a steep bluff above the Golden Horn. In front of it the bluff descends less steeply to the village of Eyoub. Eyoub, *anglice* Job, was the name of a companion of the Prophet who fell in the Arab attack on Constantinople in 668. During his own siege of the city, eight hundred years later, Sultan Mohammed II opportunely discovered, opposite the point where he launched into the Golden Horn the eighty ships he dragged over the hills from the Bosphorus, the burial-place of this saintly warrior, in whose honor he subsequently raised a mortuary mosque. It is the holiest in the city, so holy that until a short time ago Christians were not allowed even within its outer court. It is there that the Sultans go to be girded with the sword of empire, and many of their subjects choose to be buried in that sacred proximity. Their graves cover the hill-side where a narrow paved street mounts between cypresses to the coffee-house of which I speak.

It commands, the coffee-house, from its high cemetery edge, the solemn assembly of lettered stones under their black trees, the white mosque below, a procession of siege-battered towers climbing the slope beyond, and the serrated mass of the city enclosing a bright surface of water darkly overwrit by arabesques of shipping. And there are many days in the year when Asiatic mountains subtly remind you again what a meeting-place of nations is here. Any man who looks down from a height on leagues of space and many habitations of his fellow-creatures is forced into philosophy. Here, however, you sip in with your coffee strange things indeed as your eye is caught by Byzantine dome, Italian tower, or Turkish minaret. The minarets oftenest catch your eye. Those slender white towers are what make the lofty outline of Stamboul unique in the world—as the cypresses and the painted stones beneath them are what give the nearer hill-side its own peculiar charm. They lead your thought from all the races that have met and fought, that have lived and died, about that shining water to the men in fez or turban who gravely sit beside you. How is it that these who burst once out of the East with so much noise and terror, who battered their way through those ancient walls and carried the green standard of the Prophet to the gates of Vienna, sit here now rolling cigarettes and sipping little cups of coffee? Some have concluded that their course was run, while others have upbraided them for wasting so their time. For my part I like to think that such extremes argue a complexity of character for whose unfolding it would be wise to wait. And in the meantime I am happy that all the people in the world are not the same. It pleases me that some are content to sit in coffee-houses, to enjoy simple pleasures, to watch common spectacles, to find that in life which every one may possess—light, growing things, the movement of water, and an outlook upon the ways of men.

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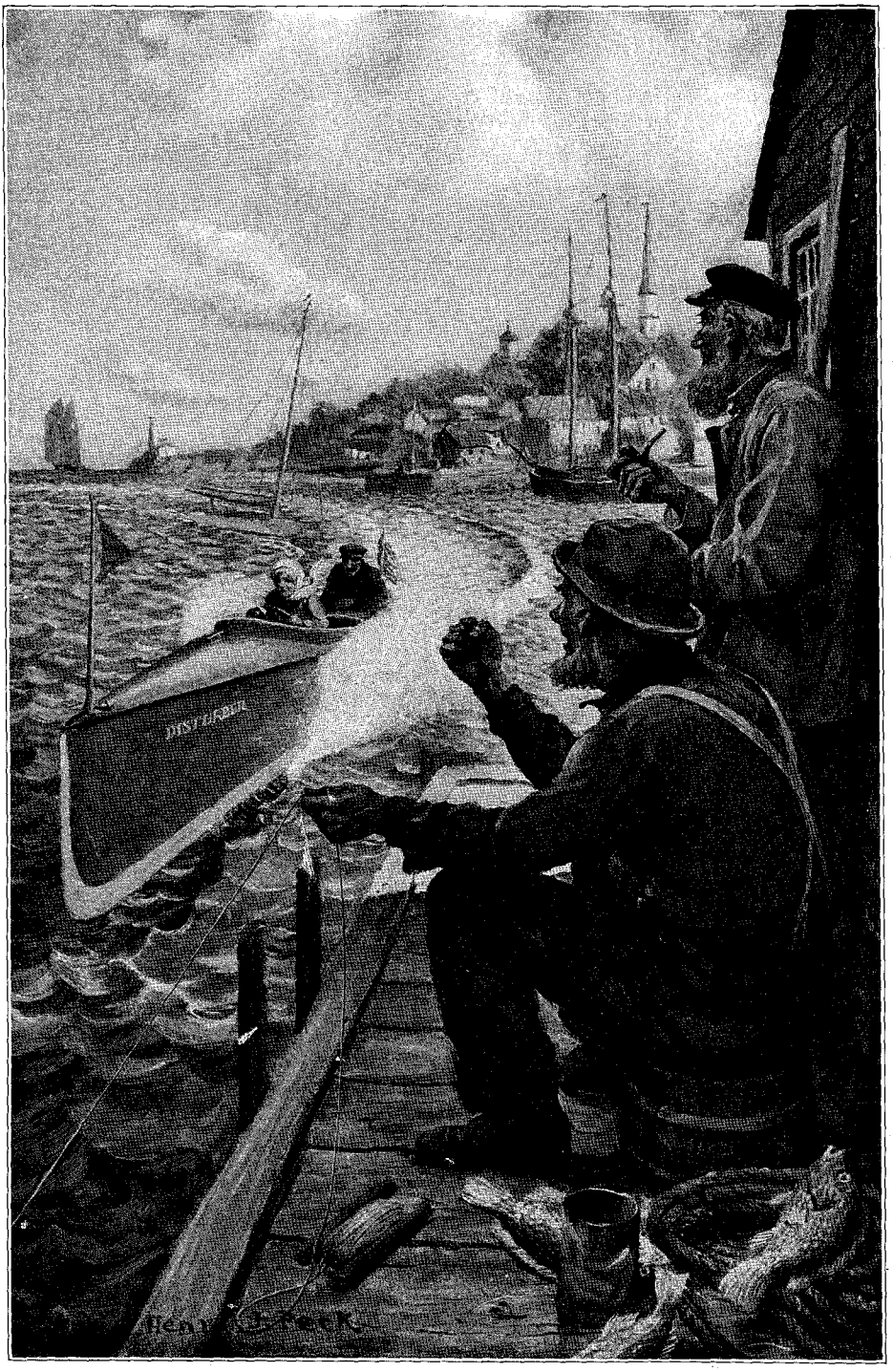

Drawn by Henry J. Peck.

The Disturber

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THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

XVIII

UNDINE stood alone on the landing outside her father's office.

Only once before had she failed to gain her end with him—and there was a peculiar irony in the fact that Moffatt's intrusion should so sharply have brought before her the providential result of her previous failure. Not that she confessed to any real resemblance between the two situations. In the present case she knew well enough what she wanted, and how to get it. But the analogy had served her father's purpose, and Moffatt's unlucky entrance had visibly strengthened his resistance.

The worst of it was that the material obstacles in the way were real enough. Mr. Spragg had not put her off with vague asseverations—somewhat against her will he had forced his proofs on her, showing her how much above his promised allowance he had contributed in the last three years to the support of her household. Since she could not accuse herself of extravagance—having still full faith in her gift of "managing"—she could only conclude that it was impossible to live on what her father and Ralph could provide; and this seemed a practical reason for desiring her freedom. If she and Ralph parted he would of course return to his family, and Mr. Spragg would no longer be encumbered by a helpless son-in-law. But even this argument did not move her father. Undine, as soon as she had risked Van Degen's name, found herself face to face with a code of domestic conduct as rigid as its exponent's business principles were elastic. Mr. Spragg did not regard divorce as intrinsically wrong or even inexpedient; and of its social disadvantages he had never even heard. Lots of women did it, as Undine said; and if their reasons were adequate they were justified. If Ralph Marvell had been a drunkard or "unfaithful" Mr. Spragg would have approved Undine's desire to divorce him; but that it should be prompted by her inclination for another man—and a man with a wife of his own—was as shocking to him as it would have been to the most uncompromising of the Dagonets and Marvells. Such things happened, as Mr. Spragg was well aware, but they should not happen to any woman of his name while he had the power to prevent it; and Undine recognized that for the moment he had that power.

As she emerged from the elevator into the vestibule she was surprised to see Moffatt before her again. His presence was an irritating reminder of her failure, and with a slight bow she walked past him; but he overtook her at the door.

"Mrs. Marvell—I've been waiting to say a word to you."

If it had been any one else she would have gone on; but Moffatt's voice had always a detaining power. Even now that she knew him to be defeated and negligible the force of his presence asserted itself, and she paused to say doubtfully: "I'm afraid I can't stop—I'm rather late for an engagement."

"I shan't make you much later; but if you'd rather have me call round at your house——"

She turned a startled look on him. "Oh, I'm so seldom in. What is it you wanted to say?"

"Just two words." He glanced toward the elevator. "I've got an office in this building now. The shortest way would be to come up there for a minute." And as her face grew distant again he added: "I think what I've got to say is worth the trip."

Undine looked at him again. His face was serious, without underlying irony: the face he wore when he wanted to be trusted.

"Very well," she said, turning back to the elevator.

Undine, glancing at her watch as she came out of Moffatt's office, saw that he

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had been true to his promise of not keeping her more than ten minutes. The fact was characteristic. Under all his incalculableness there had always been a hard foundation of reliability: it seemed to be a matter of deliberate choice with him whether he let one feel that solid bottom or not. And in specific matters the same quality showed itself in an accuracy of statement, a precision of conduct, that contrasted curiously with his usual hyperbolic banter and his loose lounging manner. No one could be more elusive yet no one could be firmer to the touch.

Her face had cleared and she moved more lightly as she left the building. Her talk with Moffatt had not been completely intelligible to her, but she understood the outline of the plan he had laid before her, was satisfied with the bargain they had struck. He had begun by reminding her of her promise to introduce him to any friend of hers who might chance to be useful to him in the way of business. Over three years had passed since the making of that agreement, and Moffatt had kept loyally to his side of it. The lapse of time had made it seem of less moment that he should continue to do so; but she felt the importance of proving her good faith, and at once acknowledged the promise of which he reminded her.

"Well, then—I want you to introduce me to your husband."

Undine felt a little tremor of surprise; but under it there was a distinct sense of relief. Ralph was easier to manage than so many of her friends—and it was a mark of his present state of indifference to acquiesce in anything she suggested. But she looked at Moffatt in blank wonder.

"My husband? What on earth can he do for you?"

Moffatt explained at once, in the fewest words, as his way was when it came to business. He was interested in a big "deal" which involved the purchase of a piece of real estate held by a number of wrangling heirs. The real-estate broker with whom Ralph Marvell was associated represented these heirs, but Moffatt had his reasons for not approaching him directly. And he didn't want to go to Marvell with a "business proposition" either —it would be better to be thrown with him socially, as if by accident. It was with that object that Moffatt had just appealed to Mr. Spragg; but Mr. Spragg, as usual, had "turned him down," without even consenting to examine the case on its merits.

"He'd rather have you miss a good thing than have it come to you through me. I don't know what on earth he thinks it's still in my power to do to you —or ever was, for that matter," he added with a laugh. "Anyhow," he went on to explain, "the power of doing's all with *you*, in this case; and I'll show you how little the doing will hurt you as soon as you give me the chance to have a quiet chat with your husband." And he branched off again into technicalities, nebulous projections of capital and interest, taxes and rents, from which she finally extracted, and clung to, the firm bright fact that if the "deal" he had in mind "went through" it would mean a commission of forty thousand dollars to Marvell's firm, of which something over a fourth would come to himself.

"By Jove, that's an amazing fellow!" Ralph Marvell exclaimed, turning back into the drawing-room, a few evenings later, at the conclusion of one of their little dinners.

Undine looked up quickly from her seat by the fire. She had had the inspired thought of inviting Moffatt to meet Clare Van Degen, Mrs. Fairford, and Charles Bowen. It had occurred to her that the simplest way of accounting to Ralph for her sudden production of Moffatt was to say that she had unexpectedly discovered an old Apex acquaintance in the protagonist of the great Ararat Trust fight. The fact that Moffatt had been beaten by his all-powerful enemy had not wholly divested him of interest. As a factor in affairs he no longer inspired apprehension, but as the man who had dared to defy Harmon B. Driscoll he was a conspicuous and, to some minds, almost an heroic figure.

Undine remembered that Clare Van Degen and Mrs. Fairford had once expressed a wish to see this braver of the Olympians, and her suggestion that he should be asked to meet them gave Ralph evident pleasure. It was long since she had made any conciliatory sign to his family.

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Moffatt's social gifts were not of a kind to please the two ladies: he would have shone more brightly in Peter Van Degen's set than in his wife's. But neither Clare nor Mrs. Fairford had expected a man of conventional cut, and Moffatt's noisy ease was probably less disturbing to them than to their hostess. Undine felt only his crudeness, and the tacit criticism passed on it by the mere presence of such men as her husband and Bowen; but Mrs. Fairford seemed to enjoy provoking him to fresh excesses of slang and hyperbole. Gradually she drew him into talking of the Driscoll campaign, and he became vividly graphic and recklessly explicit. He seemed to have nothing to hold back: all the details of the prodigious exploit poured from him with Homeric volume. Then he paused suddenly, thrusting his hands in his trouser-pockets and shaping his red lips to a whistle which he checked as his glance met Undine's. To conceal his embarrassment he leaned back in his chair, looked about the table with complacency, and said "I don't mind if I do" to the servant who approached to re-fill his glass with champagne.

The men sat long over their cigars; but after an interval Undine called Charles Bowen into the drawing-room to settle some question in dispute between Clare and Mrs. Fairford, and thus gave Moffatt a chance to be alone with her husband. Now that their guests had gone her heart was beating with a passionate anxiety to know what had passed between the two; but when Ralph rejoined her in the drawing-room she continued to keep her eyes on the fire and twirl her fan with an indifferent air.

"That's an amazing chap," Ralph repeated, looking down at her. "Where was it you ran across him—out at Apex?"

As he leaned against the chimney-piece, lighting his cigarette, it struck Undine that he looked less fagged and lifeless than usual, and this increased her conviction that something important had taken place during the moment of isolation she had contrived.

She opened and shut her fan reflectively. "At Apex, yes—years ago; father had some business with him and brought him home to dinner one day."

"And you've never seen him since?"

She still hesitated, as if trying to piece her recollections together. "I suppose I must have seen him; but all that seems so long ago," she said with a faint sigh. She had been given, of late, to such plaintive glances toward her happy girlhood; but Ralph seemed not to notice the allusion.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, after a moment, "I don't believe the fellow's beaten yet."

She looked up quickly. "Don't you?"

"No; and I could see that Bowen didn't either. He strikes me as the kind of man who develops slowly, needs a big field, and perhaps makes some big mistakes; but gets where he wants to in the end. Jove, I wish I could put him in a book! There's something epic about him—a kind of epic effrontery."

Undine's pulses beat faster as she listened. Was it not what Moffatt had always said of himself—that all he needed was time and elbow-room? How odd that her husband, who seemed so dreamy and unobservant, should instantly have reached the same conclusion! But what she wanted to know now was the practical result of their talk.

"What did you and he talk about when you were smoking?"

"Oh, he got on the Driscoll fight again—gave us some extraordinary details. The man's a thundering brute, but he's full of observation and humour. Then, after Bowen joined you, he told me about a new deal he's gone into—rather a promising scheme, but on the same Titanic scale. It's just possible, by the way, that we may be able to do something for him: part of the property he's after is held in our office." He paused, knowing Undine's indifference to business matters; but on this occasion her face was brilliant with interest.

"You mean you might sell the property to him?"

"Well, if the thing comes off—it's all in the air as yet. There would be a big commission if we did." He glanced down on her and saw the light in her eyes. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?" he added, half-ironically.

She looked back at him with a shade of reproach. "Why do you say that? I haven't complained."

"Oh, no; but I know I've been a disappointment as a money-maker."

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She leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes as if in utter weariness and indifference. She had grown so pale that he was startled by the change, and bent over her anxiously.

"Don't you feel well?"

"I'm a little tired. It's nothing." She pulled her hand away and burst into tears.

He knelt down by her chair and put his arm about her. It was the first time he had touched her since the night of the boy's birthday, and the sense of her softness against him woke a momentary flush of the old heat.

"What is it, dear? What is it?" he murmured.

Without turning her head she let him hold her and she cried on silently. Her nerves were really over-strained and she found a youthful pleasure in weeping over her own misfortunes.

"You seem to think I'm too selfish and odious—that I'm just pretending to be ill."

"No, no," he assured her, tenderly smoothing back her hair. But she continued to weep on in a gradual crescendo of despair, till finally the vehemence of her sobs began to frighten him, and he drew her to her feet and tried to persuade her to let herself be led upstairs. She yielded to his arm, still sobbing with short exhausted gasps, and leaning her whole weight on him as he drew her up step by step and guided her along the passage to her bedroom. On the lounge to which he gently lowered her she lay white and motionless, her handkerchief pressed against her lips and the tears still trickling through her lashes. Ralph recognized the symptoms with a sinking heart. She was on the verge of a "nervous attack" such as she had had in the winter, and he foresaw with dismay the economic consequences of another collapse, the doctors' and nurses' fees, and all the attendant confusion and expense. If only that vague project of Moffatt's might be realized—if for once he could feel a round sum in his pocket, and be freed from the perpetual daily tug of care!

Undine, the next morning, though calmer, was too exhausted to leave her bed. The doctor prescribed rest and absence of worry—later, perhaps, a change of scene. He explained to Ralph that he had found his patients often needed a change after the social strain of the winter. Nothing was so wearing to a high-strung nature as monotony, and if Mrs. Marvell were contemplating a Newport season it was of the first importance that she should be fortified to meet it. In such cases he often recommended a dash to Paris or London, just to "tone up" the nervous system.

Undine regained her strength slowly, and as the days dragged on the suggestion of the European trip recurred with increasing frequency. But it came always from her medical adviser: she herself had grown strangely passive and indifferent. She continued to remain upstairs on her lounge, seeing no one but Mrs. Heeny, whose daily ministration had once more been recommended, and asking only that the noise of little Paul's play should be kept from her. His scamperings overhead disturbed her sleep, and his bed was moved into the day nursery, which was above his father's room. The child's daybreak shouts and rompings did not trouble Ralph, since he himself was always awake before dawn. The days were not long enough to hold his cares, and they came and stood by him through the silent hours, when they could make themselves more insistently heard.

Ralph had not made a success of his business. He knew that the real-estate brokers who had taken him into partnership had done so only with the hope of profiting by his social connections; and the alliance, in this respect, had been a failure. It was in just such directions that he most lacked facility, and so his usefulness had only been that of an office-drudge. He was resigned to the continuance of such drudgery, though all his latent powers cried out against it; but even for the routine of business his aptitude was small, and he began to feel that he was not regarded as an addition to the firm. The difficulties attending a fresh start made him shrink from a break with them; and his thoughts turned hopefully to Elmer Moffatt's hint of a "deal." The success of the negotiation in which Moffatt was interested there might bring advantages beyond the pecuniary profit; and that, at the present juncture, was enough in itself.

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Moffatt returned to West End Avenue two days after the dinner, making his appearance in the late afternoon with the explanation that the business in hand necessitated discretion, and that he did not care to be seen in Ralph's office. It was a question of negotiating with the utmost privacy for the purchase of a small but valuable piece of land between two large plots already acquired by purchasers cautiously designated by Moffatt as his "parties." How far he "stood in" with the parties he left it to Ralph to conjecture; but it was plain that he had a large stake in the transaction, and that it offered him his first chance of getting on his feet since Driscoll had "thrown" him. The owners of the coveted plot did not seem anxious to sell, and there were personal reasons for Moffatt's not approaching them through Ralph's partners, who were the regular agents of the estate: so that Ralph's general acquaintance with the conditions, combined with his detachment from the particular case, marked him out as a natural intermediary.

Their first talk left Ralph with a dazzled sense of Moffatt's strength and keenness, but with a vague doubt as to the "straightness" of the proposed transaction. Ralph had never seen his way with clearness in that dim world of affairs where men of the Moffatt and Driscoll type seemed to move like shadowy destructive monsters beneath the darting small fry of the surface. He knew that the man of business tacitly assumed for his purpose the existence of a special morality; and Ralph's musings on man's relation to his self-imposed laws had shown him how little human conduct generally troubles itself about its own sanctions. There burned in him a vivid sense of the things a man of his kind didn't do; but his inability to get a mental grasp on large financial problems made it difficult to apply to them so primitive a measure as this inherited standard. He only knew, as Moffatt's plan developed, that it seemed all right while he talked of it with its originator, but vaguely wrong when he thought it over afterward. Once it occurred to him to consult his grandfather; and if he renounced the idea for the obvious reason that Mr. Dagonet's ignorance of business was as fathomless as his own, this hardly covered the whole ground of his reluctance. Finally it occurred to him to put the case hypothetically to Mr. Spragg. As far as Ralph knew, his father-in-law's business record was unblemished; yet one felt in him a capacity of adjustment not allowed in the Dagonet code.

Mr. Spragg listened thoughtfully to Ralph's somewhat hazy statement of the case, growling out here and there a tentative correction, and twisting his cigar between his lips as he seemed to turn the problem over in the loose grasp of his mind.

"Well, what's the trouble with it?" he asked at length, stretching his big square-toed shoes against the grate of his son-in-law's dining-room, where, in the after-dinner privacy of a family evening, Ralph had seized the occasion to present his difficulty.

"The trouble?" Ralph considered. "That's just—as a matter of purely speculative interest—what I should like you to explain to me."

Mr. Spragg threw back his head and stared at the garlanded French clock on the chimney-piece. Mrs. Spragg was sitting upstairs in her daughter's bedroom, and the silence of the house seemed to hang about the two men like a listening presence.

"Well, I dunno but what I agree with the doctor who said there warn't any diseases, but only sick people. Every case is different, I guess." Mr. Spragg munched his cigar, and slowly turned a ruminating glance on Ralph. "Seems to me it all boils down to one thing. Was this fellow you're supposing about under any obligation to the other party—the one he was trying to buy the property from?"

Ralph hesitated. "Only the obligation recognized between decent men to deal with each other decently."

Mr. Spragg received this with the suffering air of a teacher compelled to simplify upon his simplest questions.

"Any personal obligation, I meant. Had the other fellow done him a good turn any time?"

"No—I don't imagine them to have had any previous relations at all."

His father-in-law stared. "Where's your trouble, then?" He sat for a moment frowning at the embers. "Even when it's

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the other way round it ain't always so easy to decide how far that kind of thing's binding . . . and they say shipwrecked fellows'll make a meal of a friend quick as they would of a total stranger." He drew himself together with a shake of the lounging shoulders and pulled back his feet from the grate. "But I don't see the conundrum in your case. I guess it's up to both parties to take care of their own skins."

He rose from his chair and wandered upstairs to Undine.

That was the Wall Street code: it all "boiled down" to the personal obligation, to the salt eaten in the enemy's tent. Ralph's fancy wandered off on a long trail of social speculation from which he was pulled back with a jerk by the need of immediate action. Moffatt's "deal" could not wait: quick decisions were essential to effective action, and too-nice brooding over ethical shades of difference might work more ill than good in a world committed to swift adjustments. The arrival of several unforeseen bills reinforced this view, and once Ralph had accepted it as inevitable he began to take a detached interest in the affair.

In Paris, in his younger days, he had once attended, at the Conservatoire, a lesson in acting given by one of the great lights of the theatre. He had seen a somewhat obvious and apparently uncomplicated rôle of the classic repertory, familiar to him through repeated performances, taken to pieces before his eyes, dissolved into its component elements, and built up again with a minuteness of elucidation and a breadth of reference that made him feel as though he had been let into the secret of some age-long natural process. As he listened to Moffatt the remembrance of the scene came back to him. At the outset the "deal," and his own share in it, had seemed simple enough: he would have put on his hat and gone out on the spot in the full assurance of being able to transact the affair. But as Moffatt talked he began to feel as blank and blundering as the class of dramatic students before whom the great actor had made his demonstration. In reality the affair was difficult and complex, and Moffatt saw at once just where the difficulties lay and how the personal idiosyncracies of "the parties" coloured them. Such insight into character fascinated Ralph, and he strayed off into wondering why such penetration did not qualify every financier to be a novelist, and what intrinsic barrier divided the two arts.

Both men had strong incentives for pushing the affair; and two weeks after Moffatt's first advance Ralph was able to tell him that his offer was accepted. Over and above his personal satisfaction he felt something of the thrill of the agent whom some powerful negotiator has charged with a delicate mission: he might have been an eager young Jesuit carrying compromising papers to his superior. It had been stimulating to work with Moffatt, and to study at close range the large powerful instrument of his intelligence.

As he came out of Moffatt's office at the conclusion of this visit Ralph met Mr. Spragg descending from his eyrie, and saw in the latter's face a flash of surprise.

"Hallo—what were you doing in there with those cut-throats?" Mr. Spragg enquired with a backward nod at Moffatt's door.

For the moment Ralph judged discretion to be essential. "Oh, just a little business for the firm."

Mr. Spragg said no more, but relapsed into the familiar labial motion of revolving his phantom tooth-pick.

"How's Undie getting along?" he merely asked, as he and his son-in-law waited together for the elevator.

"She doesn't seem to feel much stronger. The doctor wants her to run over to Europe for a few weeks. She thinks of joining her friends the Shallums in Paris."

During the downward flight Mr. Spragg was again silent, but he left the building with his son-in-law, and the two walked together along the crowded pavement toward Wall Street.

Presently the older man asked abruptly: "How did you get acquainted with Moffatt?"

"Why, by chance—Undine ran across him somewhere and asked him to dine the other night."

"Undine asked him to dine?"

"Yes: she tells me you used to know him out at Apex."

Mr. Spragg appeared to search his memory for confirmation of the fact. "I

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believe he used to be round there at one time. I've never heard any good of him yet." He paused at a crossing and looked probingly but perplexingly at his son-in-law. "Is she terribly set on this trip to Europe?"

Ralph smiled. "You know how it is when she takes a fancy to do anything ——"

Mr. Spragg, by a slight lift of his brooding brows, seemed to convey a deep if unspoken response.

"Well, I'd let her do it this time—I'd let her do it," he said emphatically as he turned away.

Ralph was surprised, for he had gathered from some frightened references of Mrs. Spragg's that Undine's parents had wind of her European plan and were firmly opposed to it. But he concluded that Mr. Spragg, from past experience, had long since measured the extent of profitable resistance, and knew just when it became vain to hold out against his daughter or advise others to do so.

Ralph, for his own part, felt no inclination to resist. As he left Moffatt's office his inmost feeling was one of relief. He had reached the point of recognizing that it was best for both that his wife should go. When she returned perhaps their lives would readjust themselves—perhaps he would even have forgotten the lie she had told him when Van Degen had brought her home in his motor. For the moment, at any rate, Ralph's craving was for some kind of benumbing influence, something that should give relief to the dull daily ache of feeling her so near yet so inaccessible. Certainly there were more urgent uses for their brilliant wind-fall: heavy arrears of household debts were to be met, and the summer would bring its own burden. But perhaps another stroke of good luck might befall him: he was getting to have the drifting dependence on "luck" of the man conscious of his inability to govern fate. And meanwhile it seemed easier to let Undine have what she wanted.

Undine, on the whole, behaved with discretion. She received the good tidings languidly and showed no unseemly haste to act on them. But it was as impossible to hide the light in her eyes as to dissemble the fact that she had not only thought out every detail of the trip in advance, but had decided exactly how her husband and son were to be disposed of in her absence. Her suggestion that Ralph should take little Paul to his grandparents, and that the West End Avenue house should be let for the summer, was too practical not to be agreed to; and Ralph found she had already, through Mrs. Spragg, put her hand on the Harry Lipscombs, who, after three years of neglect, were to be dragged back to favour and made to feel, as the first step in their reinstatement, the necessity, for the summer months, of a cool airy house on the West Side. On her return from Europe, Undine explained, she would of course go straight to Ralph and the boy in the Adirondacks; and it seemed a foolish extravagance to let the house stand empty when the Lipscombs were ready to take it.

As the day of departure approached it became harder for her to temper her beams; but her pleasure showed itself in so amiable a way that Ralph began to think she might, after all, miss the boy and himself more than she imagined. She showed herself, at any rate, tenderly preoccupied with Paul's welfare, and, to prepare for his translation to his grandmother's, she gave the household in Washington Square more of her time than she had seen fit to accord it since her marriage. She explained that she wanted Paul to grow used to his new surroundings; and with that laudable object she took him frequently to his grandmother's, and won her way back into old Mr. Dagonet's sympathies by her concern for the child and her pretty way of joining in his games.

Undine was not consciously acting a part: this new phase was as natural to her as the other. In the sudden joy of her gratified desires she wanted to make everybody about her happy, and the pacific instincts to which she had always laid claim showed themselves in a hundred ingenious ways. If only everyone would do as she wished she would never be unreasonable. She much preferred to see smiling faces about her, and her dread of the reproachful and dissatisfied countenance gave the measure of what she would do to avoid it.

These thoughts were in her mind when, a day or two before sailing, she came out

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of the Washington Square house holding her boy by the hand. It was a late spring afternoon, and she and Paul had lingered on in Mr. Dagonet's library till long past the hour sacred to that amiable ancestor's repose. Now, as she came out into the square she saw that, however well Mr. Dagonet had borne their protracted romp, it had left his playmate flushed and sleepy; and stooping down she lifted Paul in her arms to carry him to the nearest cab-stand.

As she raised herself with her burden she saw a short thick-set figure approaching her across the square; and a moment later she was shaking hands with Elmer Moffatt. In the bright spring air he looked seasonably glossy and prosperous; and she noticed that he wore a bunch of violets in the buttonhole of his well-cut coat. As he paused before her his small black eyes twinkled with approval, and Undine reflected that, with Paul's arms about her neck, and his little flushed face below her own, she must present a not unpleasing image of young motherhood.

"That the heir apparent?" Moffatt asked; adding "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir," as the boy, at Undine's bidding, held out a fist sticky with Mr. Dagonet's sugarplums.

"He's been spending the afternoon with his grandfather, and they played so hard that he's sleepy," she explained with a smile. Little Paul, at that stage in his career, had a peculiar grace of wide-gazing deep-lashed eyes and arched cherubic lips, and Undine saw that Moffatt was not insensible to the picture she and her son composed. She did not dislike the homage of his look, for she no longer felt any shrinking from him—she would even have been glad to make some allusion to the service he had done her husband if she had known how to do so without awkwardness. Moffatt seemed equally pleased at the meeting, and for a moment they looked at each other almost intimately over little Paul's tumbled curls.

"He's a mighty fine fellow and no mistake—but isn't he rather an armful for you?" Moffatt asked, his eyes resting with real kindliness on the child's face.

"Oh, we haven't far to go. I'll pick up a cab at the corner."

"Well, let me carry him that far anyhow," said Moffatt, holding out his arms.

Undine was glad to be relieved of her burden, for she was unused to the child's weight, and it annoyed her to feel that her long skirt was dragging on the pavement. "Go to the gentleman, Pauly—he'll carry you better than mother," she said, as she gently loosened Paul's clasp.

The little boy's first impulse was one of recoil from the ruddy sharp-eyed countenance that was so queerly different from his father's delicate face; but he was an obedient child, and after the first motion of resistance he held out his arms and laid them trustfully about the red gentleman's short thick neck.

"That's a good fellow—sit tight and I'll give you a ride," Moffatt cried, hoisting him to his shoulder, and putting one arm about the little body that laid its warmth against his cheek.

Paul was not used to being perched at such a height, and his nature was hospitable to new impressions. Thrilled by his lofty survey he shook off his drowsiness to exclaim: "Oh, I like it up here—you're higher than father!" and Moffatt hugged him with a laugh.

"It must feel mighty good to come uptown to a fellow like you in the evenings," he said, addressing the child but looking at Undine, who also laughed a little.

"Oh, they're a dreadful nuisance, you know; but Paul's a very good little boy."

"I wonder if he knows what a friend I've been to him lately," Moffatt continued, as they turned the corner of the square into Fifth Avenue.

Undine felt a stir of surprise not unmingled with pleasure: she was glad he should have given her an opening.

"He shall be told as soon as he's old enough to thank you." She smiled almost intimately. "I'm so glad you came to Ralph about that business."

"Oh, I gave him a leg up, and I guess he's given me one too. Queer the way things come round—he's fairly put me in the way of a fresh start."

Their eyes met for a moment in a silence which Undine was the first to break. "It's been awfully nice of you to do what you've done—right along. And this last thing has made a lot of difference to us."

"Well, I'm glad you feel that way. I never wanted to be anything but 'nice,' as you call it." Moffatt paused a mo-

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ment and then added: "If you're less scared of me than your father I'd be glad to call round and see you once in a while."

The quick blood rushed to her cheeks. There was nothing challenging, demanding in his tone—she guessed at once that if he made the request it was simply for the pleasure of being with her, and she liked the magnanimity implied. Nevertheless she was not sorry to have to answer: "Of course I'll be glad to see you any time—only now, as it happens, I'm just going to sail for Europe."

"For Europe?" The word brought Moffatt to a stand so abruptly that little Paul lurched on his shoulder.

"For Europe?" he repeated, disconcerted. "Why, I thought you said the other evening you expected to stay on in town till July. Didn't you think of going to the Adirondacks?"

Flattered by his evident disappointment, she became high and careless in her triumph. "Oh, yes, vaguely—but that's all changed. Ralph and the boy are going; but I sail on Saturday to join some friends in Paris—and later I may do some motoring in Switzerland and Italy."

She laughed a little in the mere enjoyment of formulating her plans, and Moffatt laughed too, but with a tinge of irony.

"I see—I see: everything's changed, as you say, and your husband can blow you off to the trip. Well, I hope you'll have a first-class time."

Their glances crossed again, and something in his coolly humorous scrutiny impelled Undine to rejoin, with a burst of candour: "If I do, you know, I shall owe it all to you!"

"Well, I always told you I meant to act white by you, Undine," he answered simply.

They walked on in silence, and presently he began in his usual joking strain: "See what one of the Apex girls has been up to lately?"

Apex was too remote for her to understand the reference, and he went on: "Why, Millard Binch's wife—Indiana Frusk that was. Didn't you see in the papers that Indiana'd fixed it up with James J. Rolliver to marry her? They say it was easy enough squaring Millard Binch—you'd know it *would* be—but it cost Rolliver near a million to mislay Mrs. R. and the children. Well, Indiana's pulled it off, anyhow; she always *was* a bright girl. But she never came up to you."

"Oh—" she stammered with a laugh, astonished and agitated by his news. Indiana Frusk and Rolliver! It showed how easily the thing could be done. If only her father had listened to her! If a girl like Indiana Frusk could gain her end so easily, what might not Undine have accomplished? She knew Moffatt was right in saying that Indiana had never come up to her. . . She wondered how the marriage would strike Van Degen. . .

She signalled to a cab and they walked toward it without speaking. Undine was hardly conscious of Moffatt's presence. She was recalling with intensity that one of Indiana's shoulders was higher than the other, and that people in Apex had thought her lucky to catch Millard Binch, the druggist's clerk, when Undine herself had cast him off after a lingering engagement. And now Indiana Frusk was to be Mrs. James J. Rolliver!

Undine gave her hand to Moffatt, and, getting into the cab, bent forward to take little Paul from him.

Moffatt lowered his charge with exaggerated care, and a "Steady there, steady, now," that made the child laugh; then, with a quick change of face, he put a kiss on Paul's lips before handing him over to his mother.

XIX

"The Parisian Diamond Company—Anglo-American branch." Charles Bowen, seated, one rainy evening of the Paris season, in a corner of the great Nouveau Luxe restaurant, was lazily trying to resolve his impressions of the scene into the phrases of a letter to his old friend Mrs. Henley Fairford.

The long habit of unwritten communion with this lady—in no way conditioned by the short, rare, actual letters they exchanged—made his notations, in absence from her, usually fall into such terms, at least when the subject was of a kind that he felt must strike an answering flash from her. And who but Mrs. Fairford would see, from his own precise angle, the fantastic improbability, the

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layers on layers of unsubstantialness, on which the seemingly solid presentation of life before him rested?

The dining-room of the Nouveau Luxe was at its fullest, and had indeed, contracting on the garden side through stress of weather, overflowed to the farther end of the long hall beyond; so that Bowen, from his corner, surveyed a seemingly endless perspective of plumed and jewelled heads, of shoulders bare or black-coated, encircling the close-packed rows of pink-candled tables. He had come nearly half an hour before the time he had named to his expected guest so that he might have the undisturbed amusement of watching the picture compose itself again before his eyes. During some forty years' perpetual exercise of his perceptions he had never come across anything that gave them the special titillation produced by the spectacle of the dinner-hour at the Nouveau Luxe: the same sense of putting his hand on human nature's passion for the factitious, its incorrigible habit of imitating the imitation.

As he sat there, watching the usual familiar faces swept toward him on the rising tide of arrival—for it was one of the joys of the scene that the type was so unmistakable even where the individual was unknown—he hailed with renewed enjoyment this costly expression of a social ideal. The dining-room at the Nouveau Luxe represented, on such a spring evening, what unbounded material power had devised for the delusion of its leisure: a phantom "society," with all the rules, smirks, gestures of its model, but evoked out of promiscuity and incoherence while the other had been the gradual product of continuity and choice. And the instinct which had driven a new class of world-compellers to bind themselves to slavish imitation of the superseded, and their prompt and reverent faith in the reality of the sham they had created, seemed to Bowen the richest proof of the theory of human immutability.

With this thought in his mind he looked up to greet the approach of his guest. The Comte Raymond de Chelles, straight, slim and gravely smiling, advanced toward him with frequent pauses of salutation at the crowded tables; saying, as he seated himself and turned his pleasant leisurely eye on the scene: "*Il n'y a pas à dire*, my dear Bowen, it's charming, it's sympathetic, it's original—we owe America a debt of gratitude for inventing it!"

Bowen felt a last touch of satisfaction: they were the very words needed to complete his thought.

"Ah, my dear fellow, it's really you and your kind who are responsible for it. It's the direct creation of feudalism, like all the great social upheavals!"

De Chelles stroked his handsome brown moustache and glanced about for the menu. "I should have said, on the contrary, that one enjoyed it for the contrast. It's such a delightful change from our institutions—which are, nevertheless, the necessary foundations of society. But just as one may have an infinite admiration for one's wife, and yet occasionally —" he waved a light hand toward the spectacle. "This, in the social order, is the diversion, the permitted diversion, that your original race has devised: a kind of superior Bohemia, where one may be respectable without being bored."

Bowen laughed. "You've put it in a nutshell: the ideal of the American woman is to be respectable without being bored; and from that point of view this world they've invented has more originality than I gave it credit for."

De Chelles thoughtfully unfolded his napkin. "My impression's a superficial one, of course—for as to what goes on underneath!" He looked across the room. "I should never, if I married, encourage my wife to come here."

Bowen laughed again. "My dear fellow, she'd be as safe as in a bank! Nothing ever goes on! Nothing that ever happens here is real."

"*Ah, quant à cela*—" the Frenchman murmured, inserting a fork into his melon.

Bowen looked at him with appreciation—he was such a fine foot-note to the page! The two men, accidentally thrown together some years previously during a trip up the Nile, always met again with pleasure when Bowen returned to France. Raymond de Chelles, who was a man of moderate fortune, lived for the greater part of the year on his father's estates in Burgundy; but he came up every spring to the rez-de-chaussée of the old Marquis' hôtel for a two months' study of human

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nature, pursuing his investigations with the discriminating taste and transient ardour that give the finest bloom to pleasure. Bowen liked him as a companion and admired him as a charming specimen of the Frenchman of his class, embodying in his lean, fatigued and finished person that happy mean of simplicity and intelligence of which no other race has found the secret. If Raymond de Chelles had been English he would have been no more than a thick fox-hunting animal, with appetites but without tastes; but in his lighter Gallic clay the wholesome territorial savour, the inherited passion for sport and agriculture, were combined with a certain openness to finer sensations, a sense of the come-and-go of ideas, under which one felt the tight hold of two or three inherited notions, religious, political, and domestic, in total contradiction to his surface attitude. That the inherited notions would in the end prevail, everything in his appearance declared, from the distinguished slope of his nose to the narrowness of the forehead under his thinning hair; he was the kind of man, Bowen reflected, who would inevitably "revert" when he married. But meanwhile the surface he presented to the various play of life was broad enough to include the fantastic spectacle of the Nouveau Luxe, and to see its gestures reflected in an amazed but diverted Latin consciousness was an endless entertainment to Bowen.

Something in the tone of his guest's last words had made him look up attentively. "But why these reservations, my dear de Chelles? Is the lady more than a hypothesis? Surely you're not thinking of getting married?"

The other made a resigned movement of his brows: "When hasn't one to think of it in my situation? One hears of nothing else at home—one knows that, like death, it's sure to come." His glance, which was still mustering the room, came to a sudden pause and turned to Bowen.

"Who's the lady over there—fair-haired, in white? I mean the one who has just come in with the red-faced man. They're evidently with a party of your compatriots."

Bowen followed his friend's glance to a neighbouring table, where, with a slight start, he saw Undine Marvell seating herself at Peter Van Degen's side, in the company of the Harvey Shallums, the beautiful Mrs. Beringer, and a dozen other familiar New York figures.

Undine, who was so placed that she looked across at the two men, recognized Bowen with a smile. She was more simply dressed than usual, and the rose-coloured lights, warming her cheeks and striking high gleams from the edges of her hair, gave her face a dewy freshness that was new to Bowen. He had always thought her beauty too obvious, too bathed in the bright publicity of the American air, to have any quality of charm; but to-night she seemed to have been brushed by the wing of poetry and its shadow lingered in her eyes.

That de Chelles had received the same impression was evident from the absorption of his gaze.

"One is sometimes inclined to deny your compatriots actual beauty—to charge them with producing the effect without having the features; but in this case—you know the lady, you say?"

"Yes: she's the wife of an old friend."

"The wife? She's married? There again it's so puzzling! Your young girls look so experienced, and your married women sometimes so—unmarried."

"Well, they often are, you know—in these days of divorce!"

De Chelles' interest quickened. "Your friend's divorced?"

"Oh, no; heaven forbid! Mrs. Ralph Marvell hasn't been long married; and it was a love-match of the good old kind."

The other's eagerness perceptibly declined. "Ah—and the husband? Which is he?"

"He's not here—he's in New York."

"Feverishly adding, no doubt, to a fortune already monstrous?"

"No; not precisely monstrous. The Marvells are not well off," said Bowen, amused by the persistence of his friend's interrogations.

"And he allows a being like that to come to Paris without him—and in company with the red-faced gentleman who seems so extremely alive to his advantages?"

"We don't 'allow' our women this or that; we don't, I suppose, set much store by the compulsory virtues."

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His companion received the explanation with amusement. "If you're all as detached as that why does the obsolete institution of marriage survive with you?"

"Oh, it still has its uses. One couldn't be divorced without it."

De Chelles laughed again; but his straying eye still followed the same direction, and it became presently clear that the fact was not unremarked by the object of his contemplation. Undine's party was one of the liveliest in the room; the American laugh triumphed over the din of the orchestra as the American elegance dominated the less daring toilets at the surrounding tables. Undine, on entering, had seemed to be in the same mood as her companions; but Bowen noticed that, as she became conscious of his friend's observation, she held back from the others, isolating herself in a kind of soft abstraction; and it struck him as a fresh proof of her adaptability that she should extract from such surroundings the contrasting qualities of reserve and refinement.

They had exchanged bows with all the outer signs of cordiality, but Bowen fancied she would not care to have their communion go beyond. It was evident that the dinner was being given by Van Degen, and Van Degen's proximity was the last fact she would care to have transmitted to the group of critics in Washington Square, with whom, in her mind, Bowen was of course associated. He was therefore surprised when, as he rose to leave the restaurant, he heard himself hailed in Peter's stertorous accents.

"Hallo, Bowen—hold on! When did you come over? Mrs. Marvell's dying for the last news of the old homestead."

Undine's smile confirmed the appeal. She wanted to know how lately Bowen had left New York, and pressed him to tell her when he had last seen her boy, how he was looking, and whether his father had been persuaded to go down to Clare Van Degen's on Saturdays and get a little riding and tennis? And dear Laura—was she well too, and was little Paul with her, or still with his grandmother? They were all dreadfully bad correspondents, Undine laughingly owned, and when Ralph had last written her these questions had still been undecided.

As she smiled up at Bowen he saw her glance stray to the spot beyond his shoulder where he was aware that his companion hovered; and when the diners rose to move toward the garden for coffee she said, with a sweet note and a detaining smile: "Do come with us—I haven't half finished."

Van Degen echoed the request, and Bowen, amused by Undine's arts, was presently introducing de Chelles, and joining with him in the party's transit to the terrace.

The rain had ceased, and under the clear evening sky the restaurant garden opened green depths that skilfully hid its narrow boundaries. Van Degen's company was large enough to surround two of the tables on the terrace, and Bowen observed with amusement the skill with which Undine, leaving him to Mrs. Shallum's care, contrived to draw de Chelles to the other table. Still more comically visible was the effect of this stratagem on Peter Van Degen, who in consequence also found himself relegated to Mrs. Shallum's group. The irascibility which wreaked itself on a jostling waiter, and found fresh cause for resentment in the coldness of the coffee and the badness of the cigars, betrayed poor Peter's subjugated state; and Bowen wondered, with something more than the curiosity of the looker-on, whether this state were the real clue to Undine's conduct. He had always smiled at Mrs. Fairford's fears for Ralph's domestic peace. He thought Undine too clear-headed to forfeit the advantages of her marriage; but it now struck him that she might have had a glimpse of larger possibilities. Bowen, at the thought, felt the pang of the sociologist over the individual havoc wrought by every social readjustment: it had so long been obvious to him that poor Ralph was a survival, and destined, as such, to go down in any conflict with the rising forces.

XX

Some six weeks later, Undine stood at the window smiling down on her recovered Paris.

Her hotel sitting-room had, as usual, been flowered, cushioned, lamp-shaded into a delusive semblance of stability; and

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she had really felt, for the last few weeks, that the life she was leading there must be going to last: it seemed so perfect an answer to all her wants!

As she looked out on the thronged street, where the summer light lay like a blush of pleasure on the ceaselessly shifting scene and its spacious architectural setting, she felt herself naturally akin to all the bright and careless freedom of the scene. She had been away from Paris for two days, and the spectacle before her seemed more rich and suggestive after her brief absence from it. Her senses luxuriated in all its material details, the thronging motors, the brilliant shops, the novelty and daring of the women's dresses, the piled-up colours of the ambulant flower-carts, the appetizing expanse of the fruiterers' windows, even the chromatic effects of the *petits fours* behind the plate-glass of the pastry-cooks: all the surface-sparkle and variety of the inexhaustible streets of Paris.

The scene before her typified to Undine her first real taste of life. How meagre and blundering the past appeared in contrast to this abundant present! The noise, the crowd, the promiscuity beneath her eyes symbolized the glare and movement of her life. Every moment of her days was packed with excitement and exhilaration. Everything amused her: the long hours of bargaining and debate with dress-makers and jewellers, the crowded lunches at Laurent's or Paillard's, the perfunctory dash through a picture-show, or the lingering visit to the last new milliner; the afternoon motor-rush to some leafy suburb, where tea and music and sunset were hastily absorbed on a crowded terrace above the Seine; the whirl home through the Bois to dress for dinner and start again on the round of evening diversions; the dinner at the Nouveau Luxe or the Café de Paris, and the little play at the Capucines or the Variétés, followed, because the night was "too lovely," and it was a shame to waste it, by a breathless flight back to the Bois, with supper in one of its lamp-hung restaurants, or, if the weather forbade, a tumultuous progress through the midnight haunts where "ladies" were not supposed to show themselves, and might consequently taste the thrill of being occasionally taken for mere women.

As the varied vision unrolled itself, Undine contrasted it with the pale monotony of her previous summers. Perhaps, on the whole, the one she most resented was the first after her marriage, the European summer out of whose joys she had been cheated by her own ignorance and Ralph's perversity. They had been free then, there had been no child to consider, their money anxieties had hardly begun, and the face of life had been fresh and radiant. And she had been doomed to waste such opportunities on a succession of ill-smelling dingy Italian towns! She still felt it to be her deepest grievance against her husband; and now that, after four years of petty household worries, another chance of escape had come to her, he wanted to drag her back again to bondage!

On the table behind her lay the two letters which had provoked this fit of retrospection. One was from Ralph, who began by affectionately reminding her that he had had no word from her for weeks, and went on to speak of her approaching return, and to point out, in his usual tone of good-humoured remonstrance, that since her departure the drain on her letter of credit had been deep and constant. "I wanted you," he wrote, "to get all the fun you could out of the money I made last spring; but I didn't think it would melt away quite so fast. Try to come home without leaving too many bills in the background. Your illness and the boy's cost us more than I expected, and Lipscomb has had a bad knock in Wall Street, and hasn't yet paid his first quarter. . ."

Always the same tedious refrain! Was it her fault that she and the boy had been ill? Or that Harry Lipscomb had been "on the wrong side" of Wall Street? Ralph seemed to have money on the brain: his business life had certainly deteriorated him. And, since he hadn't made a success of it after all, why shouldn't he turn back to literature and try to write his novel? Undine, the previous winter, had met a well-known magazine editor at dinner, and been dazzled by the figures he named as within reach of the successful novelist. For the first time she perceived that literature was becoming fashionable, and instantly decided that it would be

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amusing and original if she and Ralph should owe their prosperity to his talent. She already saw herself, as the wife of a celebrated author, wearing "artistic" dresses and doing the drawing-room over with Gothic tapestries and dim lights in altar candlesticks. But when she broached the subject to Ralph he answered with a laugh that his brains were sold to the firm—that when he came home at night the tank was empty... And now he wanted her to sail for home in a week!

The other letter excited a deeper resentment. It was a long and earnest appeal from Laura Fairford—an appeal to return and "look after" Ralph. He was overworked and out of spirits, his sister wrote: she and her mother, reluctant as they were to interfere, felt they ought to urge Undine to come back to him. Details followed, unwelcome and officious. What right had Laura Fairford to preach to her of wifely obligations? No doubt Charles Bowen had sent home a highly-coloured report of her—and there was really too obvious an irony in Mrs. Fairford's forming an opinion of Undine's conduct on information obtained from such a source!

Undine turned from the window and threw herself down on the sofa. She was still feeling the pleasant fatigue consequent on her trip to the country, whither she and Mrs. Shallum had gone with Raymond de Chelles to spend a night at the old Marquis's château. When her companions, an hour earlier, had left her at the door of her hotel, she had half-promised to rejoin them for a late dinner in the Bois; and as she lay back among the cushions disturbing thoughts were banished by the necessity of deciding what dress and hat she should wear.

These bright weeks of the Parisian spring had been a new initiation to her. They had given her a first real glimpse into the art of living. From the experts who had taught her to subdue the curves of her figure and to soften her bright free stare with dusky pencillings, to the purveyors of countless other forms of pleasure—the theatres and restaurants, the green and blossoming environs, the whole shining shifting spectacle of the nights and days—every sight and sound and word had combined to charm her perceptions and refine her taste. And her growing friendship with Raymond de Chelles had been the most potent of these influences.

De Chelles, at once immensely "taken," had not only hastened to associate himself with the helter-skelter motions of Undine's party, but had given her glimpses of another, still more brilliant existence, that life of the inaccessible "Faubourg" of which the first tantalizing hints had but lately reached her. Hitherto she had assumed that Paris existed for the stranger, that its native life was merely an obscure foundation for the dazzling superstructure of hotels and restaurants in which her compatriots disported themselves. But lately she had begun to hear about other American women, the women who had married into the French aristocracy, and who led, in those dim high-walled houses beyond the Seine which she had once thought so dull and dingy, a life that made her own seem as vulgar as the social resources of the Mealey House. Perhaps what most exasperated her was the discovery, in this still impenetrable group, of the Miss Wincher who had poisoned her far-off summer at Potash Springs. To identify her old enemy in the Marquise de Trézac whose name so frequently figured in the Parisian chronicle, was the more irritating to Undine because her intervening social experiences had caused her to look back on Nettie Wincher as a frumpy girl who wouldn't have "had a show" in New York.

Once more all the accepted values seemed reversed, and it turned out that Miss Wincher had been in possession of some key to success on which Undine had not yet put her hand. To know that others were indifferent to what she had thought important was to cheapen all present pleasure and turn the whole force of her desires in a new direction. What she wanted for the moment was to linger on in Paris, prolonging her flirtation with de Chelles, and profiting by it to detach herself from her compatriots and enter doors closed to their approach. And de Chelles himself attracted her: she thought him as "sweet" as she had once thought Ralph, whose fastidiousness and refinement were blent in him with a delightful foreign vivacity. His chief value, however, lay in his power of exciting Van

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Degen's jealousy. She had learned enough of French life to know that such devotion as de Chelles' was not likely to have much practical bearing on her future; but Peter had an alarming way of lapsing into security, and as a stimulant to his ardour she had learned the value of other men's attentions.

To bring Van Degen to a definite expression of his intentions had become Undine's fixed purpose. The case of Indiana Frusk, whose brilliant marriage the journals of two continents had recently chronicled with a dazzling extravagance of detail, had made less impression on him than she hoped. He treated it as a comic episode without special bearing on their case, and once, when Undine had instanced Rolliver's expensive fight for freedom as an example of the power of love over the most invulnerable natures, had answered carelessly: "Oh, his first wife was a laundress, I believe."

But all about them couples were unpairing and pairing again with an ease and rapidity that encouraged Undine to bide her time and keep the same end in view. It was simply a question of making Van Degen want her enough; and above all of not being obliged to abandon the game before he wanted her as much as she meant he should. This was precisely what would happen if she were compelled to leave Paris now. Already the event had shown how right she had been to come abroad: the attention she attracted in Paris had re-awakened Van Degen's vagrant fancy, and her hold over him was stronger than when they had parted in America. But the next step must be taken with coolness and circumspection; and above all she must not throw away what she had gained by leaving him at a stage when he was surer of her than she of him.

She was still intensely considering these questions when the door behind her opened, and turning her head she saw him enter.

"Oh, you—?" she exclaimed, sitting up with a slight frown.

"Didn't I knock?" He came forward with lowered crest. "Don't look so savage! They told me downstairs you'd got back, and I just bolted up without thinking."

"I should say you did," Undine murmured.

Van Degen had widened and purpled since their first encounter, five years earlier, but his features had not matured. His face was still the face of a covetous bullying boy, with a large indiscriminate appetite for primitive satisfactions and a sturdy belief in his intrinsic right to them. It was all the more agreeable to Undine's vanity to see his look change at her tone, passing from command to conciliation, from conciliation to the cowed entreaty of a capriciously-treated animal.

"What a ridiculous hour for a visit!" she continued irritably, ignoring his excuse.

"Well, if you disappear like that, without a word or a sign——"

"I told the concierge to telephone you I was going away."

Van Degen still stood lowering above her. "You couldn't make time to do it yourself, I suppose?"

"We rushed off suddenly; I'd hardly time to get to the station."

"You rushed off where, may I ask?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I've been down staying at de Chelles' château in Burgundy." Her face lit up and she raised herself eagerly on her elbow.

"It's the most wonderful old house you ever saw: a real castle, with towers and a moat and a what-do-you-call-it—a bridge they pull up. De Chelles said he wanted me to see just how they lived at home, and I did; I saw everything: the tapestries that Louis Seize gave them, and the family portraits, and the chapel, where their own priest says mass, and they sit in a balcony with crowns all over it. The priest was a lovely old man—he said he'd like awfully to convert me. Do you know, I think there's something very beautiful about the Roman Catholic religion? I've often felt I might have been happier if I'd had some religious influence in my life."

She sighed a little, and turned her head away. She flattered herself that she had learned to strike the right note with Van Degen. At this crucial stage in their relation he needed a taste of his own methods, a glimpse of the fact that there were women in the world who could get on without him.

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She was aware that he was still gazing down at her sulkily. "Were the old people there—his father and mother? You never told me you knew his mother."

"I don't. They weren't there. But it didn't make a bit of difference, because Raymond sent down a cook from the Luxe."

"Oh, Lord," Van Degen groaned, dropping down on the end of the sofa. "Was the cook got down to chaperon you?"

Undine broke into an impatient laugh. "You talk like Ralph! I had Bertha with me."

"*Bertha!*" His tone of contempt impressed her. She had really supposed that Mrs. Shallum's presence had made the visit perfectly correct.

"And you went down there," he continued, "without knowing his parents, and without their inviting you? Do you know what that sort of thing means? De Chelles simply did it to brag about you at his club. He wants to compromise you—that's his game!"

"Do you suppose he did?" A flicker of a smile crossed her lips. "I'm so unconventional: when I like a man I never stop to think about such things. But I ought to, of course—you're quite right." She considered him thoughtfully. "At any rate de Chelles is not a married man."

Van Degen got to his feet again and was standing accusingly before her; but at this she saw the blood rise to his neck and ears.

"What difference does that make?"

"It might make a good deal. At any rate," she added, "I see how careful I ought to be about going round with you."

"With *me?*" Van Degen's face fell with the shock of the retort; then he broke into a laugh. He adored Undine's "brightness," which was of precisely the same quality as his own. "Oh, that's another thing: you can always trust me to look after you," he declared.

"With your reputation? Much obliged!"

His satisfaction visibly increased. He liked such allusions, and he was evidently pleased that she thought him compromising.

"Oh, I'm as good as gold now. You've made a new man of me!"

"Have I?" She lifted her eyes to his face and considered him in silence for a moment. "I wonder what you've done to me but make a discontented woman of me—discontented with everything I had before I knew you?"

The sudden change of tone was thrilling to his vanity. He forgot her mockery, forgot de Chelles, and sat down at her side, almost in possession of her waist. "Look here," he said gaily, "where are we going to dine to-night?"

His proximity was not agreeable to Undine, but she liked his free way, his contempt for verbal preliminaries. Ralph's reserves and delicacies, his perpetual desire that he and she should be attuned to the same key, had always vaguely bored her; whereas in Van Degen's freedom she felt a hint of the masterful way that had once subdued her in Elmer Moffatt. But she drew back, releasing herself.

"To-night? I can't—I'm engaged."

"I know you are: you're engaged to *me!* You promised last Sunday you'd dine with me somewhere out of town to-night."

"How can I remember what I promised last Sunday? Besides, after what you've said, I see I oughtn't to."

"What in the world do you mean by what I've said?"

"Why, that I'm imprudent; that people are talking——"

He stood up with an angry laugh. "I suppose you're dining with de Chelles. Is that it?"

She shot a malicious glance through lowered lashes. "Is that the way you cross-examine Clare?"

"I don't care a hang what Clare does—I never have."

"That must—in some ways—be rather convenient for her!"

"Glad you think so. *Are* you dining with him?"

She studiously turned the rings upon her fingers. "You know I'm *not* married to you—yet!"

He took a random turn through the room and then came back and planted himself stubbornly before her. "Can't you see the man's doing his best to make a fool of you?"

Undine kept her laughing gaze on him. "Does it strike you, from your own experience, that it's such an awfully easy thing to do?"

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The edges of his ears were purple. "I sometimes think it's easier for these damned little dancing-masters over here than for one of us."

Undine was still smiling up at him; but suddenly her face grew serious. "What's the use of our squabbling like this? It matters so little what I do or don't do, when Ralph has ordered me home next week!"

"Ordered you home?" She saw Van Degen's start of alarm. "What nonsense! Why do you stand being ordered?"

"What's the use of talking in that way?" She gave a disenchanted laugh. "I'm a poor man's wife, and can't do all the things my friends do. It's not because Ralph loves me that he wants me back—it's simply because he can't afford to let me stay!"

Van Degen's agitation was visibly increasing. "But you mustn't go—it's preposterous! Why should a woman like you be sacrificed when a lot of stupid frumps have all the fun they want? And besides you can't chuck me like this! Why, I thought we were all to motor down to Aix next week, and perhaps take a dip into Italy——"

"*Italy*—" she murmured on a note of yearning.

"You'd love that, wouldn't you?" He was closer now, and had her hands again. "As far as Venice, anyhow; and then in August there's Trouville—you've never tried Trouville, have you? There's an awfully jolly crowd there—and the motoring's ripping in Normandy. If you say so I'll take a villa there instead of going back to Newport. And I'll put the *Sorceress* in commission, and you can make up parties and run off whenever you like, to Scotland or Norway—" He hung above her. "Don't dine with de Chelles to-night! Come off with me, and we'll talk things over; and next week we'll run down to Trouville to choose the villa."

Undine's heart was beating fast, yet she felt within her a strange lucid force of resistance. She left her hands in Van Degen's because of that sense of security. So Mr. Spragg might have felt at the tensest hour of the Pure Water Move. She leaned forward, still holding her suitor off by the pressure of her bent-back palms.

"Kiss me good-bye, Peter; I sail on Wednesday," she said.

It was the first time she had permitted him to kiss her, and as his face darkened down on her she felt a moment's recoil. But her physical reactions were never very acute: she always vaguely wondered why people made "such a fuss," were so violently for or against such demonstrations. A cool spirit within her seemed to watch over and regulate all her own sensations, and leave her capable of measuring the intensity of those she provoked.

As their lips parted she turned her head and looked at the clock. "You must go now—I shall be hours late for dinner."

"Go—after that?" He laughed and took her in his arms. "Kiss me again," he commanded.

It was wonderful how cool she felt—how easily she could slip out of his grasp! Any man could be managed like a child if he were really in love with one. . .

"You're crazy, Peter; do you suppose I'd have kissed you if——"

"If what—what—what?" he mimicked her ecstatically, not listening.

She understood that if she wished to make him hear her she must put more distance between them, and she rose and moved across the room. From the fireplace she turned to add:—"if we hadn't been saying good-bye?"

"Good-bye—now? What the devil do you suppose I'm made of?" He jumped up and followed her, but halted again irresolutely a few feet away. "Look here, Undine—I'll do anything on earth you please; only don't talk of going! What can I do to make you stay? I'll make it all as straight and square as you want. I'll get Bertha Shallum to stop over here with you for the summer; I'll take a house at Trouville and make my wife come out there. Hang it, she *shall*, if you say so! Only promise me you'll be a little good to me!"

Still she stood before him without speaking, aware that her implacable brows and narrowed lips would hold him off as long as she chose.

"Undine, what is it? Why don't you answer? You know you can't go back to that dreary dry-rot at home!"

Her eyes darkened and she turned on him with sudden vehemence. "I can't go on with my present life either. It's hateful to me—as hateful as the other." She

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lowered her voice to add gravely: "If I don't go home now I must decide on something different."

"What do you mean by 'something different'?" She was silent, and he pressed on: "You're thinking of marrying de Chelles?"

She started as if he had surprised a secret, and broke out: "I'll never forgive you if you speak of it——"

"Good Lord! Good Lord!" he groaned.

She continued to remain motionless, with gravely lowered lids, and he went up to her and caught her by the arm. "Undine, honor bright—do you think he'll marry you?"

She faced him with a sudden hardness in her eyes. "I must really decline to discuss such things with you."

"Oh, for the Lord's sake don't take that tone with me! You don't see what I mean—I don't half know what I'm saying. . . Undine, look here, you mustn't throw yourself away a second time. I'll do anything you say—I swear I will!"

A knock on the door sent them abruptly apart, and a servant entered with a telegram.

Undine turned away to the window and tore open the narrow blue slip. She was glad of the interruption, for the sense of what she had at stake made her feel the need of pausing to draw breath.

Her eyes travelled over a long New York cable message signed with Laura Fairford's name. The message informed her that Ralph had been taken ill with pneumonia the day before, that his condition was serious and that the doctors advised her immediate return.

Undine stood staring blankly at the strip of paper. She had to read the words over two or three times to get them into her crowded mind; and even after that she needed more time to see their bearing on her own situation. If the message had concerned little Paul her brain would have acted more quickly. She had never troubled herself over the possibility of her boy's falling ill in her absence, but she understood now that if the cable had been about him she would have rushed to the earliest steamer. With Ralph it was different. Ralph was always perfectly well—somehow she could not picture him as being suddenly at death's door and in need of her. Probably his mother and sister had had a panic: they were always full of sentimental terrors. The next moment an angry suspicion flashed across her: what if the cable were a device of the Marvell women to bring her back? Perhaps it had been sent with Ralph's connivance! No doubt Bowen had written home about her—Washington Square had received some monstrous report of her doings! . . . Yes, the cable was clearly an echo of Laura's letter—mother and daughter had cooked it up to spoil her pleasure. Once the thought had occurred to her it struck root in her mind and began to throw out giant branches.

Van Degen followed her to the window, his face still flushed and discomposed. "What's the matter?" he asked, as she continued to stare silently at the telegram.

She crumpled the strip of paper in her hand. If only she had been alone, had had a chance to think out her answers!

"What on earth's the matter?" he repeated.

"Nothing—nothing."

"Nothing? When you're as white as a sheet?"

"Am I?" She gave a slight laugh. "It's only a cable from home."

"Ralph?"

She hesitated. "No. Laura Fairford."

He gave his shoulders a shake, as though to throw off an importunate hand. "What the devil is *she* cabling you about?"

"She says Ralph wants me."

"Now—at once?"

"At once."

Van Degen laughed contemptuously. "Why don't he tell you so himself? What business is it of Laura Fairford's?"

Undine's gesture implied a "What indeed?"

"Is that all she says?"

She hesitated again; then she said in a low voice: "Yes: that's all." As she spoke she tossed the paper into the basket beneath the writing-table. "As if I didn't *have* to go anyhow!" she exclaimed.

With an exasperating clearness of vision she saw what lay before her—the hurried preparations, the long tedious voyage on a crowded steamer chosen at haphazard, the arrival in steaming July heat,

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and the relapse into deadening household worries, into all the insufferable daily fag of nursery and kitchen—she saw it and her imagination recoiled.

Van Degen's eyes still hung on her; she guessed that he was intensely engaged in trying to follow what was passing through her mind. Presently he approached her again, no longer perilous and importunate, but awkwardly tender, ridiculously moved by her distress.

"Undine, listen to me: won't you let me make it all right for you to stay?"

Her heart began to beat more quickly, and she let him come close to her, meeting his eyes coldly but without anger.

"What do you call 'making it all right'?" She smiled ironically. "Paying my bills, I suppose. Don't you see that's just the kind of thing I hate, and will never let myself be dragged into again as long as I live?" Her smile grew softer. "The time has come when I must be sensible, Peter; that's why we must say good-bye."

"Do you mean to tell me you're going back to Ralph?"

She paused a moment; then she murmured between her teeth: "No, I shall never go back to him."

"Then you *do* mean to marry de Chelles?"

"I've told you we must say good-bye. I've got to look out for my future."

He stood before her, irresolute, tormented, his lazy mind and impatient senses evidently labouring with a problem beyond their power. "Ain't I here to look out for your future?" he broke out at last.

"No one shall look out for it in the way you mean. I'd rather never see you again——"

He gave her a baffled stare and then flung away abruptly to the door.

"Oh, damn—if that's the way you feel!"

She stood motionless where he had left her, every nerve strung to the highest pitch of watchfulness. As she stood there, everything about her stamped itself on her brain with the sharpest precision. She was aware of the fading of the summer light outside, of the coming and going of her maid, who was laying out her dinner-dress in the room beyond, and of the fact that the tea-roses on her writing-table, shaken by Van Degen's movement, were dropping their petals over Ralph's letter, and down on the crumpled blue paper which she could see through the trellised sides of the gilt scrap-basket.

In another moment Van Degen would be gone. Worse yet, while he wavered in the doorway the Shallums and de Chelles, after vainly waiting for her at Armenonville, might dash back from the Bois and break in on them. These and other chances rose before her, urging her to action; but she held fast, immovable, unwavering, a proud yet plaintive image of renunciation.

Van Degen's hand was on the door. He half-opened it and then turned back.

"That's all you've got to say to me, then?"

"Yes: that's all."

He jerked the door open and passed out. In the anteroom he stopped to pick up his hat and stick, and she saw his heavy figure silhouetted against the glare of the wall-lights. A ray of the same brightness fell on her where she stood in the unlit sitting-room, and her reflection bloomed out like a flower from the mirror on the wall that faced her. She looked at the image and waited.

Van Degen put his hat on his head and opened the door into the outer hall. Then he turned round, and his bulk momentarily eclipsed her bright reflection as he plunged back into the room and came up to her.

"I'll do anything you say, Undine; I'll do anything in God's world to keep you!"

She turned her eyes slowly from the looking-glass and rested them on his face, which was as small and fallen as an old man's, with a lower lip that trembled queerly. . .

(To be continued.)

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THE EXILE

By Thomas Nelson Page

No, boss, I ain't no beggar—dat all as knows me knows;
I wuz fotch up too good for low-down ways—
But if you's got a quarter to spyar in yo' ole clo'es,
De ole man needs a little help dese days.

I come from ole Virginia—down on de Eastern sho',
An' dat's a mighty long ways from dis town—
I'se scufflin' hard to git dyar to see jes one time mo'
De place whar dem I loved is layin' down.

What fotch me from Virginia? Dee told me we wuz free,
And dat dee'd larn me larnin' in de school.
I'se free to starve and perish—Dat's all dee've gin to me—
Dee treats me wus' dthan ef I wuz a mule.

Dee'd feed a mule, or leastways, dee'd graze him 'side de road,
E'en ef he he'd got some'n' ole an' po';
But when de ole man's shoulder's too weak to byah de load,
Dee shets de gate and drives him from dee do'.

Look at dem winders, master—dee's bustin' wid de jag—
Dee's like dem barns whar Joseph piled wid wheat;
But ef I pokes meh head in to ax a crumb or rag,
You'd think I wuz de dut beneaf dee feet.

And dat is huccome, master, I's settin' heah to res'—
I don' mind sayin' I'se de real stuff,
You'll fine my ways is ways o' Gord and Righteousness—
I'se 'hine de lighthouse dis time, dtho', sho' 'nough.

Dee say de ole plantation is might'ly gone to rack,
An' strangers now is ev'ywhar aroun';
But still I hopes, young master, dat if I can git back,
Dee won' begrudge de ole man sleepin'-groun'.

I'se refugeed so long, suh, and got so lean and ill,
I'se honin' might'ly for dat Eastern sho',
Whar master and ole Winnie is sleepin' on de hill,
A-keepin' room for jes one ole man mo'.

Dee voices soun's all roun' me, sometimes, so cle'r an' deep,
'Pears like I mos' ken tetch 'em wid meh han',
An', Gord! de old man's weary to lay him down to sleep
Twell Jesus calls him to de Promise' Lan'.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

I HAD recently a rather pleasant vacation from my own country, this land of the free—too free at times—in an English colony. Lest this statement should lead to misunderstanding, let me say at the outset that I am no Anglo-maniac. Much as I enjoy the intonations of the English voice in its proper home, I can but deride the American imitation and caricature thereof, and I never fail to rejoice in secret when one of my friends quite forgets to say bēēn. I do not like to wear English tweeds; they are too heavy. I am quite unable to trace my ancestors, as so many Americans can do, back to one of the English kings or queens, nor do I in the least desire to do so. Ordinarily I dislike travelling with the English, for it has often occurred to me that they are, of all travellers, the most oblivious to the comfort of others, prone to capture and hold all the best places, to seize upon the windows commanding the finest views, and to sit there through a long Alpine or Apennine day without even looking out. The rudest thing I ever said in my life, outside the circle of my nearest and dearest, whom one may abuse at one's will, was to an Englishwoman. It was at Oberammergau, and the moment for which we had waited for months had come; the great sacred play was beginning. All that I could see, however, was an enormous straw hat directly ahead of me. In halting German or worse French, for the hat had no nationality, I hesitantly begged the wearer to remove it, explaining why. The fretful refusal—it would mean taking cold, the hair underneath was not properly done—angered me, who come honestly by a quick temper. In a flash I begged the owner to forget the request, adding, I am ashamed to say, "If I had known you were English I shouldn't have asked you." My momentary glow of satisfaction, however, was broken, and my antagonist scored, for, after thinking a few minutes, she took off her hat, leaving me ever since in a state of apology. When it had fully dawned upon her that there was somebody else there besides herself and her immediate relatives—one would have thought that she would have noticed before the breathless, waiting thousands in that vast amphitheatre—she was quite ready to be considerate. The incident has often led me to meditate on the tardy, almost unintelligent reasonableness of this people. The mild surprise of the English folk at finding any part of the earth inhabited by any except the English is no more evident than is their conscientious determination to do the right thing by the intruders when at last they see them. Invading a new country, they seem to say to the inhabitants: "You really haven't any right here; don't you know that you are trespassing? This is part of the earth! But, as you are here, we will try to make some government under which you can live."

The English

This slow, deep sense of responsibility in regard to other peoples undoubtedly has its fine side. I am far from agreeing with the imperialistic lady from Sussex who found direct prophecy of the English domination of the world in the words: "The meek shall inherit the earth." Their kindness is not always untouched by arrogance, but they are sometimes extraordinarily kind when fully roused to a sense of need. I remember an elderly English lady who, long ago at Rome, took me under her wing and gave me a liberal education in the city of the Cæsars. I remember a young English lady, casually encountered many years later in a railway train somewhere near Stratford, who insisted upon showering upon us the wealth of her fine information about the place, demanded our addresses, and afterward sent us books and photographs, for no reason whatever save a Shakespearian generosity, and an English thoroughness in taking hold of the situation. And they are great, these English, now that I think of it, in espousing lost causes. There, for instance, was the English gentleman who, some years ago, distressed by the sufferings of animals in Italy, devoted life and fortune to bettering their condition, and still toils on, at Rome, founder and head of a society that has done untold good in making life more possible for Brother Ox and Brother Ass.

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They have a way too, these people, of sticking to their tasks. A recent visit to Bermuda has set me to pondering again upon that secret of English character and English temperament which enables this race to establish something that comes nearer to being enduring, and, at the same time, growing civilization than anything else that the world has ever known. In London one wonders whether the look of permanence that everything wears is not largely due to the massiveness of the buildings, the British Museum, the Bank of England, St. Paul's imposing upon us by their mere weight a belief in the stability of that which they represent. Their somewhat pompous expression is worn, too, by English policeman, English peer, and, most impressively of all, English butler, and it is hard to think of it, whenever one sees it, as anything but imperishable. The English meadows look more real, the mountains more solid, the clouds more dense and lasting than any other meadows and mountains and clouds I know, yet it is neither architecture, nor John Bull's expression, nor geographical characteristics of the country that gives this people the look of having come to stay.

—and Bermuda

HERE at Bermuda, upon these flakes of land, delicate curving coral reefs that a hurricane might almost sweep away, set in the kaleidoscopic waters that change color with every breeze that blows, they have worked out precisely the same type of civilization, with the same air of permanence and stability. It is England in miniature, England carved on an iridescent sea-shell, England written small, like that famous copy of the Lord's prayer on paper the size of a thrippenny bit. The place is strongly fortified, they tell us, though that seems as preposterous as it would be to fortify a poem, or a cobweb, or a humming-bird's nest. Church and state are officially represented, and all folk, high and low, government officers, soldiers, even the little colored boys, go in that grave, responsible English fashion about their appointed tasks. A slow, unquestioning way of doing every man his duty, has its advantages as a national custom; here, neither balmy air, nor beauty of waving palms and blossoming oleanders, seems to have robbed the English colonist of his will to obey.

Naturally there are lapses. The drunken soldier who came to the little ferry-boat (one might almost spell it "fairy") when it stopped at dusk at the enchanted shore of St. David's Island, was momentarily oblivious of his duty, but then his dog, his little English dog, was doing *his*. It was a nimble little fox terrier, all over devotion, quivering with anxiety, until, by leading the way coaxingly a dozen times, it got its master upon the boat. Anxiously it guarded him in all his lurching expeditions about the slender craft, and it sprang out to lie, a tense little figure, rigid as iron, on the very outer edge, when that master leaned too far over. Such wagging was never before seen as that which celebrated the soldier's safe arrival upon the dock at St. George's. "*This god-like creature, in his frequent trances, is my special charge,*" it seemed to say. "*I have him safe, safe, safe.*" Never in my life have I felt, or deserved to feel, such a glow of duty done as that of this little four-legged creature who knew, though he could not have said nor barked it (for that matter, neither can the Englishman), the secret of England's greatness.

In spite of strange shores washed by blue-green water, and the crumbling, foreign look of picturesque St. George's, with its gray-white walls and odd alleyways, there is something sweet, familiar, and half remembered about this spot. Untroubled by steam-cars, electric-cars, and motors, the roads, slipping between soft green banks, have the charm of roads of olden time. There are many appealing quaintnesses of manner and of habit; every man, woman, child, for instance, gives you greeting as you meet. Talking with them, you become aware, perhaps from a shopkeeper's reluctance to idealize his goods, perhaps from your hostess's lavish hospitality, of an absence of the money-lust, an inability to conceive life in terms of mere currency. One constantly rediscovers here ancestral points of view, old moods, fine words and ways of long ago, and the stay is a charmed period, wherein one takes a vacation from one's descendants among one's forebears.

There was something inexpressibly restful about the atmosphere, after the amenities of our late political campaign, and the shrill, vociferous, possibly momentary, idealism that emanates from our part of the country. I sometimes think that we made a

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great mistake, more than a hundred years ago, in echoing so vigorously the French demand for human rights, instead of the English demand for human duty. We have kept on with it ever since; there is loud shouting, at the hustings, in the market-place, about our rights, and other people's rights—the latter cry, fortunately, becoming of late a bit the louder. We are bewildered, and, between the clashing political and social theories, do not know how to think and to act. Wandering into this bit of England, we feel an indescribable suggestion of permanence and of comfort among the safe, pleasant, chintz-covered surfaces of the drawing-room, and the mingled fragrances of roses and of tea. What matter if it is a red-bird eating a pomegranate in the tree beyond the wide veranda, instead of a thrush upon the grass? That old feeling steals over you—"Why, human life is possible, after all; not only possible, but comfortable. One lump, please!" Outside are the strange, waving, fern-like leaves of the royal poinciana, but they bring the same sense of enduring shelter that the great, incredibly beautiful beeches and elms of England bring, encompassing England's homes.

Perhaps the English are the only people who have really reckoned with human nature, who know how large a part habit plays, how small a part logic plays in human life and development. They have steadfastly striven to make their habits good ones. With stolid faces they watch the emergence of republics that have applied too large a measure of mere logic—paper logic, Carlyle would call it—to complicated human affairs; they have watched the downfall of many, and have gone trudging on toward the right, their chief failures being due to the fact that they sometimes do not get there soon enough. Spite of that lack of swift intelligence that plays so brilliant a part on the surface of French and of American affairs, one suspects the English of subtlest wisdom, perhaps unconscious, in knowing that no one mathematically simple, single thing is going to meet the complex needs of human life. It has been logically demonstrated a thousand times that all men are free and equal. Nature and the English know that they are not, and proceed to make the best of the many-sided human dilemma by innumerable minor adjustments that help fit the individual to his environment, but do not sweep him away from his environment, leaving him with all his feelers groping in space. By way of illustration, there seems to be no problem of the colored folk in Bermuda, though there are many colored folk there. A happy, contented race, they have their little freeholds, living in tidy, white-roofed houses by their banana plantations and potato patches. They are self-respecting, law-abiding, orderly, with English ways and English intonations. No danger comes, by day or night, from strolling in their quarters, past their little white-walled gardens whence issue, by day, companionable sounds of ducks quacking, chickens cackling, soft-voiced children playing; and, by night, over-busy dogs barking.

One could suggest some of the reasons, perhaps, but certainly not all, why, above all other peoples, the English have had success in civilizing, in colonizing, in adapting that old, firm, yet flexible type of government to new conditions and new climates. It is partly, perhaps, because they have had so little to say and so much to do. With my ears still aching from our late discussions, I ponder on that grand old habit of silence, combined with work, as a method of solving human destiny. England has gone on so steadily expecting every man to do his duty, that some men, perhaps many, have actually done it, and where that happens there can be no ultimate national failure.

"YES," said my friend, "the book is clever, but interesting," and by that simple conjunction admitted more of his attitude of mind than he would ever have consciously confessed, or perhaps will ever consciously know. If you should ask him, he would tell you that he, more than his fellows, sets a high value on all manifestations of mind; but the turn of his phrase betrayed his profounder sentiment—he really thinks them at variance with interest, probably with heart-interest.

The Disrepute of Intellect

And the worst of it is that the world agrees with him. The world is continually stealing upon intellect, expecting to discover it undermining the laws or corrupting youth, and when they find it quietly earning its living and educating its children, they murmur, surprised: "Clever, and yet a good citizen."

The female sex, noting the discourage-

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ments, both tangible and intangible, which have always attended intellectual achievement in women, has thought itself a peculiar sufferer. Women have complained loudly, as if for them alone intelligence was penalized. They have pointed out that until only the other day, the foundation of a girl's education was to teach her, first, that she was constitutionally incapable of learning anything; second, that it was most undesirable that she should; and, third, that if by any mad chance she did she must most carefully conceal it. The heart being thus taken out of pupil and teacher alike, they passed lightly on to those studies which promised to develop the mind as little as possible.

It must, of course, have been irritating to be told—as women are sometimes told to this day—that the best kind of cleverness for them consists in hiding their cleverness (as if the best kind of a machine was one which expended all its energy in remaining absolutely still); but a moment's reflection will show women that they fare but little worse in the matter than their brothers.

Consider the attitude of our undergraduates toward scholarship. Consider the attitude of our society toward anything that approaches conversation. Consider how terrified are our hostesses lest their philosophers should talk philosophy or their clergymen religion, and thus break into the cult of the "Light Touch"—the light touch being to conversation what athletics are to scholarship; the secret aim, the better, brighter way.

Long before Kingsley wrote "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever"—thus suggesting to the youthful mind that she was excessively unlikely to be both—the doctrine of the undependability of brains had been industriously spread by those who felt doubtful of possessing them. It is high time that some one showed sufficient courage to say a word in their favor. Fools have had long enough to sow the seeds of suspicion. It is time that some one pointed out that such phrases as "A dull fellow, but truthful, honest, and dependable as the day" are a contradiction in terms.

Stevenson told us years ago that we must have not only keen sense and clear minds to perceive and register the truth, but an immense power of language and knowledge of our audience in order to communicate the perception. Does not this require brains?

As for honesty, it would indeed be reckless to trust a man on no better grounds than the belief that he did not have sense enough to steal. His stupidity might merely serve to blind him as to the dangers of being found out. No, no; honesty in these days demands intellect of so distinguished an order that not even our high courts can always be sure who has attained it. And as far as dependability goes, give me a man who has not only the will to oblige me, but the wit to know how it is to be done.

If the day should ever come—and it seems extremely unlikely—when the great majority regard intellect as an asset and not as a liability, we may be surprised to find that our organizations organize, our schools educate, and our society entertains

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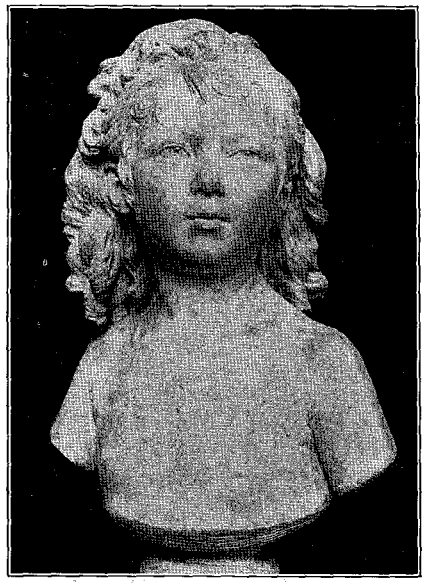
THE FIELD OF ART

JEAN ANTOINE HOUDON

SINCE the days of the cathedral-builders France has never been without great masters of the chisel. Traditions and an ever-accumulating skill have been passed on as from father to son through generations immemorial. With all that "apostolic succession" of genius we of another race are strangely unfamiliar. One name, however, we associate with that of our first President, and for this reason, and not because Jean Antoine Houdon was the leading sculptor of his time, is he sometimes mentioned in the United States.

Last June, at the Doucet sale in Paris, Houdon's little bust of his daughter Sabine was sold for the sum of $90,000. Houdon is "looking up," and as a success may yet become worthy of our attention.



Houdon's daughter Sabine.

Like most men destined to do things this great artist was born in an humble home, 1741 and Versailles being the time and place. Houdon, like Rodin, was the son of a concierge. The building in which Houdon *père* performed his humble duties became the home of an art school, and he remained as janitor. Very possibly this circumstance determined the career of the son. From the age of seven he grew up in the favoring environment, finding in clay and marble his natural medium of expression. At fifteen he had taken the "quarterly prize," and at twenty the Prix de Rome was his, with its privilege of seven years' study "at the expense of the King." In 1764 the young man found himself at Rome. Here he remained for four years, producing, like Mercié and a few others of a later period, notable works while still a student. His "Saint Bruno" in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Rome is a superbly sculptural conception—a striking contrast in the simplicity of its lines and mass to the contemporaneous Italian works of that decadent period. One of the best anatomical figures used in modern studios is also his work, and dates from his same school-days.

Returning to Paris he began at once a career of prosperous industry which has never been surpassed. A "Morpheus" occupied him for a while and sealed his admission to the Academy, but a more general popularity was that won by his bust of Diderot, which pointed the way toward even greater successes in interpretative portraiture. A multitude of orders, including commissions from the royal household, did not prevent his carrying on ideal works at the same time. Presently all Paris was talking of his wonderful "Diana," that lithe and airy figure which Louis Gonse calls "the most illustrious example of the nude feminine in French statuary." One has but to glance at the affectations and conceits of the period to appreciate the grace and simplicity of this radiant work. The sculptor performed a miracle in robbing the bronze of all suggestion of weight; the statue appears as light as fleet-footed Artemis herself. The head is no less ideal than the figure. Beautifully constructed and lovingly modelled, it has a sweet severity of expression worthy of the Greek. Neither Rodin nor any other Frenchman of to-day could make a head like this—they are incapable of conceiving the type. One has but to compare it with Falguière's

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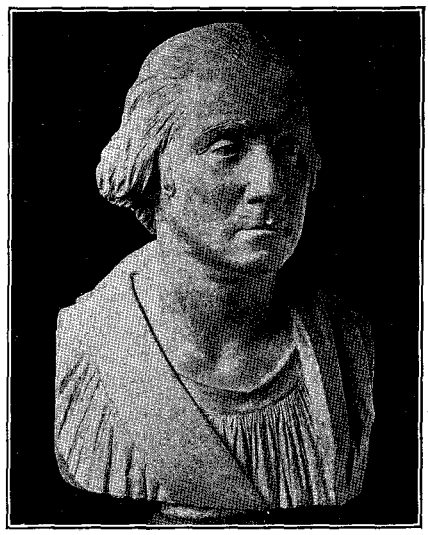

Washington.

Franklin.

version of the chaste goddess to appreciate the change in point of view.

In 1778 Voltaire returned to Paris to die. He was eighty-four years of age and had been an exile for some twenty-seven years. It was Houdon's good fortune to be granted sittings by the venerable author, and the speedy result was an astonishingly animated portrait—"the bust with the wig"—which was exhibited at the Salon of 1779. This head, which is familiar to every art student, recalls the description that the aged Voltaire left of himself: "I have not the sort of face for a statue. They want to model my face, but for this I should possess a face; they will hardly be able to divine its position. My eyes are sunken to the depth of three inches, my cheeks are like so much old parchment badly glued on some old bones supported by nothing! The few teeth I ever had are gone." Out of such material did the sculptor create his great work!

Along with the bust Houdon exhibited a sketch-model for a seated statue of Voltaire, which was rewarded with instant favor and an order. The marble was completed and presented in 1781 to the Comédie Française, where it made a great impression and by good right, for there is nothing finer in French sculpture. It has the fundamental greatness of a truly sculptural thought, compactness of mass and concentration of line united with charming variety of detail. Within its simple contour is such an abundance of "color," such harmonious play of light and shade, as few masters have been able to evolve from so austere and exigent a motif. Over the entire surface the eye roams gratefully, finding ever new delights of interblending half-tones. Nowhere is there a discordant note; the statue has "atmosphere." It possesses what the painters call "quality." But beautiful as is the drapery in itself, it is admirably subordinated; its lines lead persuasively, irresistibly, to the alert, smiling, cynical face. Not only has the master known how to clothe the worn-out frame with grace and almost majesty, but he has by some magic craft put the very look of a soul into that weazened countenance. Its strange potency has been summed up by Claude Phillips where he refers to "this keenly interrogative marble—with the glance of ice and of flame."

In 1776 Franklin had been sent to represent the struggling colonies at Europe's one friendly court, and his arrival in France created a furore of amiable curiosity. Among the hundreds of portraits made of the American philosopher during his long sojourn in Paris were excellent busts by both Caffieri and Houdon, the latter dated 1778. Franklin's was so marked an individuality that there was no temptation to idealize, and both skilful sculptors have adhered closely to the facts. Another notable work of the same year was the well-known bust of Molière, of the Comédie Française. What data the

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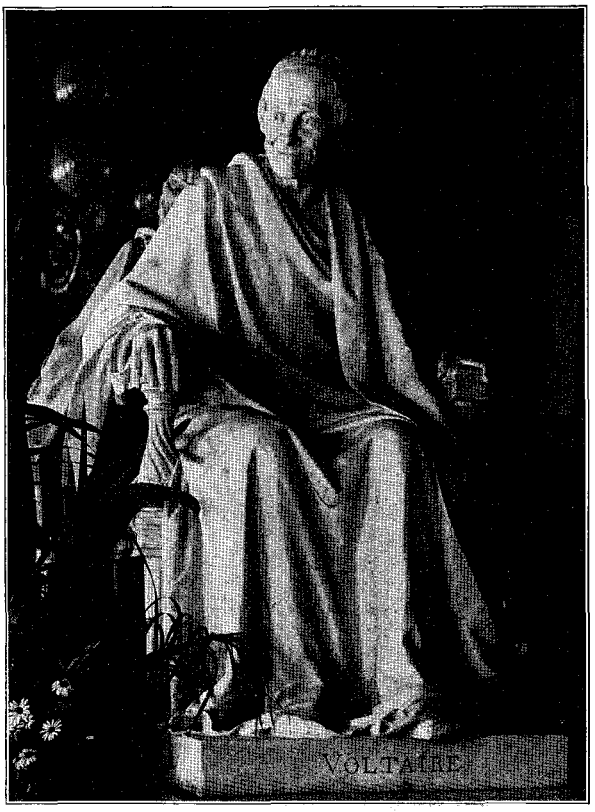
sculptor possessed for this undertaking we do not know, but the great dramatist could scarcely have fared better had he posed in the flesh. It is the essential Molière, and a masterpiece of directness.



Voltaire.
In the foyer of the Théâtre Français, Paris.

Striking portraits of Rousseau, Mirabeau, John Paul Jones, Lavoisier, Buffon, and a score of others followed in rapid succession, interspersed with such modern works as "La Frileuse," or "Winter," and "Summer."

As the "first sculptor of his day" Houdon was invited in 1784 by Thomas Jefferson, representing the State of Virginia, to make a statue of General Washington. On July 28, 1785, the sculptor with three assistants sailed in the company of Benjamin Franklin from Southampton, bound for Philadelphia. The journey required nearly two months and Houdon did not arrive at Mount Vernon until October 2. Two weeks were occupied in modelling the bust, making a life-mask and taking many measurements, with all of which the artist departed rejoicing; and, thanks to the rapid ocean service of the time, was home again on Christmas day! The result of this trip was the notable marble which stands in the State House at Richmond, our most trustworthy portrait of the first President. Even Gilbert Stuart, we are told, acknowledged its superiority to his own familiar Athenæum head.* This important statue, in which the sculptor took an unusual pride, is well known through the bronze reproductions to be found in several cities of the United States. None of these gives, however, the impression of the original in the sky-lighted rotunda of the one-time capital of the Confederacy. There the head and shoulders are strongly illuminated and the effect is inexpressibly noble, a sort of apotheosis of the father of his country. This has been attained by perfectly legiti-

*"Life and Works of Jean Antoine Houdon," by Hart and Biddle.

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mate means: the quiet, military attitude, with head slightly raised, and a masterly simplification of the features. Undoubtedly Washington was an admirable subject; his countenance, unlike that of Voltaire, was sculptural in suggestion, and his figure heroic. The original bust, modelled at Mount Vernon, is now in the Louvre, where, in company with that of Franklin, it makes the Salle Houdon a particularly interesting place for errant Americans.

Lafayette.
In the State Library of Virginia (Richmond).

Virginia had acquired a taste for sculpture and ordered in the same year a bust of Lafayette, in duplicate, one copy to be placed in the State House and the other to be presented to France. The American copy, recently removed to the State Library of Virginia, shows the youthful Lafayette, with his singular, retreating brow and exaggerated length of nose; the military coat losing itself in the voluminous folds of a cloak which is carried around the pedestal. Subsequently Houdon modelled a bust of Thomas Jefferson, and to the end of his life Americans seem to have been particularly welcome in his studio. Among his latest works were busts of Robert Fulton and Joel Barlow.

It is difficult to imagine an enthusiastic art production during the sombre days of the French Revolution, but the Salon was held as usual and Houdon seems to have toiled peacefully in his studio, even while the guillotine was doing its grewsome work. He barely missed its attentions, but was saved by the wit of his wife. When the Reign of Terror was over there still remained some heads to model, among them those of Napoleon and Josephine, of whom, in the course of time, he made excellent busts.

Houdon had three children, of whom he left delightful portraits. Indeed, many will consider him greatest of all in these ingenuous representations; the modest, inquiring attitude of his mind made him a peculiarly sympathetic interpreter of childhood. Comparing his kindly, wide-eyed vision with the breathless striving, the lawless exaggeration, of so many of his successors, one is tempted to quote the Scripture: "Except ye become as little children." The great sculptor died in 1828, full of years and honors.

The wonder of Houdon's art cannot be conveyed in a word or phrase; it is not his perfection in any one line nor even his versatility in many; the combination of the two explains the triumph with which his every artistic adventure was rewarded. Caffieri made as good a bust as he—sometimes; Falconet and Julien equalled him on occasions in grace and in the subtilties of the nude; and Pigalle was a formidable rival in monumental work; but Houdon was able to turn from one form of expression to another and apparently without previous experience produce in each field a result worthy to be called a masterpiece. Unlike most moderns, who follow up a success with endless iterations of the theme or method, he was ever seeking new problems. This made him the great artist that he was. In his portraits from life, in his masterly idealization of Molière, in his "Diana," and in his "Voltaire" we have examples of four distinct departments of sculpture in which he stands pre-eminent. Where shall we find such another record?

LORADO TAFT.

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Painted by John Newton Howitt.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

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